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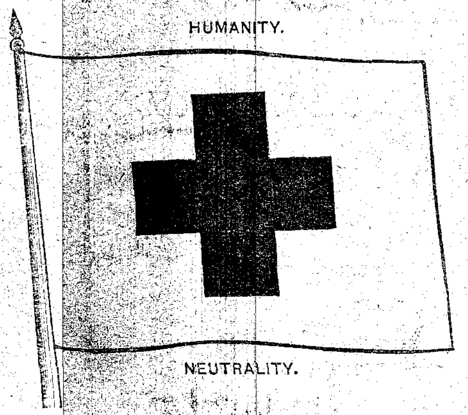

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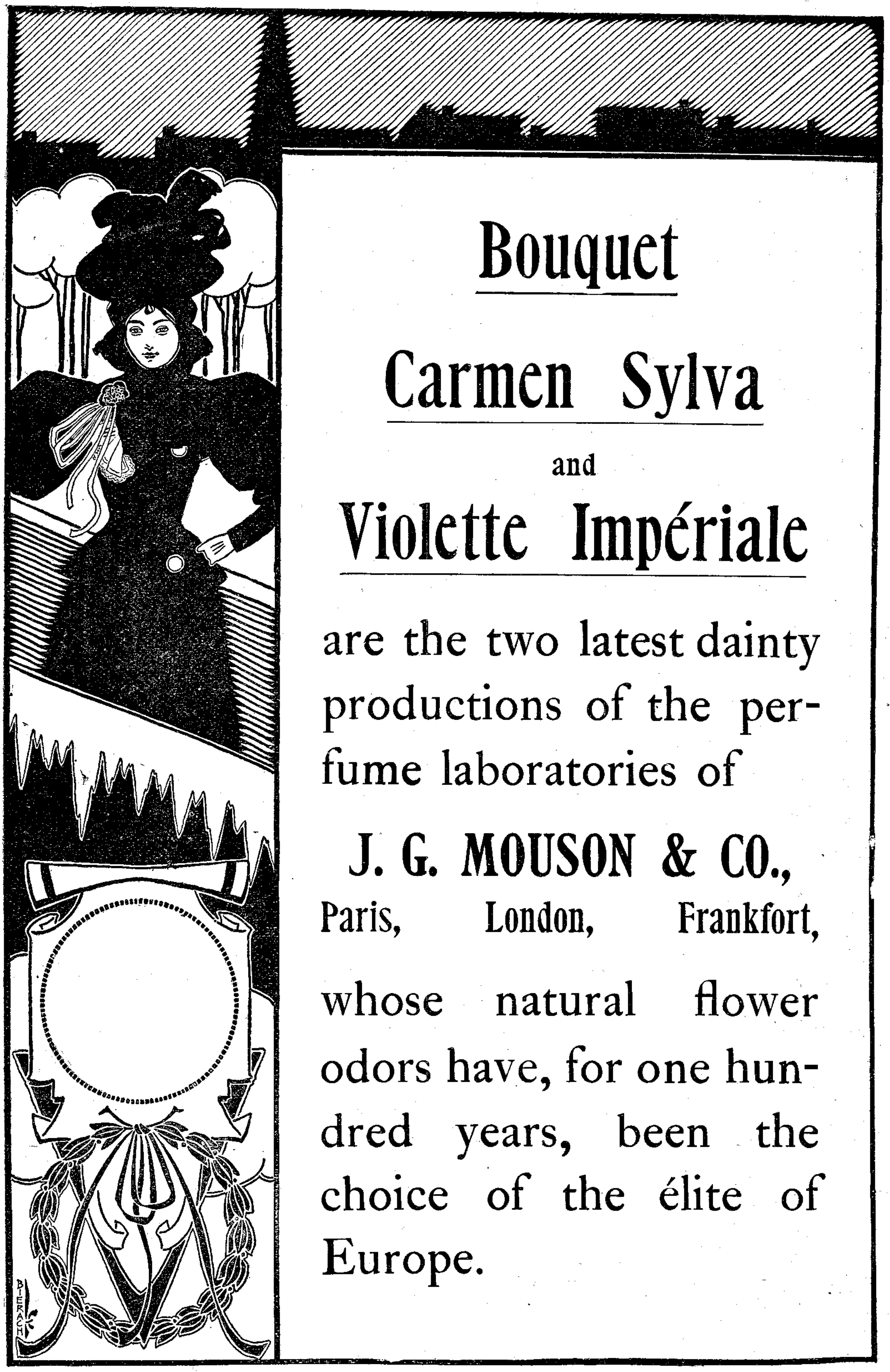

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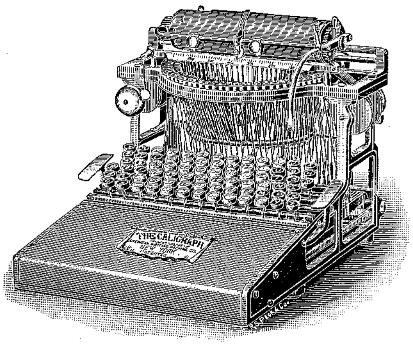

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The Outlook

A·Family Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 25 January, 1896 Number 4

To the friends and country we love:

Farewell! We know we have your prayers, and you have our efforts for the best that in us lies.

American National Red Cross.
Clara Barton, President.

Washington, D. C.

The telegram printed above was received by The Outlook on Tuesday, as Miss Barton was on the very eve of sailing from New York on her way to Constantinople. The sympathy and hopes of the American people go with her on her errand of mercy.

The Armenian Fund

Our appeal of last week has already met with a prompt and liberal response. The following acknowledgment of receipts reaches up to Monday of this week. Press dispatches say that Secretary Olney has twice cabled to Minister Terrell at Constantinople to ascertain from the Sultan whether it will be possible for America's representatives to enter his dominions on their relief work; but, as Miss Barton accepted the trust imposed upon her to take charge of the distribution of America's donations, she does not feel that circumstances will warrant the loss of time apparently necessary to hear from Constantinople before leaving this country, and has consequently determined to carry out her original plan. When the relief corps reaches Constantinople, if there are any barriers to be overcome, Miss Barton will undertake the task of personally overcoming them. Turkey, in 1865, adopted the articles of the Convention of Geneva of August 22, 1864, under which the Red Cross Society is entitled to the right of way and to protection under any and all circumstances. Our readers may feel assured that their contributions will be applied promptly and efficiently to the purpose of relieving the Armenian suffering.

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TWO sets of resolutions have been introduced into the United States Senate—one by Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, affirming that the President's message extends the Monroe Doctrine beyond its proper scope, and that this Doctrine does not pledge us to aid and protect Southern Republics; the other by Senator Davis, of Minnesota, reaffirming the Monroe Doctrine, and characterizing

> "any attempt by any European power to take or acquire any new territory on the American continents, or any islands adjacent thereto, any right of sovereignty or dominion in the same, *in any case or instance as to which the United States shall deem such attempt to be dangerous to its peace or safety,* by or through force, purchase, cession, occupation, pledge, colonization, protectorate, or by control of the easement in canal or any other means of transit across the American isthmus, whether on unfounded pretension of right in cases of alleged boundary disputes, or under other unfounded pretensions, as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States, and as an interposition which it would be impossible in any form for the United States to regard with indifference." (Italics ours.)

The American public will not regard either set of resolutions quite so seriously as they will be regarded abroad. The only way in which our Senators can get an opportunity to make speeches to their constituencies on current topics is by introducing such resolutions. For a Senator can no more speak without a resolution than a minister can preach without a text. The editor has in this respect an advantage over both. The fact is that the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine is not very important. We are quite as competent to define American doctrine for 1896 as Monroe was for 1823. Both Senator Sewell's and Senator Davis's resolutions might be true. There is no good reason why we should assume a protectorate over all South America; there is very good reason why we should view with jealousy any attempt to get, by any means, control of possessions on this hemisphere which might, in the event of war, become a menace to us. But this is not an opportune time to make this declaration. Certainly the disputed territory in Venezuela can by no possibility ever become such a menace.

⁂

One of the most interesting features of the recent tension of feeling between this country and England has been the very frank talk in which the best English newspapers have indulged with regard to English failings. The superiority in tone, dignity, and sense of responsibility of the average English newspaper over the average American newspaper has never been more signally illustrated; for the English press, as a rule, has discussed the recent events which have so overshadowed England with possibilities of peril with sobriety, with an evident desire to state the facts, with clear recognition of English responsibilities, and with a sincere desire to get at the causes of dissatisfaction with English action. Our press, on the other hand, has, as a rule, abounded with denunciation and recrimination. The frank discussion of the question why Englishmen are disliked which has been going on in the English press shows a general consensus of opinion on two points. First, that English commercial ability and prosperity have excited the jealousy of European countries, and have made them eager to take any opportunity of humiliating a successful rival. Secondly, that English conceit, manifested in an irritating assumption of superiority and an irritating habit of disregarding other people's sensibilities, has bred dislike of England in this country. "There is," says the "Speaker," "some justification for the popular American impression of our self-conceit. We ourselves know that it springs mainly from the self-absorption of a busy race. We have our own work in the world to do; and whilst we are doing it we trouble ourselves very little about the affairs, or indeed the feelings, of others. So we tread unconsciously upon the corns of many of our fellow-creatures, and we have naturally to pay the penalty for doing so." Insularity, the "Speaker" adds, is a great thing for England, but there is a penalty attached to it. "It inspires in us that traditional attitude of, we will not say contempt, but condescension towards the foreigner which has been so often satirized by writers and philosophers of our own race." This is admirable talking. It shows the instinct for truth which lies at the bottom of the character of the English-speaking races. We commend this example to our own flamboyant press.

❀

Last week the question was raised in England why the United States should recommend arbitration in the British Venezuelan affair, when it has not yet paid the $425,000 to Great Britain, agreed upon between the late Secretary Gresham and the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, as a lump sum in settlement of Behring Sea claims. The charge that we are not carrying out the terms of that arbitration is wholly unjust. By Article VIII. of the Behring Sea Treaty it was provided that

> "The United States and Great Britain, having found themselves unable to agree upon a reference which shall include the question of the liability of each for the injuries alleged to have been sustained by the other, or by its citizens, in connection with the claims presented and urged by it, and being solicitous that this subordinate question should not interrupt or longer delay the submission and determination of the main questions, do agree that either may submit to the arbitrators any question of fact involved in said claims, and ask for a finding thereon; the question of the liability of either Government upon the facts found to be the subject of further negotiation."

When the questions of fact were submitted to the arbitrators, the finding was against us; but the amount of damages to be paid by us was left to be settled by further negotiation, the Paris Tribunal expressly declining to arbitrate the question of damages. The late Secretary of State and the British Ambassador decided that the best method of settlement would be through a Commission, but as differences had arisen regarding the phraseology to be used in establishing the Commission, and as the expenses of the Commission would be considerable, the Secretary and the Ambassador proposed to settle all claims without adjudication, by a compromise lump sum of $425,000. This agreement was, of course, subject to Congressional ratification; Congress refused to ratify it, and negotiations have been resumed for the organization of a Commission. If our Government shall refuse to pay the damages awarded by this Commission, it will then be time enough to accuse us of bad faith. As many of our Representatives in Washington believe that more than half the British claim was for the expected catches of vessels warned away; that more than half the vessels for which claims were filed were wholly or in part owned by Americans; that a large number of these ships had been put down at double their value; in short, that less than one-fifth of the amount originally claimed was on an equitable basis, it is not surprising that our National Legislature decided to provide for a proper compensation only after thorough investigation.

❀

Last week the Volksraad of the Orange Free State adopted a resolution declaring that the State would assist the Transvaal at all times when such assistance should be required, and protested against the continued existence of the British South Africa Company as being a danger to the peace of Africa, recording its opinion that the charter of the Company should be canceled and that Mashonaland and Matabeleland should be placed either under the British Imperial Government or under the Government of Cape Colony. It is thought in England that it might be a good thing under the circumstances to cancel the charter, since, should the Company be forced into liquidation, the resulting tumult would show that many men high in station, including some members of the reigning house, have realized great amounts of money by the sale of South Africa shares at large premiums to the present unfortunate holders. The forfeiture of the charter would also relieve the Company of much of the blame which has already come to it, and some of the odium might be transferred to the Government. The directors would contend that, but for the repeal of the charter by the Government, they might have fulfilled every engagement. The Company's organizer and chief working power, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, ex-Premier of Cape Colony, has sailed for England. As to his lieutenant, Dr. Jameson, the leader of the recent filibustering raid, we have conflicting dispatches. It is announced that he and his officers are to be conveyed as prisoners to England, where they will be arraigned before proper tribunals. Again, we have news that, as the arrested men have been accused of treason and also of seeking to subvert the Government of the Transvaal, they must be tried by its High Court. As to the Americans arrested, our consular agent at Johannesburg is acting in co-operation with the British authorities in securing protection. The fact that we have accredited an agent to the South African Republic has led some to think that we have recognized the entire independence of that nation and have disregarded the species of suzerainty which Great Britain holds. The statement has been made by officers of our State Department, however, that, in view of the treaty of 1884 between Great Britain and the Transvaal, this has no bearing on the question. In the abovementioned treaty this paragraph defines the former's authority:

> "The South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen. Such approval shall be considered to have been granted if her Majesty's Government shall not, within six months after receiving a copy of such treaty (which shall be delivered to them immediately upon its completion), have notified that the conclusion of such treaty is in conflict with the interests of Great Britain, or of any of her Majesty's possessions in South Africa."

Hence it will be seen that it was not necessary to ask Great Britain's consent to accredit an agent to the South African Republic. Its Volksraad has met at Pretoria, and, after authorizing an addition to the State artillery, and passing resolutions of thanks to the Orange Free State and also to the Cape Colony Government for their influence and support, has adjourned until the regular May session.

❀

The return to office of some of the Ministers who had resigned from the Canadian Cabinet was entirely overshadowed in importance last week by the elections in Manitoba. Premier Greenway has increased his legislative support over that which he enjoyed in the last Manitoban

Parliament. More than thirty constituencies out of the forty have now indorsed Mr. Greenway's colleagues—a sufficient answer to the Remedial Order providing separate schools for Manitoba. It is claimed by the Roman Catholics that the Dominion could not have been formed without the compromise of separate schools, and on this account a provision was inserted in the British North America Act that "nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union." Under this act the Roman Catholics of Manitoba had the right of support from the public fund for their separate schools; but when the province became mostly Protestant, it was seen that the Protestant schools were making better progress than were those of the Roman Catholics. In 1890, therefore, the Public Schools Act was passed. It declared that no school which did not conform to the provisions of the Act with reference to certificated teachers, authorized text-books, and teaching should be deemed a public school and entitled to any share of the school taxes or legislative grant for educational purposes. No religious exercises were to be allowed except those authorized by the Advisory Board, and no religious exercises were to contain anything opposed to the religious beliefs of any class of the people. This provision was not satisfactory to the Roman Catholics, who contended that they were entitled under the Manitoba Act to separate schools in which they might teach their own doctrines. A test case—"Barrett vs. the City of Winnipeg"—in which the constitutionality of the Public Schools Act was attacked, was carried from court to court until it reached the British Privy Council, which declared that the Public Schools Act was constitutional. Then the Roman Catholics declared that they had the right of redress from the Dominion Parliament, and accordingly they petitioned the Governor-General in Council for relief. The Dominion Cabinet (the Governor-General in Council) expressed doubts as to whether this petition could be heard, and referred the matter to the decision of the Canadian Supreme Court. As the Court was evenly divided, the question was carried to the British Privy Council, which decided that the Roman Catholics had the right to appeal to the Governor-General in Council. A statement was added, however, that the matter of relief was entirely one for the Dominion Cabinet to decide. The Cabinet issued an order directing Manitoba to restore separate schools to the Roman Catholics. Last June the Manitoba Legislature met and declined to carry out the terms of the order; upon which the Dominion Cabinet declared that if Manitoba did not carry out the terms the Dominion Government would at the present Parliamentary session institute legislation to override the Manitoba Public School Act. By the elections last week the people of Manitoba reiterated the answer of the Manitoba Legislature, and it remains to be seen what response the people of the Dominion of Canada will make at the impending Canadian elections. In the United States the laity of the Roman Catholic Church might be safely trusted to confirm the position of Manitoba in favor of non-ecclesiastical public schools.

⁂

The recall of General Campos from the command of the Spanish forces in Cuba is regarded by the friends of the insurgent movement as an open confession on the part of Spain of her total failure, so far, to make any headway in putting down the rebellion. General Campos has been universally regarded as Spain's ablest military commander. He has had far larger bodies of troops under his orders than were ever sent to Cuba in previous outbreaks; his army has outnumbered the insurgents ten to one. Yet he has not only failed to defeat or disperse his enemies, but he has been unable to compel them to confine their operations to any one part of the island. At first we were told that the rebels had been driven into the swamps at the eastern end of the island. Then, as they appeared in large bodies in central Cuba, a line was drawn south from Havana to the southern coast, beyond which they were not to pass. As the island is narrow at this part, it seemed an easy military undertaking to hold the line inflexibly. But the insurgents, by threatening Havana, compelled Campos to draw his whole force around the capital, and have passed and repassed his imaginary line at pleasure. Naturally, the extreme party in Havana have accused Campos of lack of vigor and of political leanings towards a compromise with the autonomists. General Garcia, the leader of a former Cuban revolt, speaks of Campos as conciliatory; all accounts agree that he has absolutely refused to adopt the cruel methods of warfare which have been employed by other Spanish generals in Cuba. His successor, General Weyler, is in experience inferior to Campos; he is spoken of as energetic and ready to adopt extreme measures. In this desultory kind of warfare it seems almost impossible to bring on a decisive engagement. The rapidity and alertness of the revolutionary leaders are remarkable. Raids and attacks upon exposed points are followed by swift retreats to inaccessible districts. A whole year has been spent by Spain in futile attempts to crush the rebellion, and it is now stronger than ever.

⁂

During the past week the newspapers which urged most strenuously that the new bond issue should have been sold to the Morgan syndicate, instead of being offered in the open market to the highest bidders, have abandoned the prediction that the method employed would fail. From the beginning it was evident that foreign capitalists could bid for the new bonds, and therefore that the syndicate could not dictate its own terms by reason of its control of so large a part of the available gold in this country. The question of greatest interest was whether individual members of the syndicate would enter into the competition for the bonds by offering separate bids. This question had been practically answered in the affirmative by the beginning of last week, certain members of the syndicate having announced that the investors they represented desired the bonds and would offer competing bids. On Wednesday this answer was given in a conclusive way by the publication of a circular-letter from Mr. Pierpont Morgan, dissolving the syndicate. This letter ought to do much to disabuse the public mind of popular prejudice against capitalists, though, unfortunately, it will not be read by nor truly interpreted to the prejudiced class of the public. It is thoroughly patriotic in tone. The syndicate, it says, was organized to offer the Government $200,000,000 of gold coin in exchange for bonds. Within four days the entire amount had been subscribed. The subscribers belonged to four classes of about equal importance:

1. Foreign firms, prepared, if necessary, to ship gold to the amount of this subscription.
2. American banks, savings-banks, trust companies, and private individuals in possession of gold, and wishing the bonds for investment.
3. American banks in possession of gold, and wishing the bonds for future sale in the market.
4. Firms without gold, but willing to obtain it, in order to participate in the loan.

In his circular Mr. Morgan quotes a letter from himself to the President, written just prior to the announcement of the new bond issue, and presumably influential, in connection with a previous interview, in bringing that issue about, recommending, on grounds of public policy, that new bonds should be sold to the syndicate "on about the basis of the contract of February 8, 1895," but pledging his co-operation in making the loan a success in case the President decided to offer the bonds to public subscription. This pledge is carried out by the dissolution of the syndicate, leaving the members entirely free to offer what terms they see fit, and by the co-operation of members of it in making the loan a success. There is now little doubt that the entire issue will be subscribed for at rates approximating those for which the former issue now sells in the open market. During last week Secretary Carlisle sensibly extended the time during which payments for the new bonds could be made. He did this at the suggestion of many New York bankers, who recognized that the purchase of $100,000,000 in gold for the Treasury would contract the amount of money in circulation, and feared that if this contraction took place suddenly, the loan to "restore confidence" would precipitate a panic.

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Among the recent elections of United States Senators the most important was that held in Utah on Monday of this week. Mr. Frank J. Cannon, the son of George Q. Cannon, of the Presidency of the Mormon Church, was selected as the representative of the Mormons, and Mr. Arthur Brown as the representative of the Gentiles. Mr. Cannon was elected delegate to Congress in 1894, partly because of the revulsion of public sentiment against the Democratic party, and partly, it is alleged, because of the church influence in his favor. At one time, in his wilder days, he left the Mormon Church, but returned to it previous to his entrance into politics. He is not regarded as a man of marked ability or strength of character. His colleague, on the contrary, is reported to be a man of exceptional power, closely resembling Senator Tillman. He has been an intense anti-Mormon, and his election was something of a surprise. Both Senators are, of course, Republicans and advocates of the immediate free coinage of silver. In Kentucky the Democratic caucus renominated Senator Blackburn, but fourteen Democrats opposed to free coinage refused to be bound by the caucus action. The election of a Democrat is thus rendered next to impossible, as the two Populists who hold the balance of power will not support a Democrat acceptable to the anti-silver wing. The Republicans may unseat enough Democrats in the lower House to give themselves a majority of both Houses on joint ballot, but the Democrats threaten to meet any such tactics by unseating Republican Senators. In such an unseemly fight as this the Republicans would seem to have the political advantage, as the Republican House has a much longer tale of members than the Democratic Senate. In Ohio the Republicans have elected to the Senate ex-Governor Foraker, who is expected to succeed in all respects to the power and prestige of James G. Blaine. In his speech before the Ohio Legislature accepting the election he characteristically defined himself as a bimetallist, without defining bimetallism.

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Temperance legislation occupies the first place before most of the newly assembled Legislatures. In Ohio the temperance forces seem to be entirely united in support of the local option bill, barely defeated last year, extending to counties the rights now possessed by townships to prohibit bar-rooms within their borders. The Anti-Saloon League, which has carried on so effectively the agitation in favor of this measure, holds its convention in Columbus this week. Among the speakers announced are the Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minnesota, and Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, representing the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, Colonel Eli Ritter and the Hon. I. E. Nicholson, of Indiana—the leaders of the forces which secured the enactment of the Nicholson Law last year—and the Hon. Walter B. Hill, of Georgia, representing the powerful Anti-Bar-room League in that State, besides President J. W. Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University, and others who have given the Ohio League its astonishing vitality and strength. The fact that most of these men are Prohibitionists furnishes illustration of the falsity of the charge that Prohibitionists will not work with moderate temperance people to push forward restrictive measures immediately practicable. It is our observation that much, if not most, of the hard work in behalf of such measures is performed by the members of this party from whose theories we so often dissent. In New York State a large number of excise bills have been introduced into the Legislature besides the Raines tax bill reported last week. A moderate Sunday-opening bill has been presented having the support of Dr. Parkhurst and the Chamber of Commerce, and an immoderate Sunday-opening bill having the support of the Chamber of Commerce and the Excise Reform Association. The former merely authorizes bona-fide restaurants to sell wine and beer with meals, and without meals from 12 to 2 P.M. and from 6 P.M. to 8 P.M. provided they are not to be drunk on the premises. With such an enactment as this it is believed that the temperance forces in this city could defeat at the polls the proposition for wide-open saloons from 1 to 10 P.M., on which the other bill demands a referendum. It is for this last bill, of course, that the liquor-dealers are working with might and main, and we regret to find them supported by many men to whom Sunday bar-rooms, with the attendant treating, tippling, and loafing, are personally repugnant. Fortunately, however, the Legislature—Republican by over two-thirds majority—will not dare to repudiate the anti-saloon platform on which it was elected by offering the local option demanded by liquor-dealers while refusing the local option demanded by temperance people.

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Another temperance matter of interest in New York is a decision of the Court of Appeals which will gradually reduce the number of saloons within two hundred feet of churches or schools. Heretofore it has been the custom, at least in this city, to renew licenses to old saloons within the legal limit, even if the saloons changed hands, unless a protest was filed by the church or school authorities. The Court of Appeals decides that under the law licenses can only be renewed to present licensees and cannot be transferred to new men. The significance of the decision is much less than most of the reports have indicated. In Iowa retiring Governor Jackson, in his message to the Legislature, urges that the license law passed under his administration has lessened the number of saloons. The number of United States licenses issued during the last year of State-wide prohibition, he says, was 6,032; the number issued during the first year of the so-called "mulct" law was 4,264. The revenue of the taxpayers from the license or "mulct" system was $1,156,000. On these accounts the retiring Governor urges that the new law has been helpful to the State as well as to the liquor-dealers. That it has helped the liquor-dealers no one denies; that it has helped the State is vehemently denied by most of the temperance people, who ask nothing more of the new Legislature than that it shall fulfill the pledge to submit to the voters of the State a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution. The fact that the number of United States licenses issued has been lessened signifies nothing, they urge, since one open dram-shop does more business than a dozen stealthy transitory joints. The public revenue from the licenses, they add with force, is not so much wealth added to the State, as a petty salvage from the sums wasted in the bar-rooms. In Canada the prohibitionists have just scored a succession of victories. In the city of Toronto the Prohibitory Union has elected its candidate for Mayor, and seven members of the Board of Aldermen. In Manitoba five-sixths of the Liberal candidates for the Legislature were prohibitionists, and the great Liberal victory was incidentally a prohibition victory.

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The problem of the Greater New York is far more serious and more important than the legislators seem to think. To compel a union of two great cities under one municipal government against the protest of a considerable portion of the citizens of either city would be a great injustice. On the other hand, a mere submission to popular vote of the question whether the two cities should be united in one city, without any attempt to determine beforehand what the nature of that union shall be, is to ask for a vote in the dark. The real problem is this: There is crowded together on Manhattan Island and the immediate vicinity a population already numbering two and a half millions, and certain in a very little time to number four millions. What should be the relation of this great population to the rest of the State? What should be its powers of self-government, and how should they be exercised? These questions cannot be answered offhand by a popular election, nor wisely answered by a committee composed of legislators many of whom are without any expert knowledge of municipal problems. Moreover, it is certain that any legislative committee will be largely influenced by a consideration of the effect which union will be likely to have upon the fortunes of the two great political parties. A hasty decision is not important; a wise decision is. For this what is needed is a committee composed of the most statesmenlike men in the State, men familiar with municipal problems here and abroad, such men as Seth Low and Albert Shaw, to study the problem and propose a plan for legislative or popular acceptance, or both. It may well be that the whole district should be divided into smaller districts, each with its own administrative center and administrative head, analogous to the arrondissements in Paris, but all united in one municipal organization with a central legislative body and a central executive head including and supervising the various departments. It is possible that the proposition to give local option in the matter of liquor-selling to the wards should be extended to other matters either in the wards or in larger districts. Certainly the wisest plan for municipal government for such a heterogeneous population cannot be hit upon by chance, but requires for its formulation a comparison of views by the wisest and most patriotic men.

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This problem is itself part of the larger problem of municipal government throughout the State. What is the relation of the city to the State? What measure of home rule should be accorded to the city? These are questions which not only have never been solved, it may almost be said that they have never been seriously studied by the law-making powers. Dr. Shaw, in his studies of foreign municipalities; Professor Goodenow, in his study of American municipal legislation; The Outlook, in its description three years ago of municipal corruption in this country, and other periodicals and papers in fugitive and fragmentary articles, have considered the subject of municipal government from the historic and scientific points of view; but it may fairly be said that no systematic, patriotic, and scientific endeavor has been made by any Legislature to ascertain the principles which should be applied to municipal government, and to construct a general municipal charter upon those principles. This is what pre-eminently needs to be done. The charter of the great cities should be like the Constitution of the State, adopted after careful deliberation, and not easily to be changed. The Reform Club in the city of New York could render no better service than by entering into correspondence with smaller bodies in other cities for the purpose of devising a plan for municipal government to be urged upon the Legislature. If the cities from New York to Buffalo were once able to agree upon a general plan of municipal government, their united action would unquestionably secure its ratification by the people of the State. It is doubtful whether any legislative committee will or can secure any such results.

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The political machine corrupts, vitiates, and demoralizes everything which it touches. The Hon. Levi P. Morton has made, on the whole, an excellent Governor of New York State. He has been conservative, conciliatory, prudent, and in his moral standards greatly superior to the politicians who have claimed to control the Republican party. When such a man is nominated for the Presidency by his friends, legitimate political ambition should intensify his desire and strengthen his purpose to do great things. But the machine is supposed to control the convention which makes the Presidential nomination, and it is probably true that no man can even have his name submitted to the people as a candidate unless he has secured a nomination from the machine. When, therefore, Mr. Morton's name is seriously mentioned for the Presidency, immediately he is brought under pressure to yield to the machine, whose behests he did not obey in the gubernatorial administration. Apparently as a result of that pressure, he has removed a good man and appointed an extremely doubtful one on the Civil Service Commission, in deference to the demands of the spoilsmen, and in spite of the protest of the Civil Service Reformers; in other words, he has put the law into the hands of men whose character and antecedents give the public reason to believe that they will disregard its spirit, and, so far as they dare, will violate its principles. If this is what the machine can do with a man so deservedly esteemed as Governor Morton, what wonder that it corrupts and demoralizes men of feebler fiber and less eminence! Such political appointments as these make the independent citizen question whether he can hope for political purity in either party, or for a political issue, not between spoilsmen struggling for office, but between statesmen honestly differing in their political judgments. Our present political system is as if in the Civil War General Lee on one side and General Grant on the other had been controlled in their campaigns by the peddlers, sutlers, camp-followers, and hangers-on who were following the army for what they could make out of it.

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The New York Kindergarten Association has made an appeal for funds. It needs about $9,000 for the work of the winter, in addition to the money which it receives from regular sources. No officer of the Association receives any salary, and very considerable work is done and very heavy responsibilities are shouldered by busy men and women out of pure love of the cause. Subscriptions of any amount may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Alfred Bishop Mason, 10 Wall Street.

Hopeful Signs

That waves of emotion sometimes sweep through whole races is well known. There are times when great populations are seized with a kind of hysteria; when it seems as if the nerves were in control instead of intelligence and will. The world appears to be passing through such a period at present. The evidences of nervous excitement have long been numerous in all the arts, and the recent outbreaks of race and national feeling in their suddenness and intensity have seemed to betray the general diffusion of a hysterical element. Only a few weeks ago, with the exception of the uncertainty at Constantinople, the whole world was at peace; now it would seem as if the whole world were by the ears. The clamor of tongues has been deafening. First came the roar which rolled over this continent like a surge. Then followed a similar tumult in England and Germany, and mutterings all over Europe. The sober business of governing the world and keeping order, with due sense of the tremendous responsibilities involved, has apparently yielded for the moment to the sort of irritability which sometimes takes possession of a school of boys at the end of the winter term, when, at the least provocation, self-restraint goes and passion comes. President Woolsey used to say that about the middle of March the devil went through the New England colleges like a roaring lion. It seems to-day as if the whole world were feeling a kind of nervous tension, and as if its nerves were giving way under it.

There is, however, one fact in the present situation which is profoundly significant, and, from our point of view, profoundly hopeful, and that is the evident reluctance of any Great Power to commit itself beyond hope to the settlement of questions by war. All Europe is armed to the teeth. Not since the days of Napoleon the Great have so many men been under arms, or so many vessels equipped for battle, ready to sail at an hour's notice; and not even in Napoleon's time was there anything like the systematic, scientific, and complete equipment of armies and navies alike for the highest service and the most deadly destructiveness. And yet, with these superb instruments in hand, no country is willing to evoke the awful possibilities of war. Science has armed men with such instruments of destruction that the very perfection of the instrument makes the man unwilling to employ it. It would seem as if the development of the machinery of devastation and wreck had developed also a keener sense of responsibility, a keener consciousness of pain. The Emperor of Germany may send gratuitous congratulations to the President of the South African Republic, and all England may be set aflame with indignation, but Germany has probably no intention of provoking an armed struggle. With every possible facility for warfare, war is the one thing which she wishes to avoid. The same thing may be said of England, which, as usual, has shown the nerve of the English-speaking races under great danger, and has manifested a characteristic readiness and resourcefulness. France is supposed to be full of the belligerent spirit, but France is now calling herself the arbiter of peace in Europe. Italy and Austria have great armies, but neither desires to use them. Even Russia, which still stands largely outside of European opinion, shows a new reluctance in employing force.

The unwillingness of the world to fight is due to several causes: First, to the clear recognition, on the part of all who know anything about the matter, of the enormous destructiveness which must be involved in any modern war. Second, to the immense and crushing expense which any war must involve. The Franco-German War cost eight and a half millions of dollars a day. A United States Senator is reported as having said that war would be a good thing for this country—not war for the vindication of National honor or the protection of National rights, but war in itself. Never, surely, did any man in high position evince a greater ignorance of the laws of economics or of the teachings of history. War is sheer brutal destruction of values, and in the present condition of things, when almost every country in Europe is loaded to the water's edge with indebtedness of every kind, no country has the courage to face an enormous addition to its financial burdens. France, with all its prosperity and sagacity, has been steadily increasing its national debt; Italy has been almost crushed by the burden of taxation; the same burdens in Germany are already as heavy as the people can comfortably bear; and, while the English are rejoicing in a large surplus of revenue, the general financial condition of the Empire is not one to encourage any increase of obligations. Third, to the growing sense of the solidarity of the race and of the reality of the ties which bind country to country. We have long passed the point where even a German bomb could be dropped by the most ardent German marksman into the Louvre with any degree of satisfaction, and the American who could destroy Westminster Abbey would be a monster. In spite of armaments and arms, there is more real brotherhood in the world than there has ever been before, and the swift reaction against the passion which in this country, in England, and in Germany has been so notable in recent weeks, is an assertion of a common sentiment which public men and the ruling classes cannot disregard. The peoples of the world are for peace because they hate destruction. They have a growing sense of the responsibility of race for race, and they are coming into that broader economic knowledge which makes them understand that the highest results, both materially and spiritually, are reached by co-operation between the races, and not by the kind of competition that involves destructiveness. In other words, war, which is the old method of barbarism, has already become an anachronism in these civilized days, which are not, as some of our warlike public men declare, "piping times of peace," but times of higher discernment of the uses of energy, of profounder sense of the solidarity of the race, and of truer ideals of honor.

A Historical Precedent

The Outlook cited last week the action of President Monroe and the speech of Mr. Webster in support of the Greeks in their struggle for freedom against Turkey, as furnishing a historical example of the spirit and method in which and by which the United States may properly endeavor to put a stop to outrages in Armenia. England may find a still more striking historical precedent in one of the finest episodes in her later history. Two hundred and forty years ago, in 1655, Charles Emanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, by an edict, commanded his Protestant subjects in the valleys of the Cottian Alps, known sometimes as the Vaudois and sometimes as the Waldenses, to abjure Protestantism and accept the Roman Catholic faith within twenty days, or to part with their property and leave the country. These brave and sturdy people resisted. Military force was sent against them. They were overcome by preponderance of numbers, they were slaughtered, flung over precipices, carried away into captivity, outraged in every conceivable fashion, and hundreds of families were driven to seek access among the snows of the high Alps, where many of them perished from exposure and cold. The news of this persecution, so brutal in its method, aroused deep feeling throughout Europe, and stirred the heart of England profoundly. As the leader of Protestant Europe, the English felt a deep and sacred sense of responsibility. One of the greatest of Englishmen was then at the head of the State, and the appeal of the suffering Vaudois found no uncertain response in the heart of Oliver Cromwell. An Ambassador was sent to the country to ascertain the facts, a fast-day was appointed to be observed throughout England, a subscription of more than forty thousand pounds, equal to at least a million of dollars in our day, was raised for the sufferers, and letters of protest were sent to Charles Emanuel and to the chief princes and powers of Europe. Behind the evident indignation and determination of these letters of protest, signed by a man who not only ruled but governed, was the best army in Europe. The edict of persecution was withdrawn, and the Vaudois were not only freed from the outrages to which they had been subjected, but were allowed to worship according to their own conscience. The spirit of England found expression not only in this energetic and effective action, but also in one of the noblest of Milton's sonnets—a sonnet which has to-day a new meaning:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
  Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
  Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
  When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
  Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
  Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
  Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
  To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
  O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
  A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
  Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

A statesman at the head of the English Government, a statesman even in our own Senate, might learn a lesson concerning the power of public opinion from this chapter of English history, and a hint as to one method of relieving the martyred Armenians.

The Peace of God

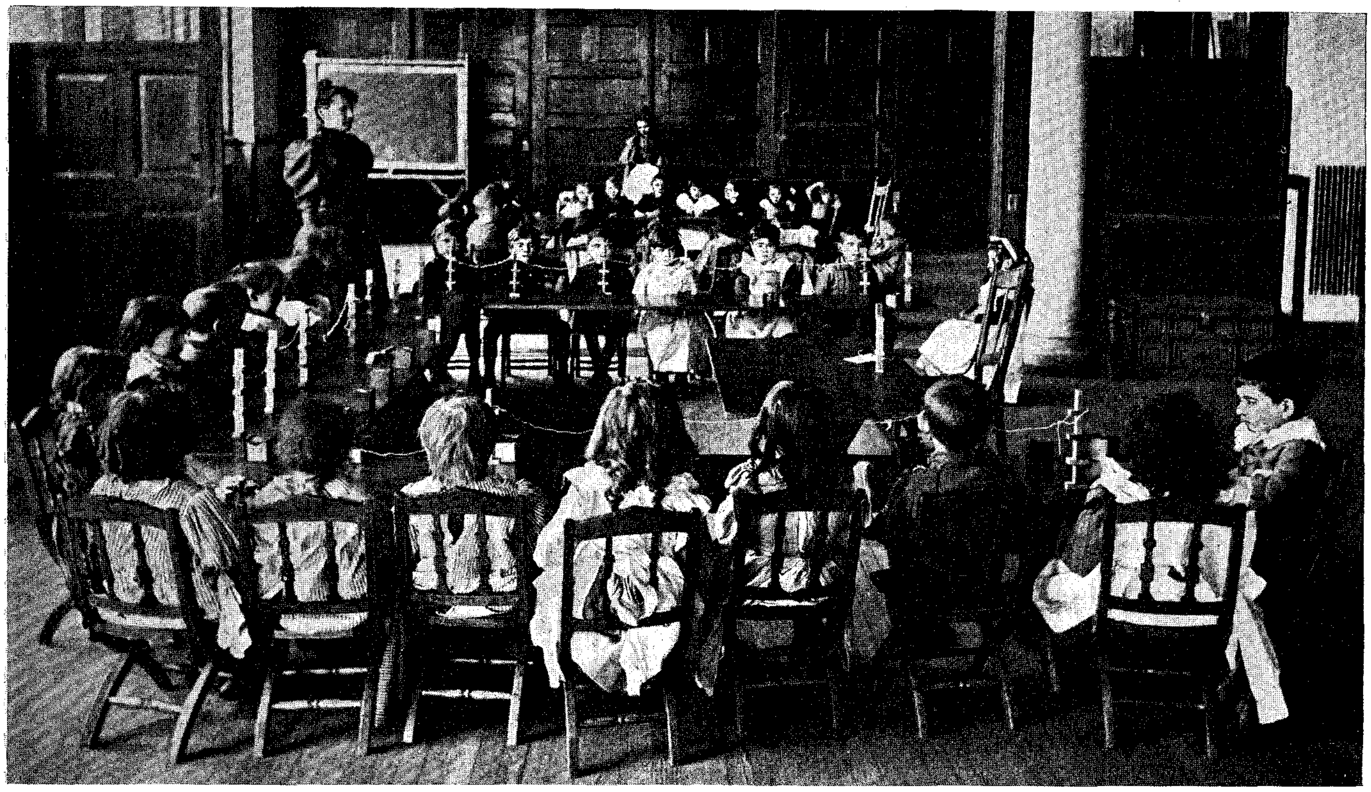
In troublous times we find refuge in the truth that God dwells in perpetual peace. Peace is the eternal fact. Wars and rumors of wars are temporary facts breaking in upon that eternal peace. When the black clouds gather in the west, and the thunder seems to fill the heavens with reverberation, and the lightning illumines the whole angry horizon as with fire gleams of wrath, and the winds, broken loose, swoop down upon the plain and cut a broad swath through the forest, cutting the trees as the scythe cuts the grass-blades in its path, it seems as though all nature were in wild chaos. But, in fact, the path of the storm is but a few miles in width, and on either side the sun is shining and the birds are singing. All the storms of earth are of earth's own making, and rise but a few thousand feet above its scarred surface. The world itself, with all its storms, moves in its appointed orbit through unbroken and eternal peace. So our world-storms travel in narrow paths through environing peace. So humanity moves forward in the orbit God has appointed, through a peace which is never broken. He in whom we live and move is never tempest-tossed, never bewildered, never hurried, never perplexed, never bowed beneath burdens too heavy for his carrying. As children playing, worrying, sometimes quarreling in the nursery, on whose troubled life the strong mother looks without dread, knowing that out of even the apparent evil there will issue, if the children be but rightly guided, a better, braver, clearer-thoughted, stronger-willed manhood, so we in this little nursery of ours play our child games, and fight our child battles, and suffer our child sorrows, while the strong God looks down on us with infinite tenderness, but with infinite peace. It is well sometimes for us to flee from the nursery strife, stand for a moment at the divine Mother's side, look up into Her calm face, and receive the quiet benediction of Her presence. This it is to "acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace."

Calvinism has its beatific side. The sovereignty of force is terrible; the sovereignty of law may be dreadful; but who can be in terror of the sovereignty of love? "I am the Lord, and there is none else; I form the light and create the darkness; I make peace and create calamity; I the Lord do all these things." Substitute love for I, and re-read this declaration, and life becomes luminous. Love-sent calamity becomes a blessing. As when the green sod sees the plow coming straight toward it, and knows that in a few moments it will be torn up by the roots, and all its glorious verdure will be bruised, and yet can rejoice if it can foresee that this burial of spring prepares for the resurrection of a harvest, so the soul that knows the good God and what glory he brings out of desolations and devastations, fears not the destruction that wastes at noonday. Love holds the plow-handles and makes the furrows;

"And all is right that seems most wrong,
  If it be His dear will."

When in the apocalyptic vision the book of human destiny was brought out, John wept much because no one was found able to open it. Then the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the strong Son of God, the lover of mankind, strong in his love and strong in his hope, because he could see the end from the beginning, and could in his strong love share the sufferings which were to redeem the race, came forward and took the book and broke its seals. And when He did so, forth from the book came war and famine and pestilence and persecution. It is self-sacrificing love alone which dares open the book of human destiny and let free the awful woes that are hidden in it. For tears are seeds of joy, and sorrow is the travail-pain of a new life. And all the tumults and strifes are but the dust and confusion of the factory whose finished product is man, made in God's image, and satisfied only when after life's troubled dreams he awakes in God's likeness.

What a tumultuous rapid is that which flows from the foot of Niagara Falls to its peaceful resting-place in Lake Ontario! Two drops take this tempestuous and seemingly perilous journey together, both tossed hither and yon in the foaming current, both flung now into the air by interposing rocks, now forced backwards by recalcitrant eddies, but both making their way steadily to the lake below. One, perplexed, distraught, terrified, despairing, cries out to itself, What is all this for? Why was I taken from my quiet repose in Lake Erie? The other knows that God has cleft this passage for the river through the rocks, and not in vain, and that all thwarting obstacles and jutting stones cannot hinder his purpose nor block the pathway of the tiny drop whose roadway has been hewn out for it, whose peaceful harbor is waiting for it. So in the midst of the swirls and eddies and currents of this tumultuous life, the soul that knows God moves on serenely to the issue his Maker has prepared and predetermined; kept in perfect peace because his mind is stayed on God.

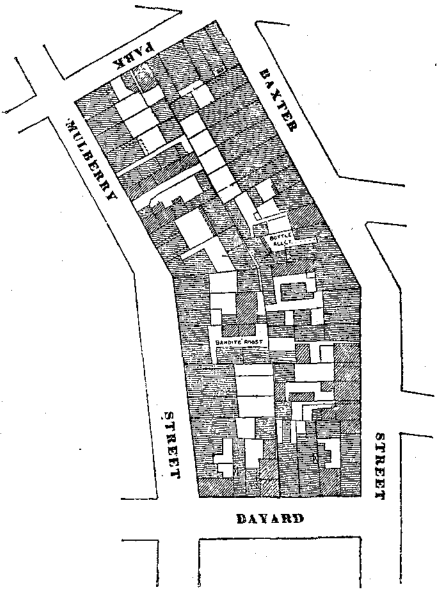


KINDERGARTEN, HEBREW INSTITUTE

The Higher Life of New York City[1]

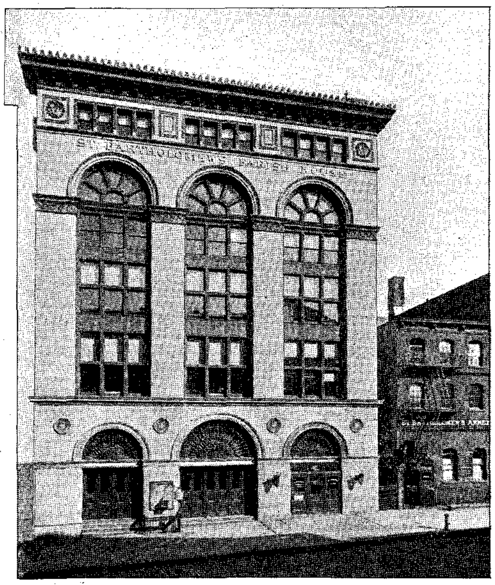
By Albert Shaw

FOR some years I have been of the opinion that no other great town, anywhere within the bounds of highly civilized countries, could fairly be charged with so great a neglect of the common wants of its population, and with so feeble a sense of common citizenship and of burgher pride and responsibility, as New York. It happened some years ago that I landed at New York after a visit to Constantinople, and I felt strongly impelled to write an article comparing the two cities in some of their outward aspects. In paving, cleanliness, and various other respects, New York seemed scarcely superior to the Sultan's capital. There had been, doubtless, a well-developed local feeling in New York in the earlier history of the town; but the tremendous growth of the period following the Civil War had swallowed up the old New York, while the new metropolis had not arrived at any civic self-consciousness.



MAP OF MULBERRY BEND.

Time is an element for which there can be no substitute. It is not wholly inexplicable that in the twenty-five years from 1865 to 1890 New York should have dealt so impotently with many of those common concerns that make for the happiness and welfare of its people. But the situation has marvelously changed for the better. Citizens who were indifferent, and who seemed lacking in local public spirit, have been converted to a new sense, not only of the stern necessities for local reform, but also of the attractive possibilities that are within reach.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOUSE

Perhaps nothing illustrates this fact more pertinently than some of the circumstances under which the street-cleaning of New York has of late so marvelously improved. The proper cleansing of the streets, with the satisfactory removal of garbage and waste materials, forms one of the primary factors in the wholesome life of every great town. And inasmuch as the tenement quarters of New York are the most densely populated in the whole world, it is plain that clean streets, courtyards, and passageways are of vital consequence to the health and well-being of New York's inhabitants. Under the new municipal order of things, a number of wealthy and fastidious ladies are acting regularly as volunteer inspectors to assist the Street-Cleaning Department in obtaining the best service and the highest efficiency from its army of sweepers; while in the crowded districts of the East Side hundreds and thousands of little children of foreign parentage are, by precept and example, doing valiant duty against the vicious local practice of throwing paper and other kinds of waste materials into the streets. The new civic spirit has invaded the school-rooms. Pupils carry home to their parents the new gospel of clean and well-kept streets. The Department of Public Works, recognizing the just claims and needs of the districts most densely crowded with working people, has now entered upon the policy of a rapid extension of asphalt paving where formerly one found only the ill-laid, sunken, and rut-worn stone-block roadways, from which the entire removal of dust and filth was impossible. All this means real and practical progress. New York is very peculiar, not only in its elongated contour, but also in the distribution of its population elements. The more wealthy classes live as a wedge, the sharp point of which may be regarded as reaching down to the Washington Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue in Washington Square, while the lines of the wedge gradually diverge as they proceed northward. On the lower end of the island, south of Fourteenth Street (except for the entering tip of the wedge), and on the east and west river fronts for a long way to the north, is a vast working-class population, housed altogether in tenement buildings. The sharpness of the contrast of conditions inside and outside of this wedge is destined to grow less by virtue of processes which the new policies in street cleaning and paving serve well to illustrate.

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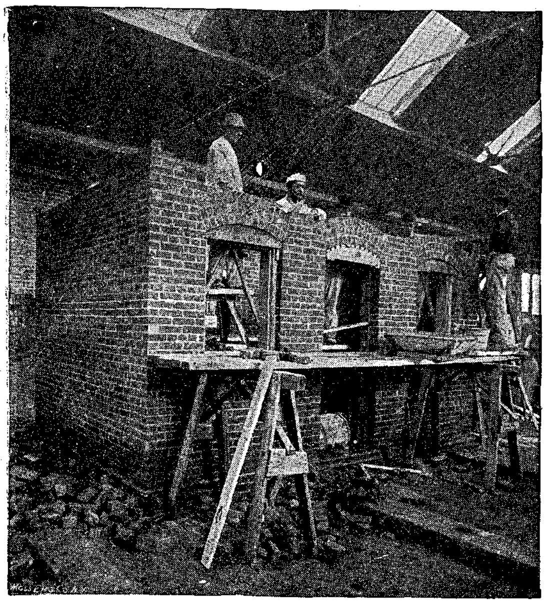
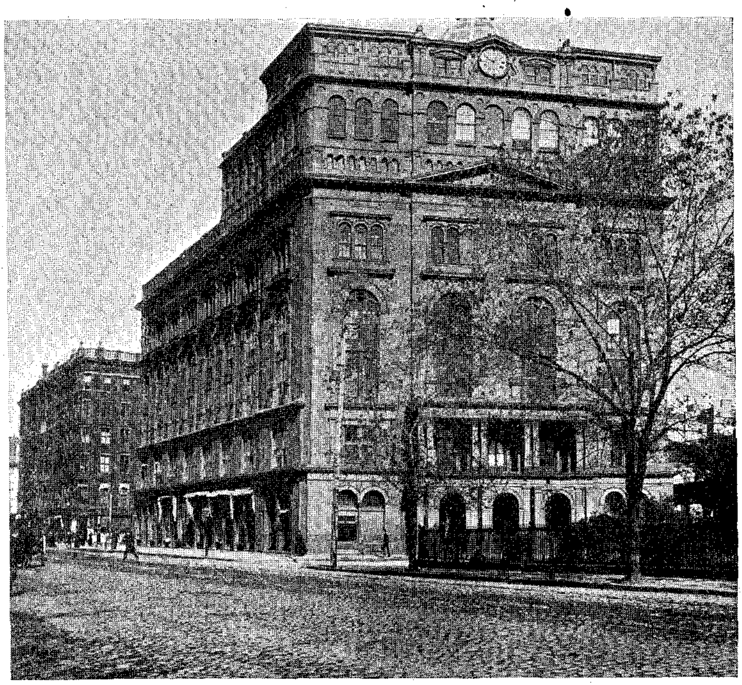
[1] An introductory article to this series appeared in the preceding Magazine Number of The Outlook (December 21). It was written by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, on the subject "The Higher Life of American Cities." Other articles will be on "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Mr. Melville E. Stone, Manager of the Associated Press; on Boston, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.; on New Orleans, by Miss Grace King; on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.

There are advantages as well as disadvantages in that peculiar shape of Manhattan Island which has resulted in such unexampled density of population. The rivers are too deep to become contaminated, and are broad enough to serve as fresh-air ducts. No portion of the tenement-house population is far from the water front. To a limited extent this water front has been utilized for free summer baths. The Battery Park, at the foot of the island, has a glorious sea wall and harbor promenade, and it ministers to the health and happiness of scores of thousands of tenement dwellers. It may well be believed that a much larger use will ultimately be made of the river fronts for purposes of recreation.

Only a few years ago, portions of the lower East Side tenement districts were avowedly slum neighborhoods of such character that it was not deemed safe for well-dressed men and women to pass through the streets even by day. All this is rapidly changing. Comparatively speaking, good order prevails through the tenement districts. One of the inestimable reforms of the past year has been the removal of trucks and other heavy vehicles from the streets at night and on Sundays. The movement for clear streets, smooth streets, and clean streets in New York has now acquired a momentum that nothing can check.



NEW YORK TRADE-SCHOOL, BRICKLAYERS' CLASS



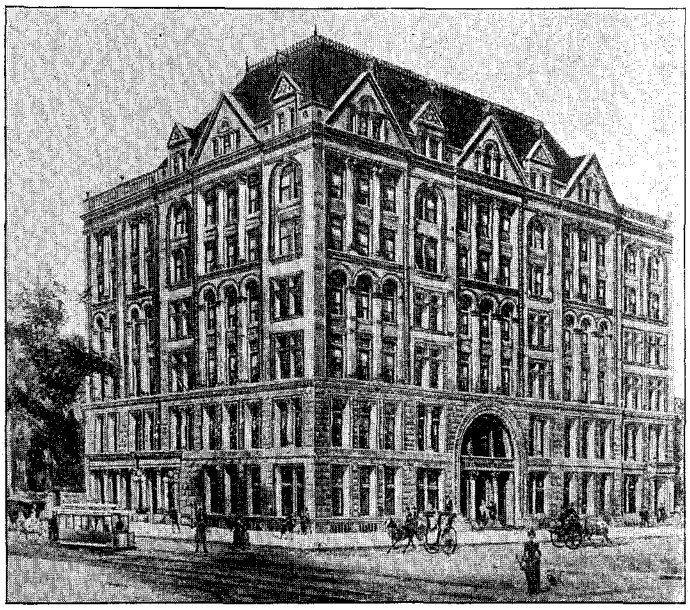
COOPER UNION, BIBLE HOUSE IN BACKGROUND

The European cities, having in large part performed this essential task of street renovation, have begun to lay serious hold of another great problem—that of the reform of the housing conditions of the masses. The difference between decent and healthful house accommodations and the opposite state of things amounts to all the difference between a hopeful social growth and a hideous social decay. The problem is a difficult one in New York, but its solution is not impossible. An essential part of the task lies in a full and deliberate diagnosis of the malady. A valuable study of the facts has been made for us by an official Tenement-House Committee, of which Mr. Richard Watson Gilder was Chairman, and which, after remarkably painstaking inquiries, made report to the Legislature a year ago. Certain changes in the building laws, and other legislative remedies, promptly followed, and the process of condemning the worst of the tenement rookeries has been rendered much easier for the health authorities.

The worst houses in New York are the buildings which were a generation or two ago occupied as the homes of New York's merchant princes, but which have now been made over into tenement-houses, the well-to-do inhabitants having moved a long way up-town. A good illustration is to be found in the building now used as headquarters by the Industrial Christian Alliance in Bleecker Street. This building, perhaps as recently as the outbreak of the Civil War, was still occupied as the home of a prosperous merchant. It was built for the use of a single family. Its mahogany doors and marble mantels still remain. Two years ago it was occupied by not fewer than seventy Italian families, comprising perhaps three hundred persons. It is now the headquarters of one of the best and noblest works of practical philanthropy to be found in the city. The lower part of New York contains thousands of houses thus built for the private occupancy of one family, which have been made over into tenement hives with a family for every room.

The laws now carefully regulate the appointments of new tenement buildings; and while most of them fall far below the ideals advocated by the English and American promoters of so-called model dwellings, they are in the line of progress. The coming decade promises to bring great improvements in the construction of workingmen's dwellings. There are not a few wealthy men and women in New York who are giving earnest thought to the question, and are ready, when their plans have had a little more time to mature, to make large investments in blocks of model tenements. I am willing to be called a confirmed optimist if such a characterization is to be based upon the expressed belief that slum dwellings in New York are not inevitable, but that their abolition is perfectly feasible, that the worst is now already behind us, and that the agencies, public and private, already at work along the lines of improvement will ultimately stamp out all the worst plague-spots.

Towards this great end of the cleansing of the slums, one of the most imperative needs is the creation of a considerable series of small parks and playgrounds scattered through the very heart of the congested tenement districts. A beginning is the difficult step in measures of this kind; and, fortunately, the first victories for small parks in New York have been won. The Legislature and the municipal authorities are definitely committed to the policy. Moderate appropriations have been made. A block of the worst tenement-houses in New York, known as Mulberry Bend, was demolished last year to make way for one of these much-needed little parks. The policy moves with a somewhat discouraging tardiness, but public opinion will in the end sustain the small-parks movement and make it effective. Its great champion is Mr. Jacob A. Riis, a journalist whose daily work has given him an unequaled knowledge of social conditions in the tenement districts of New York, and whose books, articles, and personal efforts have availed, more than the work of any other one man, to acquaint the prosperous half of New York with the rights, needs, and possibilities of the working masses.



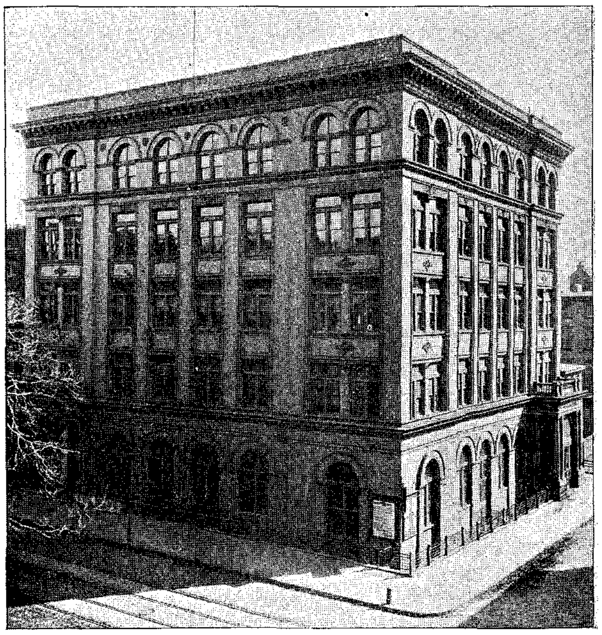
THE CHARITIES BUILDING

One of the great needs of New York has been public baths and wash-houses, lavatories, and similar conveniences. Here again the great difficulty was in getting a tangible start. That start has been made. To one of the sub-committees of the Chamber of Commerce's famous "Committee of Seventy" on municipal reform was assigned the subject of public baths. Mr. W. H. Tolman, Ph.D., formerly Secretary of Dr. Parkhurst's City Vigilance League, and now Superintendent of the work of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, acted as secretary of this sub-committee; and Mayor Strong, when his administration began, retained the committee as a Mayor's advisory group for the initiation of the policy. A practical result is the appropriation of $150,000 for the construction, in a crowded tenement district, of a well-appointed model public bath on the best European lines. The establishment will be erected in the present year, and its success is a foregone conclusion. It will be followed by others in a series which will gradually supply the entire population. This is no slight mark of municipal progress, but rather a most hopeful and far-reaching line of new public policy.

One of the most difficult problems in a great town is the proper shelter of the floating population. The old-fashioned common lodging-house is an exceedingly hard thing to regulate. In the English cities the only effectual means of lodging-house reform thus far discovered has been municipal construction and operation. The municipal model lodging-houses have not wholly superseded those conducted by private enterprise, but have set a high standard, and, by virtue of example and by force of competition, have driven the meaner and smaller establishments out of business, compelling private lodging-house keepers to provide large, well-appointed establishments which can readily be inspected by the health authorities and the police. For several reasons needless to discuss (the "floating vote" being one of them), municipal lodging-houses in New York could not secure public indorsement. The feasibility, however, of the provision of model lodging-houses through private enterprise—under motives of public spirit and philanthropy, yet with the assurance of a moderate return upon capital invested—has become clearly evident to those best informed. No fact has more strongly impressed itself upon the minds of Mr. Milbury and his associates in the work of the Industrial Christian Alliance (this work dealing with the most unfortunate element of the floating population) than the great need of a series of model lodging-houses in New York. One of the social experiments of Calvary Church is a lodging-house in East Twenty-third Street (next to its admirable workingmen's club, known as the Teetotum, on Mr. Buchanan's London pattern); and this hostelry is highly successful. It is now well understood that a prominent capitalist and man of public spirit is preparing, out of his own means, to provide for New York a notable series of model lodging-houses. Mr. D. O. Mills, who is engaged in this project, has thoroughly acquainted himself with the British models, and has enlisted the co-operation of Mr. Ernest Flagg, a very brilliant New York architect. The undertaking is destined to form one of the most notable forward steps which New York will have taken in this decade in the direction of a betterment of social conditions and facilities.

The field for educational improvement is everywhere an unlimited one; but New York's educational deficiencies are by comparison painfully conspicuous. Nevertheless, the very fact that this necessity for educational reform is now so appallingly evident is perhaps the most hopeful element in the situation. A few years ago the condition of things had not been laid bare. Few people appreciated the inadequacy of New York's educational methods and opportunities. To day the work of reform is based upon a better knowledge than ever existed before.

The public schools of New York are sadly inferior. The school system is badly organized, and has hitherto been fatally involved in Tammany politics. Some of the teachers are faithful and enlightened, while many of them are of poor qualifications, and others are lacking both in character and in zeal. The school accommodations are so insufficient that many thousands of children are unable to find places. A majority of the buildings are of ill design, and playgrounds and modern appliances are totally lacking. The movement for public-school reform is, however,



THE HEBREW INSTITUTE

Mrs. Ballington Booth

Rev. Edward Judson

J. A. Riis

Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.

Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D.

D. O. Mills

William Howe Tolman

fairly begun. The disagreeable facts have been unsparingly exposed. The necessity for manual training in the schools has been recognized, and some progress has been made in introducing practical lines of instruction. That famous and noble charity, the Children's Aid Society, has for a great many years maintained a series of so-called industrial schools, and given instruction to thousands of poor children, receiving some support out of public funds for its educational work. The same thing is true of one or two other benevolent organizations. It is now proposed that these schools should be amalgamated with the public-school system. The result will be a greater watchfulness on the part of the workers in such organizations as the Children's Aid Society, to the end that the public schools may more completely fill the requirements of the present day.

One of the most hopeful innovations—even though its statistical exhibit thus far is very modest—is the free kindergarten. In order to show what free kindergartens might accomplish, and what place they were destined to fill in the life of the tenement-house population, it was necessary that a private society should make the beginning. A devoted band of men and women have exerted themselves to make this demonstration a success. Prominently identified with the work have been Mr. Gilder, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, now Mrs. Riggs. It was never expected by them that New York could be fully supplied with the free kindergartens of a charitable society. What they aimed at was the ultimate acceptance of the kindergarten as an essential part of the work of the public schools of the city. The school board has at length been converted, and a considerable number of free kindergartens are now maintained as a part of the school system. The number will doubtless steadily increase. New York supports seven or eight thousand drinking-saloons, and not less than ten thousand places where intoxicants are sold. There ought to be ten thousand free kindergarten classes in New York. There will at least be some hundreds of them within a few years.

Another imperative educational need of the city is a series of popular manual-training and practical trade schools and of technical high schools. Thus far the development of facilities for technical instruction and for training in practical trades has been very limited. But some right beginnings have been made, and the city will eventually become aroused to the possibilities of popular instruction in applied art, designing, and all kinds of practical callings. The old Cooper Union, given to the people of New York by Peter Cooper, has served a magnificent end as a people's university and social center. Its art, science, and general classes and its various educational opportunities have made it the central influence in the lives of thousands of young apprentices, clerks, and working people. The Hebrew Institute, far over in the lower East Side of New York, is another social and educational center which is accomplishing a vast work for the young members of that great Jewish population element which is becoming so important a factor in the industrial life of New York. The Hebrew Institute is a powerful agency for the making of good citizens. A long article could be written upon its varied activities and its patriotic and wholesome influences. The Hebrew Technical Institute, the Baron de Hirsch trade-schools, and the manual-training schools which are under the auspices of Dr. Felix Adler and his associates, are helping to supply the need for practical education, and, above all, are serving as object-lessons. The New York Trade-Schools founded by Colonel Auchmuty on the upper East Side also deserve honorable mention; but their fees place their desirable facilities beyond the reach of the poorest lads. Few persons are aware that the best technical school available for New York's young men, and the one most largely patronized, is supported by the State and is a free boarding-school, with a beautiful country location. The terms of admission, however, are a serious drawback. Let us hope that the day will come when it will not be necessary for a sixteen-year-old youth in this great city to be guilty of a crime in order to avail himself of such magnificent facilities for trade instruction and for general education and discipline as are freely supplied by the State to the inmates of the Reformatory Prison at Elmira.

Among the best and most promising agencies in the general educational field are to be included the so-called "Settlements" and the parish work of the "institutional" churches. The University Settlement, maintained by a large number of gentlemen and conducted by Mr. James B. Reynolds as head worker, forms a most excellent center for the practical investigation of social conditions, and at the same time affords opportunity for the carrying on of a series of clubs and classes which enlist the interest of many hundreds of East Side boys and girls, and which, chiefly through the young people, appeal also

Seth Low

Bishop Potter

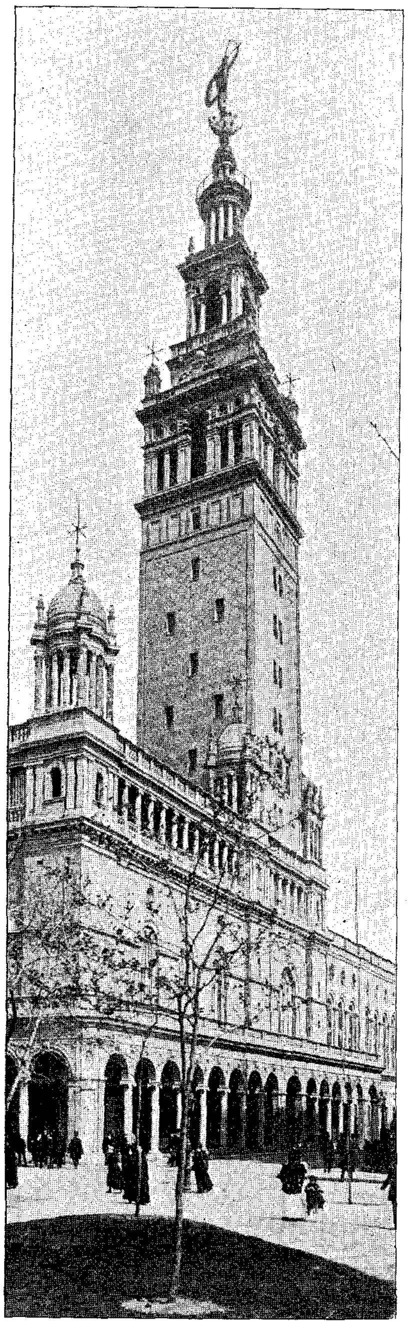
Mrs. Rylance (Ellen Coe)

Theodore Roosevelt

Rev. A. R. Doyle

J. B. Reynolds

Rev. W. T. Elsing



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND TOWER

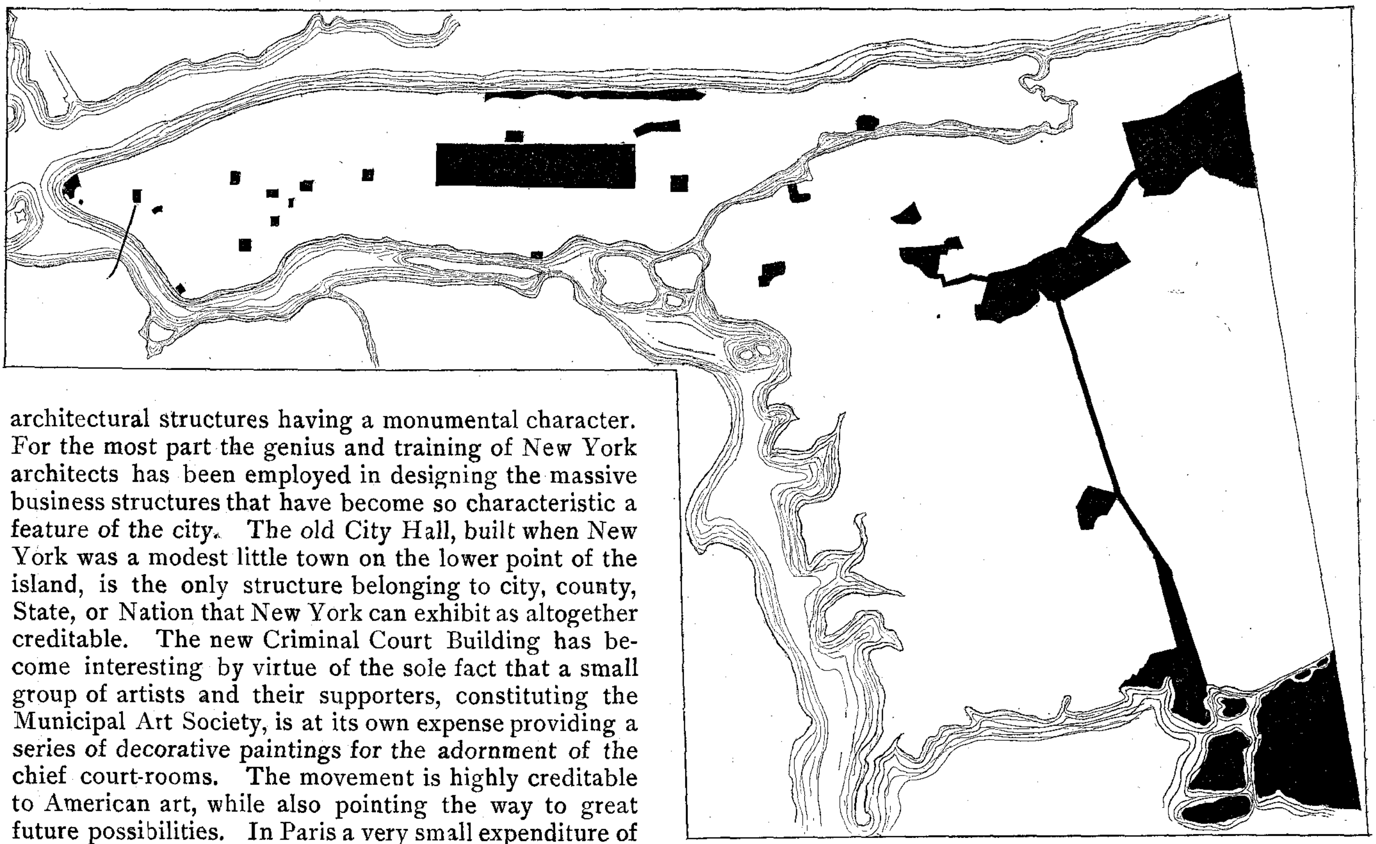
NATHAN HALE STATUE IN CITY HALL PARK

to the parents. It is a similar work that the College Settlement in Rivington Street, maintained and conducted by educated women, performs in its vicinity. The usefulness of these social centers is constantly increasing. They promote the progress of the community in all kinds of ways. They are in touch with relief work, with the reforms of the street-cleaning and public works departments, with the police and health authorities, with public-school work, and with all sorts of movements for the betterment of the city. In a somewhat similar way a number of churches have so organized their practical work as to come into touch with the whole life of the people about them. Thus, on the East Side, the Settlements and various churches, Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and others, under such leaders as the Rev. Dr. Rainsford and the Rev. John B Devins, have formed a "Federation of East Side Workers," with the result of various useful forms of co-operation. St. George's Church, under Dr. Rainsford's vigorous administration, is famous for its many-sided social activity. In like manner the Rev. Dr. Judson, south of Washington Square, through the agencies which have been called into existence around the Judson Memorial Baptist Church as a center, is carrying on an admirable work. St. Bartholomew's parish, under Dr. Greer's administration and with the benefit of the liberal gifts of such public-spirited men as Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, furnishes another conspicuous illustration of what the modern church may accomplish when it conceives of its mission as a broad one and enters upon a large practical policy. The great Catholic parish of the Paulist Fathers, located in the densely crowded upper West Side, has been eminently successful in its educational work and as a center of good social influence; and various other instances might readily be given of individual New York churches which have become centers of social activity. Out of all these sound and earnest beginnings of educational and social work in the crowded parts of New York there is going to be evolved at length some well-distributed and complete system that will meet the entire situation. Many years will be required, but the outcome is not doubtful.

Meanwhile, the opportunities of New York in the sphere of the higher education are constantly improving, and they afford a brilliant outlook. The high ridge between the Hudson and Harlem Rivers north of Central Park has been selected as the new site for Columbia College, for its protégé Barnard College, for its other protégé the Teachers' College, for the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, for the great St. Luke's Hospital, and for some other institutions which will aid in the general result of creating a splendid center for the higher ethical, educational, and scientific interests of New York, besides affording an opportunity for noteworthy architectural achievements. The old "University of New York" has also gone northward and domiciled itself upon an attractive eminence overlooking the Hudson, now fittingly designated as "University Heights." A strong tendency has been shown during recent years towards the affiliation in New York of agencies making for the advancement of learning and the promotion of the intellectual and æsthetic life. The wealthy citizens also show an encouraging disposition to contribute toward the promotion of public institutions of learning and culture. A notable instance is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which, through the liberality of the citizens of New York, is rapidly assuming rank as one of the world's important galleries. Another instance is the American Museum of Natural History, which is much visited by the young people of New York, and which has a rapidly developing scientific value. Popular lecture courses are maintained in connection with both of these. For several seasons Columbia College has co-operated with these institutions and with Cooper Union in providing the people of New York with lecture courses in various fields of science and art. New York has never followed the example of Boston and Chicago in providing a great public library, and the lack of such an institution has been sorely felt. The want is likely to be supplied, however, through the amalgamation of the Astor and Lenox Libraries with the Tilden Trust. Besides the resulting great reference library, it is expected that there will also be developed in connection with the institution a circulating library, with branches, somewhat after the Boston plan.

It is to be regretted that the ground plan of New York does not lend itself to any very advantageous placing of public buildings, or of

THE CITY HALL



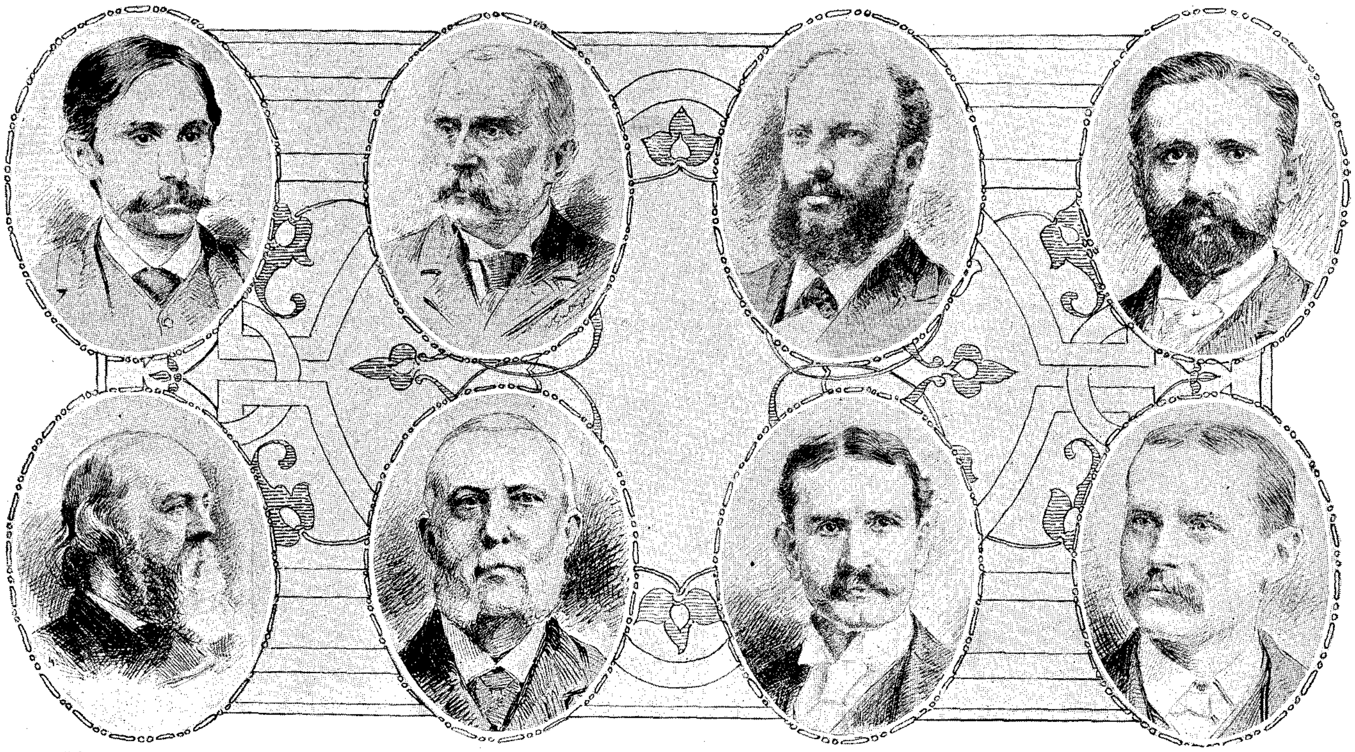
THE PARK SYSTEM OF NEW YORK CITY

(The black spots represent the Parks)

architectural structures having a monumental character. For the most part the genius and training of New York architects has been employed in designing the massive business structures that have become so characteristic a feature of the city. The old City Hall, built when New York was a modest little town on the lower point of the island, is the only structure belonging to city, county, State, or Nation that New York can exhibit as altogether creditable. The new Criminal Court Building has become interesting by virtue of the sole fact that a small group of artists and their supporters, constituting the Municipal Art Society, is at its own expense providing a series of decorative paintings for the adornment of the chief court-rooms. The movement is highly creditable to American art, while also pointing the way to great future possibilities. In Paris a very small expenditure of municipal money annually devoted to the promotion of art is securing for the public buildings, including the school-houses, a wonderful array of wall designs illustrating historical and local subjects, and adding very much to the æsthetic and educational wealth of the community. If New York's beginnings in this direction are small, they are nevertheless of commendable quality.

The story of public statuary and sculpture in New York is not a pleasant one. Since most of the attempts at public statues are so bad, it is fortunate that the aggregate number occupying conspicuous places is small as yet. Happily, the best American sculptors of our own day are men of sound taste and thorough attainments. The municipal authorities are learning to trust the judgment of the sculptors, and there is comparatively little danger, henceforth, that inartistic work will find acceptance. The Washington Arch, at the foot of Fifth Avenue, is an admirable possession, while sculptors like St. Gaudens and MacMonnies have begun to give us statues that are worth a journey to inspect. Clearly, New York has begun to give evidence of its growing importance as an art center. The tendency is toward the union of æsthetic forces, and towards a larger and more generous mutual understanding between the art leaders and the community at large. What is true as to the improving outlook for architecture, sculpture, and painting is also discernible in the field of music. It would appear that New York can support the opera without any governmental subvention. The Carnegie Music Hall, and all that its existence and uses represent, is also a good sign of progress.

I have not intended that this brief and sketchy attempt at an appreciation of some of the varied elements and factors

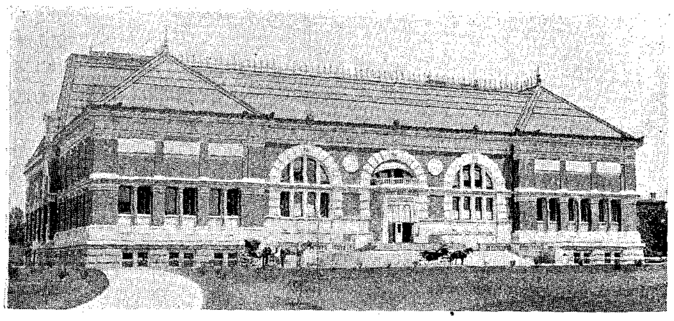


Richard W. Gilder
Frederick Law Olmsted

James C. Carter
Elbridge T. Gerry

Professor Felix Adler
Rev. David H. Greer

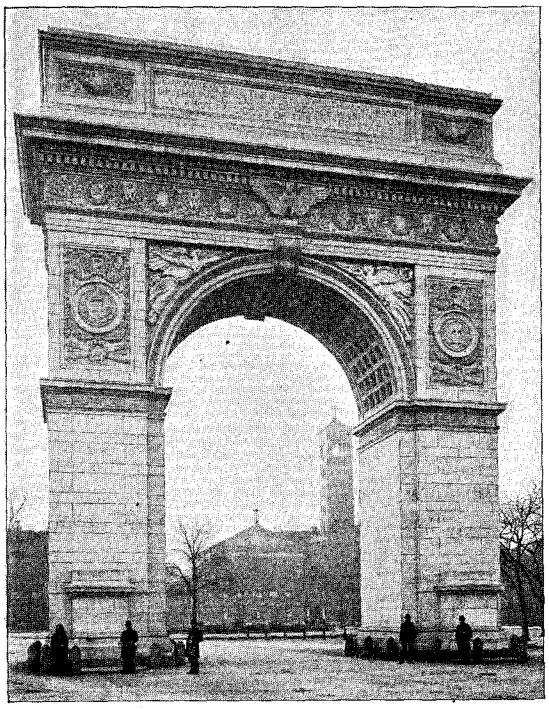
Frank Damrosch
John P. Peters



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

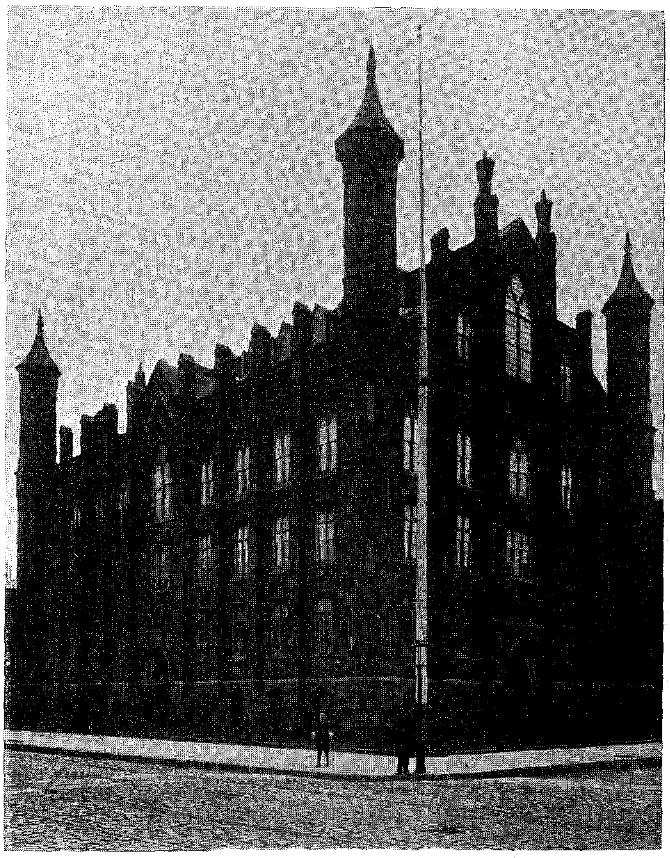
which are helping to swell the rising tide of New York's progress should give much attention in a specific way to the machinery of municipal government, the machinery of church organizations, or the machinery of the standard charitable and philanthropic societies. The readers of The Outlook are not in need of such information. It is enough, then, for me to remark that under the new administration, with such officials as Mr. Roosevelt, the municipal life has received a great uplift. The recent history of some of the municipal departments is teaching New York what a wealth of unanticipated blessing lies in the mere fact of an honest and disinterested city government. The influence upon public and private morals of the new order of things at police headquarters is exhibiting itself in unexpected ways. It is penetrating to the very foundations of the community's life. As for the churches, it may suffice to remark that they are concerning themselves with the study of the actual conditions of New York life as never before, and that their social usefulness and their influence for good citizenship are plainly increasing rather than diminishing. Dr. Parkhurst's stirring work has counted for much toward this end.

The great charitable societies, moreover, show themselves capable of a considerable degree of adaptation. I have already alluded to several of these. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, with Mr. Cutting at its head and Dr. Tolman as its executive officer, is engaged in a varied social work of uncommon interest and value, which includes public baths, summer outings, vacation schools on a large scale, an admirable free labor bureau, and a dozen other things out of the ordinary lines and of timely significance. Its central offices are in the attractive new United Charities Building—which, by the way, constitutes another of New York's social centers of first importance. Here one finds the offices of the Charity Organization Society, which, besides the well-understood primary functions of such an association, is also carrying on other interesting branches of work. One of its most important lines is its Penny Provident Fund. Several hundred receiving places are maintained for its savings system, and it thus supplies an important incentive to thrift.



THE WASHINGTON ARCH AND THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH

In distinctive relief work along established lines of charitable aid the Organization Society holds the guiding place, and the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor works in immediate harmony with it. The really significant fact about the charity work of New York is the practical manner in which it has adopted the broad modern view that charity must not pauperize; that the individual family may be greatly benefited by an improvement in the general social conditions and facilities of the town.

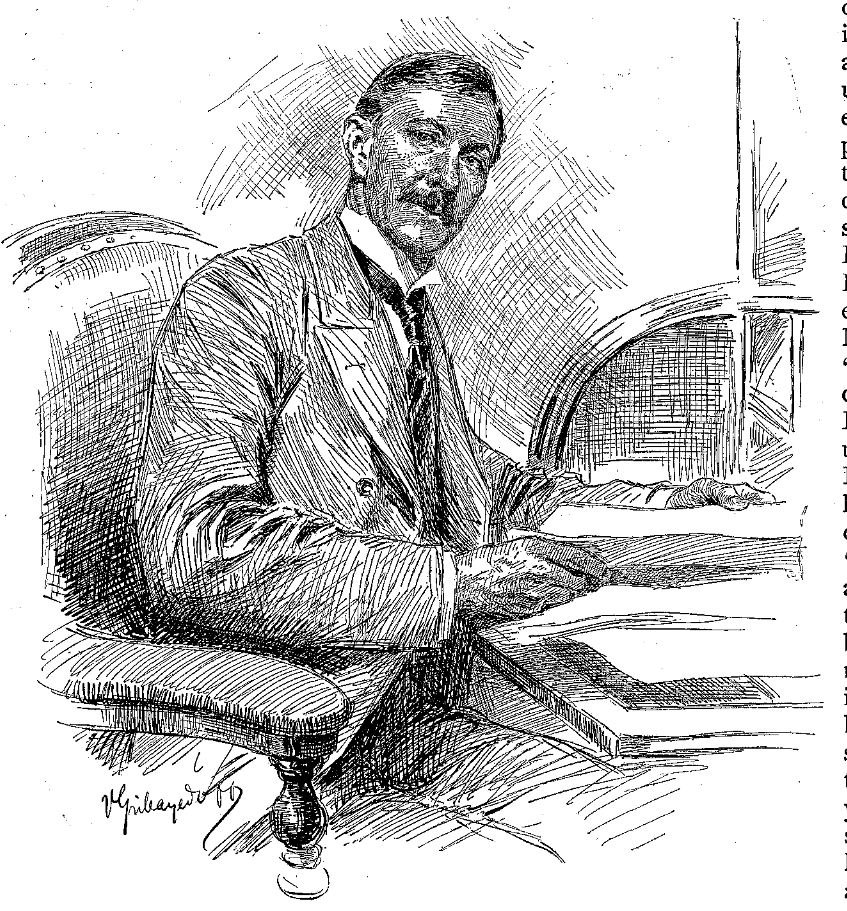


THE OLD CITY COLLEGE

It is the policy of the charitable societies to favor such movements for self-culture as Miss Grace Dodge's Working-Girls' Clubs, to promote forethought and co-operation in such forms as mutual benefit funds for insurance against accident or illness, and in a hundred ways to help people to help themselves.

I have long been strongly of the opinion that the savings-bank system, on some plan or other, needs a tremendous amplification in New York. We have in the Bowery Savings Bank, the Bank for Savings, the Emigrant Industrial, and several other well-known institutions, a group of savings-banks doing an enormous business in the aggregate. There would be no advantage in endeavoring to establish a municipal savings bank system in competition with these existing institutions. But it has seemed to me that, through some sort of federation among the existing banks, with the countenance of State and municipality, the help of leading financiers, and the support of the principal charitable organizations, it might be possible to invade all the tenement-house districts and all the suburban neighborhoods with a great number of branch savings-banks. And together with these there should be provided the branches of a great pawnbroking shop, or *mont-de-piété*, which ought also to be under the management of a society of financiers and philanthropists, with the Mayor and certain other municipal representatives as ex-officio members of the board. Happily, the Provident Loan Association, with its office in the new Church Missions Building, was formed last year under Dr. Greer's direction, and it has entered with caution, but determination, into this very field of reformed pawnbroking. Its experience as a pioneer will be invaluable, but its scope ought to be vastly enlarged. New York urgently needs not less than fifty branch offices of a central pawnbroking institution managed on as broad and beneficent lines as the *mont-de-piété* of Paris.

There was a time when it seemed to me that municipal reform in New York promised to make headway only slowly, because the reformers appeared to have in mind nothing but the negative task of defeating Tammany. They seemed lacking in constructive programmes and in progressive municipal ideals. Their point of view, however, has been shifting almost as rapidly as any reasonable optimist could desire. After all, good government will inevitably seek to accomplish the ends for which good government is adapted. The reasonable hope that New York is henceforth to have both honest government and also progressive policies is beginning to act powerfully on the minds of many citizens. Not to mention with any detail such organizations as the City Club, the Good Government Clubs, the branches of the City Vigilance League, and other non-partisan organizations for the betterment of civic affairs, it is evident that among rich men and poor men alike there is springing up a practical faith in the possibilities of that Greater New York which is to be great not merely in area, population, and commercial resources, but also greater by far than heretofore in its means and methods for promoting the welfare of all its people. It is also perceived that no man's contribution toward the general end is to be despised, but that the great millionaire, the literary man, the guilds of artists, the labor unions, the societies of women, the down-town business organizations, and the poorest school-children, as well as political bodies and churches, may all contribute very appreciably. I have now, therefore, high expectations for the advancement of the one great community which for a long time seemed to me the worst governed, the most unenlightened, and in many ways the least hopeful of all the great population-centers of the civilized world.

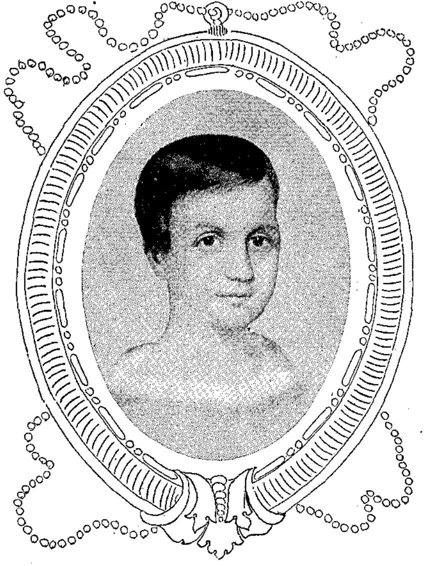


ALBERT SHAW

Albert Shaw

Dr. Albert Shaw, who has become widely known as the editor of the "Review of Reviews," as a student of topics connected with municipal government, and as a writer upon such subjects, is a young man of Western birth, tall and slender in figure, with a keen eye, a quick and rather nervous manner, and features expressing in an unusual degree intelligence, energy, and character. Born in Ohio, the central West, Dr. Shaw represents a catholicity of feeling and knowledge which very few Americans possess. He knows the whole country. He is not distinctly an Eastern man, a Western man, or a man of the Pacific slope: he is a man of America. He knows the characteristics of each section, its strength and its weakness. With New England blood in his veins, but with the energizing influences of the West about his boyhood, Dr. Shaw graduated at Iowa College, the oldest institution of its class west of the Mississippi. During his college life the future journalist and writer devoted a great deal of time to the study of literature and of literary style, disclosing very early two qualities which are pre-eminently characteristic of him to-day, lucidity and directness. After graduation Dr. Shaw began his professional life as editor of the Grinnell "Herald," a position which enabled him to master all the mechanical and routine work of journalism.

His aims were not the aims of the ordinary journalist. He saw with unusual clearness the possibilities of his profession, and he saw also that he needed a wider educational basis. His interest in social and political topics was the interest of a man of philosophic mind, eager to learn the principles and not simply to record the varying aspects from day to day. In order the better to secure the equipment of which he felt the need, he entered the Johns Hopkins University and took a graduate course. It was during his residence in Baltimore that he met Professor Bryce, who recognized his rare ability and intelligence, and who used his unusually large knowledge of social and political conditions in the country. While carrying on his special studies at the Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Shaw joined the editorial staff of the Minneapolis daily "Tribune." After receiving the degree of Ph.D. in 1884, he removed permanently to Minneapolis, and took his place at the head of the staff of the "Tribune." His work almost at once attracted attention. Its breadth, its thoroughness, its candor, and its ability were of a kind which made themselves recognized on the instant. Four years later Dr. Shaw spent a year and a half studying social and political conditions in Europe, traveling extensively and devoting much time to the examination of the condition of municipalities. It was this study which has borne fruit in the two volumes on Municipal Government which have come from the press of the Century Company, and which have given Dr. Shaw the first rank as an authority on these matters. When the "Review of Reviews" was established in this country in 1891, Dr. Shaw became its editor, and his success in the management of this very important periodical has justified the earlier expectations entertained by his friends, for he has given the "Review of Reviews" a commanding position. He is one of the very few journalists in this country who treat their work from the professional standpoint, who are thoroughly equipped for it, and who regard themselves as standing in a responsible relation to a great and intelligent public. Dr. Shaw's presentation of news is pre-eminently full, candid, and unpartisan; his discussion of principles is broad-minded, rational, and persuasive. He is entirely free from the short-sighted partisanship of the great majority of newspaper editors, and he appreciates to the full the power of intelligent, judicial statement. His opinions, for this reason, carry great weight, and it is not too much to say that he has not his superior in the field of American journalism.



THREE POEMS
BY
EMILY DICKINSON

READERS of Miss Emily Dickinson's verse and of her letters do not need to be told that she belongs among the writers who cannot be classified. The note of individuality, which is so distinct throughout the entire history of New England, has been nowhere more definitely struck than in her verse and prose. During the latter years of her life she was a recluse, and her thought shows singular insulation. She was solitary, but her solitude was populous with thought, imagination, sympathy, kindness, and aspiration. She seemed to owe very little to any literary parentage, although she once said that Keats and the Brownings, Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and Revelation were her books. "I went to school," she writes, "but in the manner of the phrase had no education. When a little girl I had a friend who taught me immortality, but venturing too near, himself, he never returned. . . . You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself that my father brought me. They are better than beings, because they know but do not tell; and the noise of the pool at noon excels my piano." Spontaneity, flashes of insight, epigrammatic phrase, are characteristic of Miss Dickinson's prose and verse. She saw things in detached flashes of light. She never took the trouble to co-ordinate the objects of her vision, and they come before us isolated and detached as they came to her. She is often abrupt, sometimes inconsequential, but she has thoughts; and at times these thoughts take on a wonderful felicity of speech. These qualities are admirably illustrated in the three poems by Miss Dickinson here published for the first time. The portrait of Miss Dickinson as a child is reproduced, by permission, from the book "Letters of Emily Dickinson" (Roberts Brothers, Boston).

Immortality

This world is not conclusion;
A sequel stands beyond,
Invisible as music,
But positive as sound.

It beckons and it baffles,—
Philosophies don't know,
And through a riddle at the last
Sagacity must go.

To prove it puzzles scholars;
To gain it, men have worn
Contempt of generations,
And crucifixion borne.

Sufficiency

'Tis little I could care for pearls,
Who own the ample sea,
Or brooches, when the Emperor
With rubies pelteth me,

Or gold, who am the Prince of Mines,
Or diamonds, when I see
A diadem to fit a throne
Continual crowning me.

Departing

We learn in the retreating
How vast a one
Was recently among us;
A perished sun

Endears in the departure
How doubly more,
Than all the golden presence
It was before!

MISS CLARA BARTON
The Latest Photograph

Clara Barton and the Red Cross

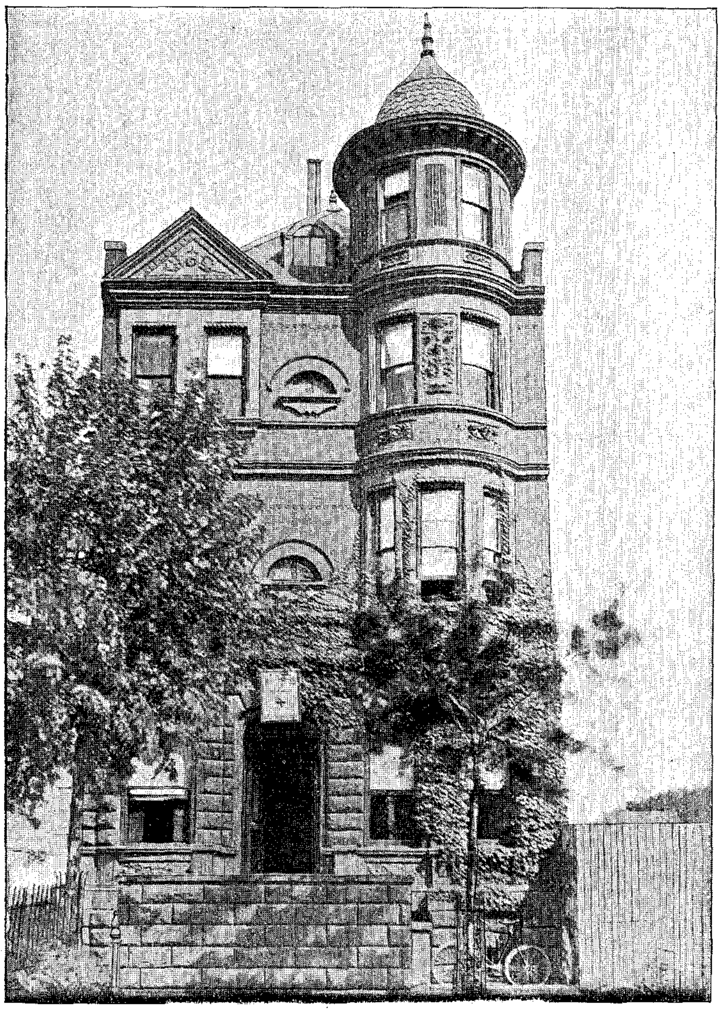
By Myrtis Willmot Barton

MISS BARTON AT THE TIME OF OUR CIVIL WAR

The story goes that toward the end of the sixteenth century there lived in Lancashire five brothers, who decided that not only was Lancashire too small, but England not quite large enough, to hold them all; so one went to Ireland, and from him come the Bartons of Grove; another wended his way to the land of the canny Scots, where in time the name became changed to Bartan; a third crossed over to France, where his descendants bear the name of Bartin; a fourth settled in southern England, under the name of Burton; and, after fifty years, the younger son of that Barton who remained in the old home, one Marmaduke by name, was seized with the wandering spirit of his race, and, coming to America within a dozen years after the landing at Plymouth, founded the family of which Clara Barton is the brightest light. Thus she comes from a race of sturdy pioneers and volunteer soldiers; the very name Barton in the Anglo-Saxon means "defender of the town."

Her father, Captain Stephen (one of the youngest sons of Dr. Stephen Barton and beautiful Dorothy Moore), was a man prominent in the business and political life of his town and State; until incapacitated by age, he was always chosen "Moderator" to preside at town meetings; he was also a captain of the militia—being a soldier by training and nature, having served for three years in the Indian wars by the time he was of age; and, in short, was a man universally respected and esteemed for his bravery and goodness of heart. The family into which my Aunt Clara was born was already a grown-up one, she being the youngest, by a dozen years, of five children. With her two sisters and eldest brother all teachers themselves, it is not surprising that she began her school life at the age of three, riding to and from the rude little building on the shoulder of her big brother Stephen, who was a teacher there, and studying quietly in classes by the side of boys and girls many years her senior. She has told me she never remembers possessing a doll, her loving care having been lavished on the pets of the household—a sick cat or dog appealing more strongly to her sympathies than anything else. The only inanimate playthings she had were wooden soldiers fashioned by her brothers, and with these her father would amuse and interest her, as together they fought over the battles of his younger days, until she felt all the fire and enthusiasm of a soldier following the lead of Mad Anthony Wayne, and learned lessons in military tactics and war as though in preparation for the life before her.

Lest I give the idea that her time was devoted entirely to books, I must speak of her outdoor life, for she was one of those fleet-footed, agile girls, strong of limb, clear-headed, and perfectly at home in a saddle. Her younger brother, David, instead of being studiously inclined, as were the others, was passionately fond of horses; so that when she was but a wee child he would put her on the back



THE NEW YORK RED CROSS HOSPITAL

of a young horse, while he, on another, would hold her hand, and together they would canter around the fields, in and out among the other horses, broken and unbroken. Those who know her now will understand what a sensitive, shrinking girl she must have been, never thrusting herself forward, and avoiding, rather than seeking, strangers; although in her own home she was gay and light-hearted, full of fun and jokes, with the keen sense of humor which she has never outgrown, and the power of making the drollest speeches in a quiet, irresistible way; the knack of remembering, and telling well, a good story has always been one of her greatest charms. Remembering her shyness and modesty, one can imagine how soon it must have been tried, when, as a little nine-year-old girl, she went away from home to board in the family of the teacher under whom she was to study. The love and respect she bore this man are things of which she cannot speak now with dry eyes, and his sayings and advice she remembers and often repeats to this day.

Thus the years passed, first in study, then at home caring for a sick brother—nursing him through a dangerous illness though a mere child herself; and, when scarce entering girlhood, away with a school of her own to teach, and later at a college for young women, until she came back to assist her brothers in the counting-rooms of the mills they had built. She was always wise, always helpful—going home when needed, and, when the work in hand was done, going away to earn a little more by her teaching or bookkeeping, and with those earnings to further educate herself—taking a few lessons in one thing here, a few more in another branch there—until she went to Washington as one of the first women in a department of the Government.

Her labors in the Civil War have been recounted so often and so minutely that I shall not undertake to describe them again in so brief a sketch as this. The story of her courage and self-sacrifice the world can never know in its fullness—except as she consents to give it us in the autobiography upon which she is now at work.

In Miss Barton's home in Washington is a collection of Andersonville relics—rude cups and plates, and still ruder tools, all made by those poor prisoners; and these, while each speaking of heartache and misery, bear also, to those who know how to read between the lines, a story of that melancholy comfort that makes a woman rejoice, even though her loved ones be dead, in knowing that they were given Christian burial, and that a woman's hand, with pity and tenderness, marked their last resting-place. To see Miss Barton before a group of Grand Army men shows how she must have worked and ministered through those long, hard years of war to have so won the esteem and admiration of these strong men.

Clara Barton's connection with the Red Cross began when, at the end of the sixties, worn out and broken down in health, she went to Switzerland to rest and grow strong again, only to find there more work to do, and, finding it, to so enter into it, heart and soul, as never to lay it down. At the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War there came to her, in her Swiss cottage, several members of the International Committee of the Red Cross, *en route* for the scene of action. They explained their errand, begged her to join them, and finally so filled her with enthusiasm that, ill as she was, she promised to follow them within a fortnight.

She was at once presented to the sweet, unassuming daughter of Kaiser William I., the Grand Duchess of Baden, who, with her ladies of the court around her, was working as hard and unceasingly as any simple woman of our own land worked during our great conflict; and as they worked together, these two women found themselves mutually helpful—my aunt bringing forward her practical experience, and the Grand Duchess being able to teach her the methods and objects of the Red Cross, its workings and its ways; so that, all

A RED CROSS NURSE

Miss Bettina Hofker, Sister Superintendent of the New York Red Cros through her months there, in the field, at court, or in the hospitals, while she was doing good in her own way, she was acquiring the knowledge necessary for the fulfillment of her ultimate promise—to work unceasingly until she should have brought her own country into the Treaty; for the international character of the Red Cross is a feature of the greatest importance, though often forgotten.

It would be impossible to enter here into a detailed account of her life during the Franco-Prussian strife; it would be too long a story, however interesting, to follow her about from hospital to battle-field, and from Strassburg to Paris, which latter place she entered the day after the siege was raised; but, as an illustration of her work there, and as showing the sorrows of the weaker sex during war, there stands out in my mind one picture. Among the recollections of a dozen years ago I remember seeing in a little Frenchwoman's studio a large, unfinished painting of a scene in a Strassburg hospital. It was a picture to appeal to my childish eyes, for there stood my aunt with her head turned away toward a baby in a woman's arms, while women leaned toward her to catch a word, and children clung to her skirts, and one little boy, half afraid, had lifted a corner of her gown to his lips. I hope that picture may be finished some day. The gown in this picture, by the way, is green, my aunt's favorite color. The story is told that one of her sisters once said: "When Clara goes to town to buy a brown dress, a brown dress I know she will get, for Clara always does as she says. But, one way or another, that dress always manages to turn green before she can get home."

I have said that as regards the international character of the Red Cross so little seems to be known; the name, as a general rule, brings to people's minds a hazy idea of "trained nurses," and "something to do with hospitals," when in reality it stands for a great Treaty entered into by the nations of the earth for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of war. It shows that, although that glorious day when war shall be over and all difficulties settled by arbitration has not yet come, still the time has arrived when a wounded man is no longer left to die on the field, nor shut up in a prison to expire little by little—that the time has even now come when the sick and wounded of the enemy are cared for with the same tenderness shown one's own.

Under the flag of the Red Cross all ground is neutral; all persons lawfully wearing its *brassard* can go unmolested; in its hospitals are found friend and foe, side by side, with every thought of personal strife left outside its walls, and only the motto of humanity and neutrality in mind. One by one, nearly every civilized nation of the world has accepted the invitation to enter, becoming a party to the great treaty; and the reasons that the United States did not join sooner are, first, that the idea was never presented to the people themselves, the knowledge of the treaty never having gone beyond the State Department; and, second, that the possibility of war for us was so remote that our Government seemed to think it a useless step until the new feature known as the American Amendment was suggested, whereby relief was to be given to the victims of the terrible national calamities so frequent here; this addition to the original scope of the treaty, in its purely war character, made it appeal more fully to our people and our officials. Since the adhesion of the United States, in 1882, several succeeding nations, in joining, have added the American Amendment to the provisions of the treaty.

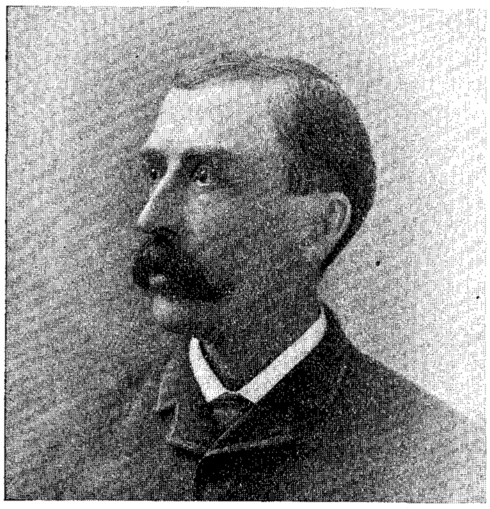
It is a long story, that of those ten years between the close of the Continental war and the final accession of the United States—a long story, full of discouragements, false hopes, and disappointments, full of weary months, I may say years, of nervous prostration, when my aunt was so ill that it seemed as if she were a weak little child, and had to grow up again. But, as soon as she was able, she was up from her sick-bed and in Washington, ready to begin the work to which she had pledged herself; and, at last, through the interest and co-operation of those great statesmen, Garfield, Windom, and Blaine, steps were taken necessary for making the United States one of the Red Cross nations—the untimely death of the martyred President leaving the honor of signing the treaty to his successor, President Arthur, who affixed his signature and made proclamation of the fact in 1882.

We have had no wars in the past fifteen years to call the Red Cross into its original field of action, but in the time of suffering from the elements it has come nobly to the front, doing the work of humanity in the quiet, unostentatious way characteristic of its American President; asking nothing, distributing what was given with a wise and generous, though frugal, hand, bringing order out of chaos, feeding the hungry, and clothing the destitute, at first; teaching the people to help themselves rather than making them objects of charity; so that, in every case where the Red Cross has quitted a field, it has left the mass of the people better off than before the disaster—better off because of the practical lessons inculcated as well as from the gifts distributed.

RATION DAY, ST. HELENA ISLAND

It has worked at such times as those of the forest fires of Michigan, the Texas drought, the Mount Vernon cyclone, the Johnstown flood, twice on the Ohio at the time of the floods, for ten months at the Sea Islands after the cyclone and flood there; and, after being at home but one year, preparations are even now being made whereby, if so decided, Miss Barton will start with a few of her staff for the East, to carry food, money, and clothes to the suffering Armenians. This, if undertaken, will be a new and terrible kind of work—an undertaking full of peril and danger, and one requiring the head of a diplomat and a heart of courage, as well as the hand and soul of a philanthropist.

Altogether, the work of the Red Cross here has been of a different nature from that in other countries; that it is not conducted on quite the same plans and principles as in Germany or Italy, for instance, is due to the difference between the governments of those countries and ours, the difference in the character of the people, and to the entirely different kind of work needed. That there are so few authorized sub-societies is owing mainly to lack of knowledge and even to indifference on the part of many. In New York City there is, however, an association under its direct patronage, which, since its founding, has done good and faithful work in its nursing among the poor, as well as in its hospital and training-school, which is to supply all the nurses used by the National Red Cross.


GEORGE KENNAN
First Vice-President of the Red Cross Society

The New York branch, of which Mrs. Charles H. Raymond is President, is at present located on One Hundredth Street, between the Boulevard and West End Avenue, and is under the supervision of Miss Bettina Hofker, who, although but a young girl, has won laurels for her self-sacrifice and devotion while working in the slums of this city, before she undertook the larger and more responsible position of training "Sisters" for true Red Cross work. It will be a gratification to the people of New York to know that their institution is the especial pride of Miss Barton; it being begun and carried out on the genuine Red Cross ideas, brought straight from Germany.

The American National Red Cross has its headquarters at Miss Barton's home in Washington—in a house well fitted, because of its location and history, to be the center of such a work as that of the Red Cross. On the corner of Seventeenth and F Streets, across the street from the War, State, and Navy Departments, and on the opposite corner from the famous old Winder Building, stands a large, old-fashioned house, a place of great, high-studded rooms—plain, comfortable, staid, and substantial, but with a total absence of any suggestion of luxury. Here live Clara Barton and the Red Cross. The house was built in Jefferson's time, and for years was the private residence of General Jessup, of the old army; then, during the Civil War, it was the headquarters of the army of Generals Halleck and Grant; and my aunt has pointed out to me the room in which, for months, lived the famous Indian, General Eli Parker, and has told me a story of his singular life and ways. In another room General Horace Porter had his office, and out of General Grant's great room was that of Colonel Dent, while many other well-known names are associated with the various rooms.

It is a house in which to remember half-forgotten stories and bits of history, each and all suggested by the rooms themselves or their contents. Thus, in a vase in the reception-room one sees a large bunch of wild rice, gathered and dried by my aunt at the siege of Fort Wagner—gathered from a spot over which had rained shot and shell for a whole long day; close beside it stands a modern photograph of her Highness the Grand Duchess of Baden; while upstairs, in my aunt's own room, there hangs, in its quaint frame of twenty-five years ago, a larger portrait of her, showing the sweet, womanly face as my aunt first knew it in its youthful beauty. Again, one finds some curious and beautiful pillows of Russia leather in all colors, sent home at the time of the relief work of our Red Cross during the Russian famine; and in an out-of-the-way corner, as far from being on exhibition as possible, lies a bit of wood from the fence of the dead-line within Andersonville Prison.

The walls of the corridors are hung with banners and immense flags of all nations. Norway and Sweden greet one upon opening the door; on either side hang the crown of Italy and the cross of St. George and St. Andrew; in the drawing-room are two beautiful flags of silk—the dainty blue and white of Greece surmounted by the silver ball and crescent; and the flag of brave little Switzerland, of which our Red Cross is the reverse. The most magnificent of these is the enormous black eagle of Prussia; in the upper corridor hangs the flag of United Germany, the large eagle with its circle of smaller ones; then come the tri-color of France, the Russian ensign, and many others, all sent as personal gifts in appreciation and acknowledgment of her service under the one little flag to which they all bow.

As is the case with all the rest of the house, Miss Barton's office is devoid of useless luxuries; it is plain, simple, and devoted entirely to business. Here she works from early in the morning until late at night, answering personally and by dictation the enormous daily correspondence from all parts of the world, transacting business of all kinds, working quietly and steadily for hours, forgetting to eat, and, one is tempted to say, to sleep as well, for she is always the first one up in the morning, and frequently works until away into the small hours of the night.

The question naturally arises, How has she preserved her strength and youth so marvelously? The only answer to my mind seems to lie in the fact that she is so quiet and calm and that she never wastes her strength, coupled with a thoroughly acquired knowledge of how to live and keep well; and as for sleep, she has the happy faculty of being able, at any time and in any place, to curl up, sometimes in the most cramped positions, and sleep for fifteen minutes, then, waking, to take up the conversation or work just where it was dropped and go on.

The letters she receives are most curious, interesting, and touching; all of them showing love—and all receive the same kind attention. Indeed, I have seen her, on several occasions, toss aside, until she had more time, some delicate letter in the unintelligible fashionable hand of the day—from some stranger who thinks she has more time to study over the writer's words than the latter has to write them distinctly in the first place—only to take up reverently and lovingly a poor, misspelled, badly written, much-blotted letter of love and thanks written by a Southern negro whom the Red Cross had helped at some time.

Questions are frequently asked concerning Miss Barton's religious belief; on that score I can say that she comes of a family of most liberal-minded people, and this, combined with her life, has led her to adopt the true Red Cross spirit, making no distinction in race, nationality, nor creed—the word "humanity" embracing everything—so that it may well be said of her, as Thomas Paine said of himself:

The world is my country,
To do good is my religion.

STEPHEN E. BARTON
Second Vice-President of the Red Cross Society

That she is a fluent writer every one knows; but not every one knows of the dainty bits of verse she has been in the habit of writing since her girlhood. She also adds to her other accomplishments that of reading aloud most charmingly, and sometimes gives her family and a few friends delightful treats in that way.

At home, as in the field, she is never idle; and when traveling is never distressed by inconveniences by the way. I have journeyed with her throughout the Western country, in parts unsettled and wild; I have ridden miles with her over rough Western trails while she told of roads during war-times—roads rough and unbroken, with mud to the hubs of the wheels, over which she rode on a springless wagon, the only woman, with a band of mutinous men, when to show one sign of fear or fatigue would have meant failure to her; and when the wagon stuck and the men refused to help, delicate little woman that she was, she was out in the mud with her own shoulder to the wheel, until, for very shame, the men fell to work with a will.

I have seen her in camp, where she has taught us how really comfortable and delightful an out-of-door life can be made without any of the conveniences of modern appliances.

Again, on the Atlantic coast in her native State, I have seen her in a State's prison, in a group of the most hardened, obstreperous of women offenders, still quiet and gentle, but controlling them so that not one would disobey her, and even the most ugly had a word of praise. This was at Sherborn, Mass., to which place General Butler asked her to come as Superintendent of the Woman's Reformatory Prison for the year 1883. She, remembering his kindness and goodness to her and her family in the years gone by, gladly went to help straighten out one of the tangles of his Governorship. Her home in Dansville was another place where for a few years she was able to live in quiet, peace, and retirement among the trees and vines of that beautiful spot on the hillside, resting in preparation for the greater work of after years.

In conclusion, I can say that if Clara Barton ever had a motto or watchword, she has kept it so modestly in the background that even *I* never heard of it; but her idea of life, I often think, lies in what she once said to me when, with the feverish haste and impatience of youth, I was longing for great things to do. "Be always calm, my child," she said; "keep yourself quiet and in restraint, reserve your energies, doing those little things that lie in your way, each one as well as you can, saving your strength, so that when God does call you to do something good and great you will not have wasted your force and strength with useless strivings, but will be ready to do the work quickly and well. Go slowly, my child—and keep ready."

Clara Barton: An Impression

Recently a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook visited Miss Barton at her Washington office. The personal impression received will supplement the preceding article.

The first impression Miss Barton makes on a stranger is that of a woman of perfect repose. The expression of her face, the quiet of her manner, and the exquisitely modulated voice are so harmonious, so restful, that the thought that this woman was born to command, to lead, to endure hardship, to witness suffering, seems past belief. Miss Barton is a little below medium height; her figure is almost girlish. As I saw her, she wore a dress of some dark material, with a feather boa about her neck. Her hair was parted in the middle, and combed down over her ears, and brought in a soft puff just above and back of the ear; two side-combs were in the hair, a little below the part on either side. The woman reveals the spirit of motherhood in her face. It is the true mother who sees in all the world, everywhere, the objects for her ministrations. Her sentences constantly reveal this spirit. Miss Barton is a charming talker when roused. The listener sits back, in the dim light of the stately room that makes a fitting frame for the woman, and listens, if wise. The simple directness of Miss Barton is one of her greatest charms. She cannot believe that the great, busy world is interested enough in her to want to know the story of her life. She is not important; her work is all that interests the world, she says, with positiveness. Doubtless it has often occurred to thousands, as it did to this special visitor, that they would like to know why Miss Barton had consecrated her life to the Red Cross movement. When the question was asked, Miss Barton looked surprised.

"The work was put into my hands. I was asked by the Geneva Commission to take it up. They thought I could do it. They wanted me to interest the United States Government. I said I would think about it. I decided to do it. I was not led; I was not standing around looking for something to do; these people wanted some work done, they asked me, I did it. That is the whole story.

"About this Armenian Mission. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions asked us to take the work. We made two conditions. First, that all the Boards should agree that we were the ones to go into Armenia with relief; we did not want to take the work up to find that other bodies had chosen other agents. If all the great bodies were agreed that we were the ones to do the work, then one of our conditions would be met.

"The second condition was that there should be funds. We would not agree to go into a field to give relief to suffering people unless there were funds to provide that relief. We were asked how much we would require. My financial secretary responded by asking a question. 'You are in touch with the people of Armenia; you know better than any one else the number of people who need relief; it is said that 350,000 people are in danger of starvation before their crops will be ready. How much would you think necessary?' The response was, 'About $500,000 to relieve and keep relieved until danger is over.' You see the situation. Now, if *only* part of that sum is put at our disposal, we dare to go forward.

"If we cannot reach them, then we suffer alike, we suffer with them. Interesting? When you stand day and night in the presence of hardship and physical suffering, you do not stop to think about the interest. There is no time for that. Ease pain, soothe sorrow, lessen suffering—this is your only thought night and day. Everything, everything else is lost sight of—yourself and the world.

"I shall go if we take up the work. I have the finest executive officers in the world; trained men, every one. They go into the field with absolute power. It must be so. I am a poor sailor, but I shall go. There is nothing else to do."

"Good-by."

The impression of womanly strength, determination, gentleness, and dignity strengthens after one has gone from Miss Barton's presence.

The American National Red Cross.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, OCTOBER 1, 1881
REINCORPORATED, APRIL 17, 1893.

For the Relief of Suffering by War, Pestilence, Famine, Flood, Fires, and other Calamities of Sufficient Magnitude to be deemed National in Extent. The Organization acts under the Geneva Treaty, the provisions for which were made in International Convention at Geneva, Switzerland, August 22, 1864, and since signed by nearly all civilized nations. The United States gave its adhesion by Act of Congress, March 1, 1882. Ratified by the Congress of Berne, June 9, 1882. Proclaimed by President Arthur, July 26, 1882.

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Washington, D. C., December 2, 1895.

Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

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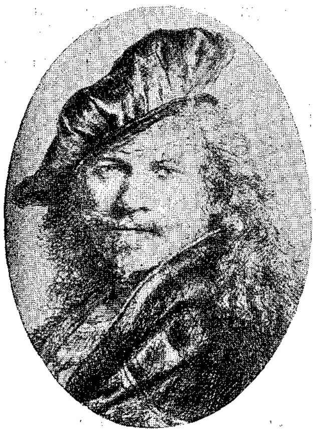
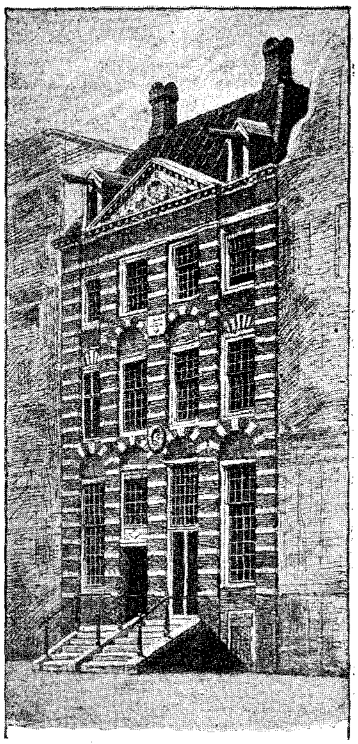


PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT

In all Holland there is no more typically Dutch town than Leyden. When we hear its name, we think instinctively of its celebrated university, of its Elzevirs, of its situation on the lower reaches of the Rhine, of its picturesque town-hall and churches and asylums, of its markets and fairs, of Spinoza and Lucas van Leyden. The town could not have looked very differently nearly three centuries ago, when to a miller and his wife was born a son. That son became the greatest of Northern painters, and his name is one of the supreme names in all painting. The name was Rembrandt Harmenszoon (shortened later; zoon meant the son of Harmen) van Rijn (because he lived on the banks of the Rhine). He was not destined by his parents to follow his father's trade. Instead they enrolled him among the students of Latin literature at the University, and intended him for the law. Nature intended otherwise. Unlike the traditional parents of artists, these parents saw their mistake, removed him from the University, and placed him under the instruction of one Swanenburch, where he remained three years. Rembrandt then went to Amsterdam, where he placed himself under a more famous teacher, Pieter Lastman. In six months the young painter returned to Leyden to work independently, so sure of himself had he become. Here he made such progress that, when only twenty-five, he decided to locate definitely in the larger city, and returned to Amsterdam for good.

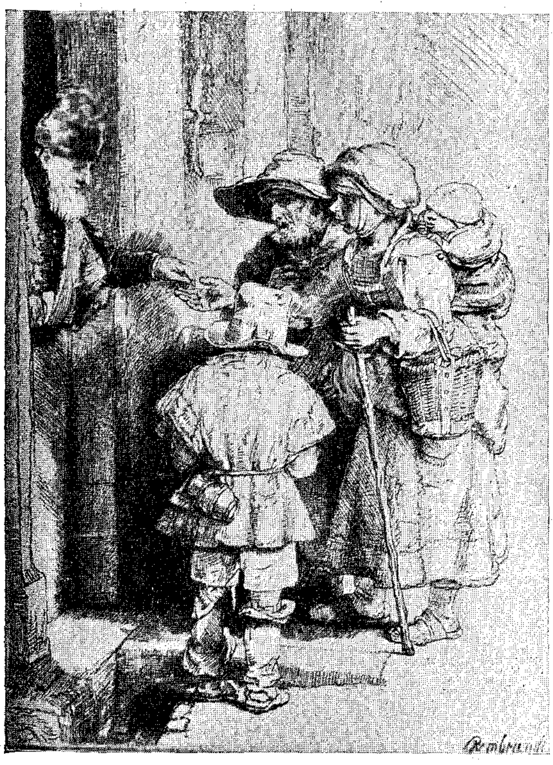
Rembrandt: f.
1633:

Most artists live lives in which are striking, not to say dramatic, effects; but a quieter artist's life than Rembrandt's is rare. He was a genuine Dutchman in this; but in another equally important respect he did not at all correspond to the Dutch character, which is above everything economical, unprodigal, thrifty. Rembrandt realized the phrase we hear nowadays, "You would not expect an artist to be a practical man, would you?" Now, Rembrandt did not mean to be extravagant in his own living, and in personal and household expenses was actually frugal, but he had one habit which brought him to bankruptcy. It was not drinking, nor gambling, nor dissipation in any fiercer form than extravagant expenditure for works of art. His studio must have been something worth seeing, for anything to decorate it or his beloved models, his Saskia and his Hendrickje, was hard to refuse. If he had no money to buy hangings and furniture, jewels and robes, he would borrow it. That studio must now be appropriately housed, and what house was there quite so expressive of good Dutch architecture, and so adapted to Rembrandt's use, as the one in the Breestraat, which cost 13,000 florins, and was never but half paid for? The accumulated interest on the remaining half was one reason for the artist's financial ruin. The house was built in 1606, from the date inscribed on the modillion in the second story. Rembrandt loved this home more than anything in the world: it was his world. It sheltered his wife and his children, and the children of his art. What a picture must have been seen there every evening: Rembrandt quietly drawing or engraving, and his beautiful wife engaged at her needlework; for it was to that house that he brought his Saskia, the Frisian girl whose face in maturer beauty looks out of the frame on the opposite page. We may gain a wrong idea of their married life, and think it a rollicking one, from the familiar picture in the Dresden Gallery showing Rembrandt laughing and holding his wife on his knee, while with one hand he raises a wine-glass. The couple are arrayed in richest attire, and seemed only too well disposed to make holiday. Their real life was singularly sedate and serene. It is pitiful that it should have been only eight years long, cut short by Saskia's premature death. During those years Rembrandt seemed for the most part to forget other subjects than his beloved Saskia. We have portrait after portrait of her in pencil, etching, and paint. It was always a labor of love to produce those portraits. He never tired of painting his wife's long, golden, silky hair, her peachlike complexion, her beautiful dark eyes, and her lovely mouth. After the manner of his time, he loved to deck her in gold-broidered garments and in rare jewels. He sought for characters whom he could thus adorn, as, for instance, Delilah in "Samson's Marriage," or "The Wife of the Burgomaster of Pancras." No works of Rembrandt are more painstaking than these portraits in their various disguises. There is an impulsiveness and yet a perfect finish about them which fascinates every art-lover.



REMBRANDT'S HOUSE

From the time of Saskia's death, however, obscurity began to fall on Rembrandt's life, if not upon his work. That life had never been a particularly convivial one; he had never cared for the tavern-existence of many of his companions; he had always longed for a home of his own: his appreciation of his parents and kinsfolk had been as proverbial as his kindness to them. Yet Rembrandt's retirement was becoming almost morose. Fully to develop his art he had sought it where he could find greatest spontaneity of expression—among the lower classes rather than in the ranks of the aristocracy. Like Luther, like Shakespeare, he spoke out of the people, to the people. Though he had now become a painter without peer in Holland, he had never sought to raise himself into greater social distinction, and his personality was hidden from those in high station, who should have been the very ones to help him out of difficulty. There is no more startling proof of his estrangement from society than, when there were national rejoicings on account of the Peace of Westphalia some years later, Rembrandt's name was not mentioned among those commissioned to celebrate the occasion by works of art.



THE BEGGARS

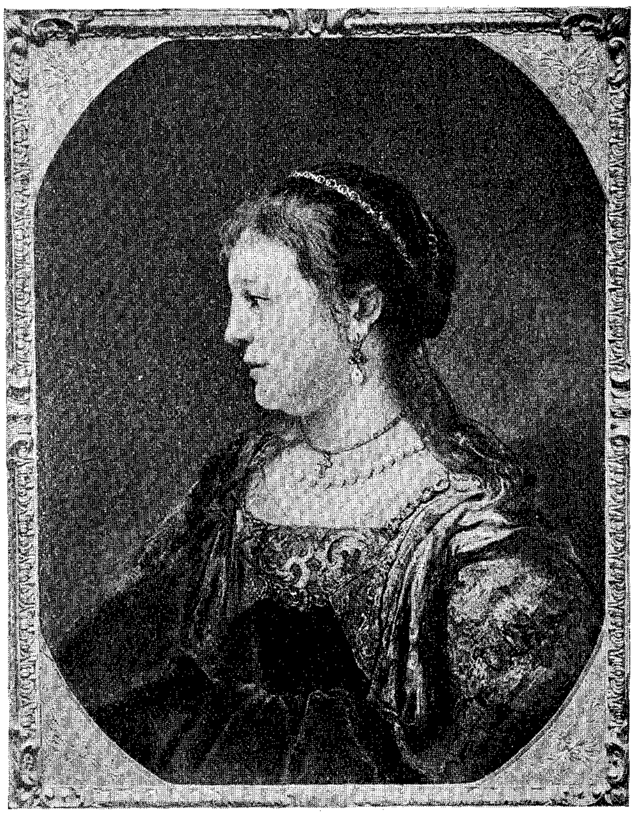
About this time, too, the whims of picture-buyers began to change. Instead of virile Rembrandtesque work, the minute and enamel-like prettinesses and insipidities of some fashionable painters were preferred.

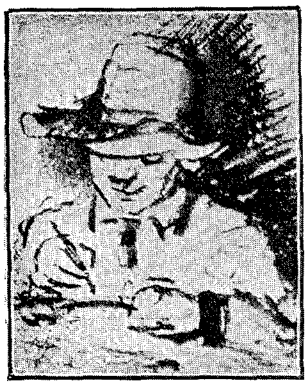
We now come to that disputed point, the relations of Rembrandt and Hendrickje, the latter the model for the exquisite "Portrait of a Woman" in the Louvre. Whatever might have been true at first, Rembrandt recognized Hendrickje ere long as his wife, as, at birth, he acknowledged the child, Cornelia, as his own. Nor could there be more striking proof of complete respect and accord than in the tender treatment always given to

Hendrickje by Saskia's son, Titus. In truth, Hendrickje and Titus were drawn together by an increasingly common embarrassment and hardship—namely, Rembrandt's hopeless bankruptcy.

Yet, in adversity as in prosperity. Rembrandt's mighty art-passion and genius never left him. His continued production at a lofty level was due far more to his self-revelation than to his technique, unequaled as that was. It was no egotism which made him paint fifty portraits of himself; it was because he was himself his own best model, and from his ever-varying emotion he carefully studied his own expression, equally varying. Never was vigorous youth more perfectly portrayed than in his early pictures of himself; but the later ones are more pathetically interesting—the face often unshaven, the eyes sunken, the hair scant, the frame grown unwieldy, the garments almost slovenly, the expression no longer vivacious, but full of melancholy experience. What a change from the portrait on the opposite page! Yet, in evil days as in good, Rembrandt always painted himself just as he was. He did himself this honor, and he gave it to every one. No painter was ever more exactingly truthful. A "poet's license" was not for him.

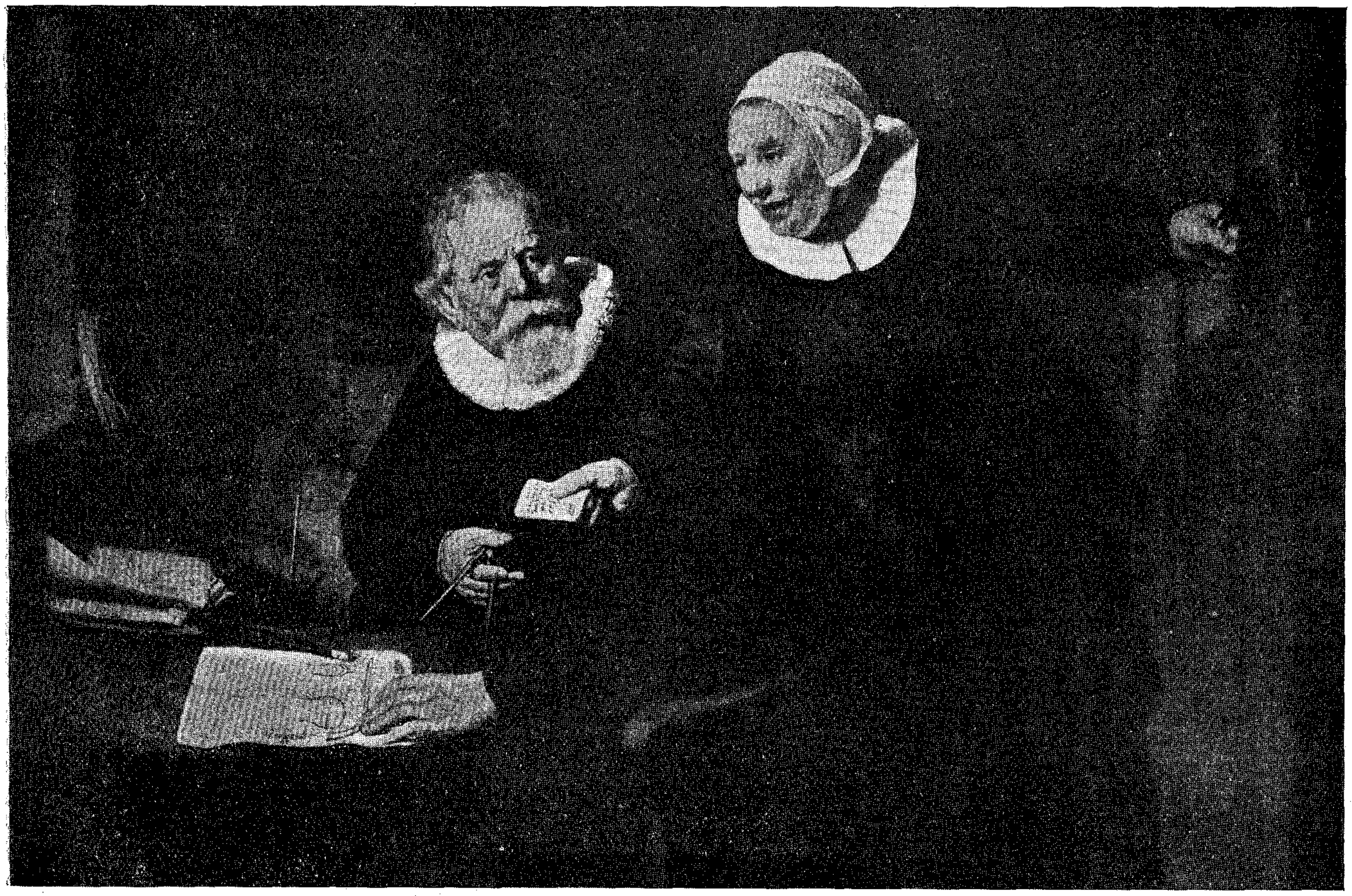
Another reason for his steadiness of work was the inspiration from his married and family life. In his domestic devotion was also seen his independence of the world. How well the mutual interests of wedded life are suggested by his "Shipbuilder and his Wife" (a picture now hanging in Buckingham Palace)! How entirely Rembrandt transfers his own imagination to the observer! In the works of other Dutch artists we read Dutch life, its homely, healthy joys, orderly household cares, rigid but dignified customs; sturdy, vigorous, character-making existence; in Rembrandt we read something more. The family life is not objective alone, it is also subjective; it is not only Dutch, it is the world's.


PORTRAIT OF SASKIA


THE DRAUGHTSMAN

The love of humanity often carries us over personal disasters, and it was so with Rembrandt, more than any other artist a painter of the common people. He knew that the significance of life was greatest where it was least complex. This may be noted in "The Beggars," the etching printed upon the opposite page. Few strokes are there, but a master-effect. It is fortunate that the cheapness of reproduction has made it possible for any one to own a print of Rembrandt, and it is fortunate for us in America that the Metropolitan Museum in New York City possesses some examples of the master's drawing and painting.

Rembrandt's work is spiritual, not spectacular. All his pictures, but specially his illustrations of the Bible story, speak of the inner life. Ecclesiastical conventions no longer prescribed forms for sacred art in the North, but even they could not have restrained Rembrandt, who better than any other painter realized that the Bible describes man's whole nature, not a part of it. Therefore no artist has ever given to the world such a complete history of the Old and New Testaments. Rembrandt is the truest art-interpreter of Scripture, for to him it was not alone the divinest, it was the most human of books.


THE SHIPBUILDER AND HIS WIFE

Alfred Austin: The New Poet Laureate

By Hamilton W. Mabie

IT is forty-five years since Tennyson was made Poet Laureate, a stretch of time so long that, to the great majority of readers of English poetry, it seems as if the great poet and the great place were indivisible. Nothing shows more clearly the national and representative character of Tennyson's poetry than the splendid tradition which he has created about the Laureateship. He has so exalted the place that men have forgotten that it is merely an official position; they have come to regard it as formal recognition of primacy among contemporary singers. As the crowning of Petrarch was simply a public recognition of a genius which had already thrown its spell over Italy, so we have come to think of the Laureate as a child of the Muses rather than an appointee of the English Prime Minister. The vacant place confirmed the general impression; the golden crown was above the grasp of any living singer. Lord Salisbury has rudely dispelled the illusion by a selection which compels us to remember that of the fourteen men who have been Laureates only four have been singers of high rank; four others have been men of respectable gifts and achievements; six have been minor poets of such slender talent that they have been forgotten. Ben Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson seem, in the long historical perspective, to have happened among the Laureates rather than to have been of them; the lines of Olympian descent and of official recognition have four times run parallel, but for the greater part they have had widely different directions.

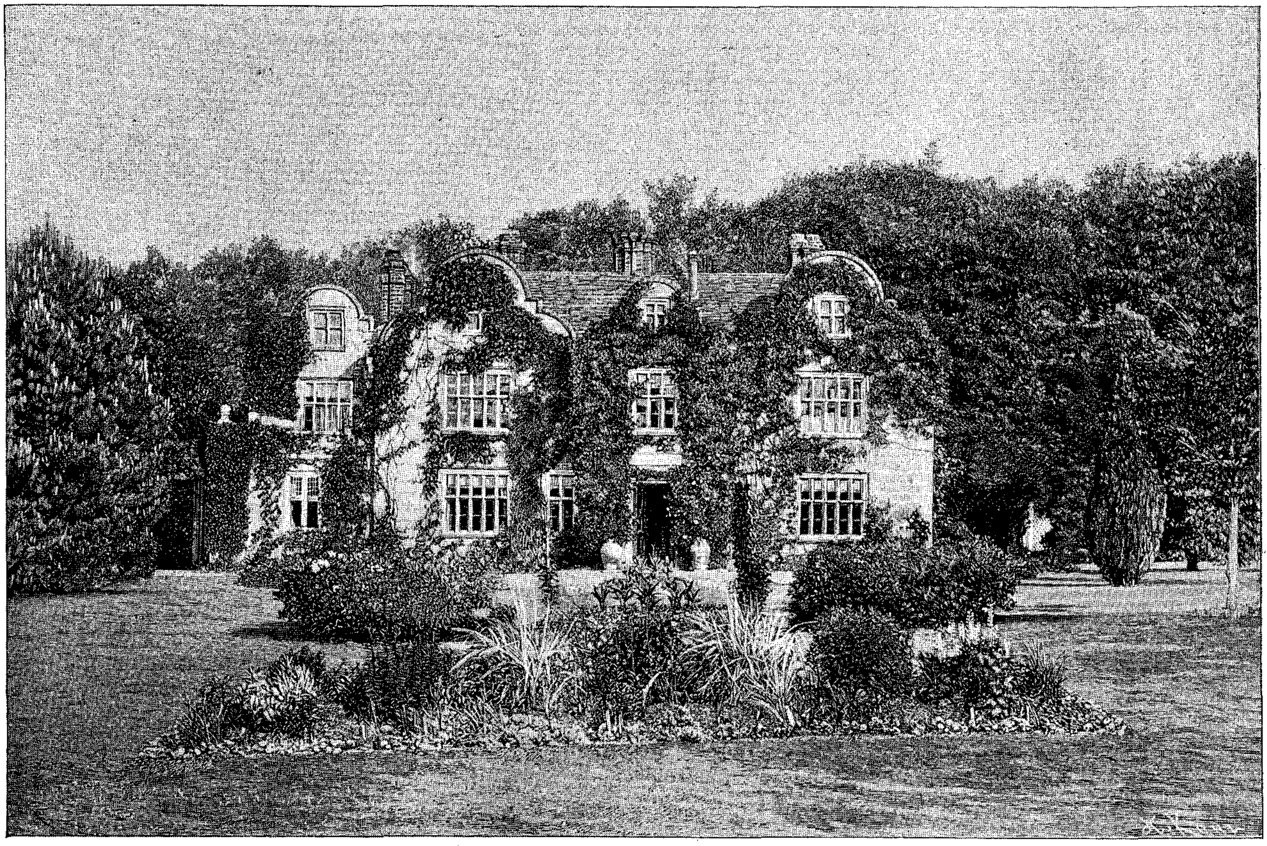
ALFRED AUSTIN

Mr. Alfred Austin carries us back, not to Davenant and Colley Cibber and the singers of the second grade of Laureates, but to Eusden and Pye, poets of the lower rank—the rank from which the official singers have usually been taken. And yet Mr. Austin is an English gentleman of culture, dignity, and ability; a man of scholarly tastes and attainment, of high character, and of unquestioned ability. He does not lack talent, but he lacks the kind of talent which the world has come to associate with the position to which he has been called. He is essentially a prose writer, and it has been his ill fortune to be thrust into a place which two great poets have held in succession. His clear-cut face expresses virility, decision, energy; but there is no imagination in it. It is the face of a strenuous rather than of a spontaneous man; of a poet who has formed himself by deliberate and laborious effort rather than one who has had the help of heaven in following the lines of his own inclination. All that high aims, hard work, a wholesome life, and an honorable ambition can accomplish in a man to whom the higher gifts have been denied has been wrought in Mr. Austin; but the ease, the spontaneity, the freshness, and the magical charm of the poet he has never compassed. They are beyond him; in spite of all his striving and his painstaking effort he remains an artisan, unable to cross the invisible line which separates the man at work from the man at play, the craftsman from the artist.

Carefully educated, not in the historic English schools, but in Catholic institutions, taking his degree at the London University, called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, forsaking the law at an early age for the more congenial work of the pen, a writer of verse since his eighteenth year, a journalist of skill and intelligence, Mr. Austin has come to the full maturity of his sixtieth year with a very honorable record of work, which is widely respected but which has never set the pulse beating or the imagination aflame. A stout Conservative of the Tory type, he has felt the charm of English scenery, history, and life in their imposing and impressive attitudes. He is well equipped to write an ode on the death of a Prime Minister or the birth of an heir to the throne, but he has never touched the heart of the English people. He has, it is true, written a number of short lyrics which have some singing quality in them, touches of ease and abandon such as a poet by the grace of God always has at command. It ought to be added that he has also feeling; indeed, feeling is his truest gift. But it is significant that even his smoothest and sweetest verse has never found lodgment in the memory of his readers, and the men are probably few who can recall a line of his writing. His love of nature is sincere and intelligent, but the magic of English skies and woods never steeps his lines in the enchantment which lies on Wordsworth's "Daffodils." In the expression of this love he is always self-contained and conventional. He has never felt the throb of passion which Wordsworth knew. He is always rational and sophisticated; his contact with nature is always through the medium of thought, as the first line of the verses entitled "A Birthday" shows:

> I love to think, when first I woke
>   Into this wondrous world,
> The leaves were fresh on elm and oak,
>   And hawthorn laced and pearled.
>
> The earliest sound that greeted me
>   Was the ousel's ringing tone;
> The earliest sight, lambs frisking free
>   Round barked oaks newly thrown.
>
> The gray-green elder whitened slow
>   As in my crib I slept;
> And merles to wonder stilled my woe
>   When I awoke and wept.
>
> When held up to the window-pane,
>   What fixed my baby stare?
> The glory of the glittering rain,
>   And newness everywhere.

It is Mr. Austin's misfortune that, while he can write



SWINFORD HOUSE, ALFRED AUSTIN'S HOME IN KENT

about the glory and the newness of the world, he cannot make us see and feel them. Mr. Watson has said of him that he "may, in a special sense, be styled the Laureate of the English seasons," and it certainly is true that, in picturing the changes of the year and expressing the spirit of the seasons, Mr. Austin is at his best. The following lines have been widely quoted, and come very near the felicity and freshness of poetry:

I.

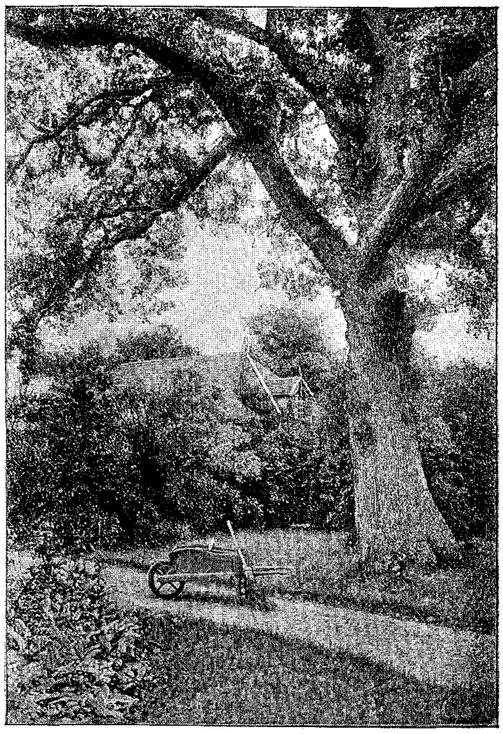
The Spring-time, O the Spring-time!
Who does not know it well?
When the little birds begin to build,
And the buds begin to swell.
When the sun with the clouds plays hide-and-seek,
And the lambs are bucking and bleating,
And the color mounts to the maiden's cheek,
And the cuckoo scatters greeting;
In the Spring-time, joyous Spring-time!

II.

The Summer, O the Summer!
Who does not know it well?
When the ringdoves coo the long day through,
And the bee refills his cell.
When the swish of the mower is heard at morn,
And we all in the woods go roaming,
And waiting is over and love is born,
And shy lips meet in the gloaming;
In the Summer, ripening Summer!

III.

The Autumn, O the Autumn!
Who does not know it well?
When the leaf turns brown, and the mast drops down,
And the chestnut splits its shell.
When we muse o'er the days that have gone before,
And the days that will follow after,
When the grain lies deep on the winnowing-floor,
And the plump gourd hangs from the rafter;
In the Autumn, thoughtful Autumn!

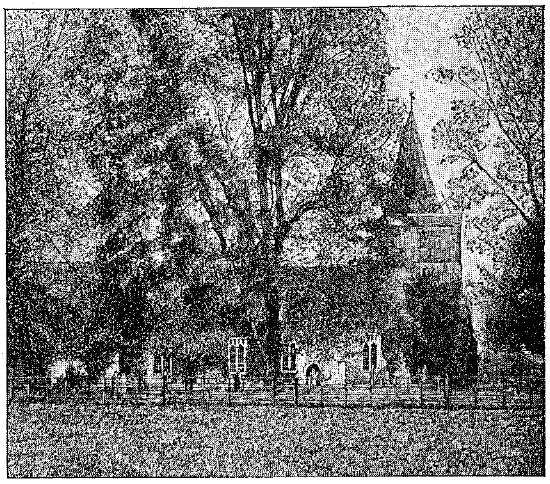


IN "THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE"

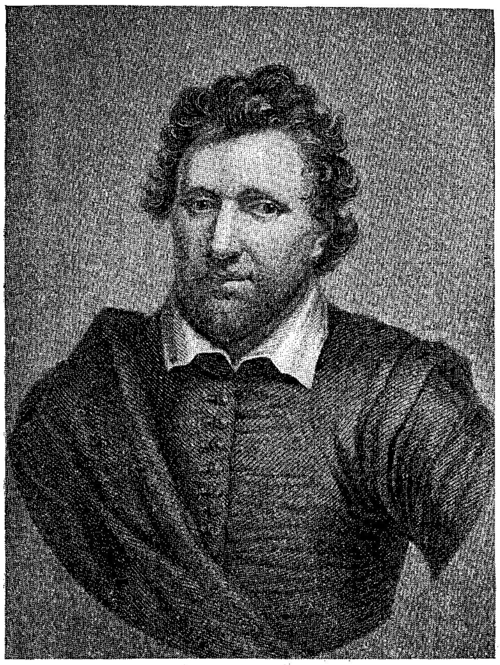
IV.

The Winter, O the Winter!
Who does not know it well?
When, day after day, the fields stretch gray,
And the peewit wails on the fell.
When we close up the crannies and shut out the cold,
And the wind sounds hoarse and hollow,
And our dead loves sleep in the churchyard mould,
And we feel that we soon shall follow;
In the Winter, mournful Winter!

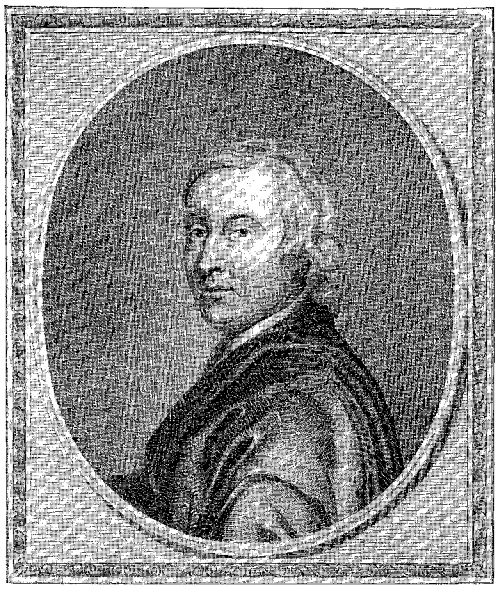
The range of Mr. Austin's ambition is indicated by the long list of his published works. In verse alone many volumes have come



VILLAGE CHURCH NEAR ALFRED AUSTIN'S HOME



BEN JONSON
Poet Laureate 1619-1637
By permission of D. G. Francis



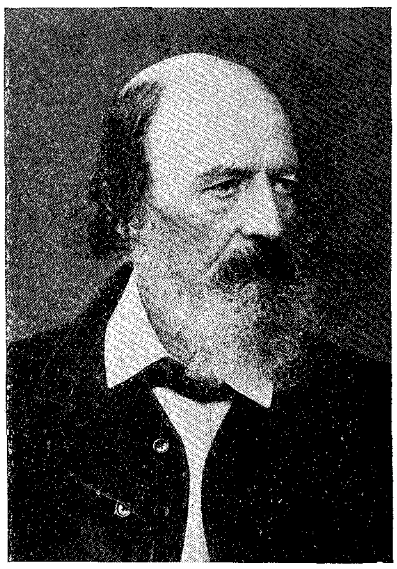
JOHN DRYDEN
Poet Laureate 1670-1700

from his tireless hand, and of these four are devoted to long and elaborate poems. Such titles as "The Human Tragedy," "Savonarola: A Tragedy," "The Tower of Babel: A Celestial Love Drama," "Fortunatus, the Pessimist," "Prince Lucifer," suggest the gravity of the themes with which Mr. Austin has dealt and the seriousness with which he has taken himself and his work.[1] Seriousness is the note of great poetry, but it is also the note of a great deal of mechanical verse. Both Wordsworth and Tennyson took themselves, as we say, very seriously; but so also did Mr. Tupper and Mr. Bailey. Mr. Austin is a careful, conscientious, and often skillful workman; he understands the technical side of his craft; but he has neither the intellectual force which gives long poems their architectural strength and beauty, nor the freshness and variety of touch which lends continuous charm to massive structure. Like Keats's friend, the ambitious painter Hayden, Mr. Austin has epic hopes and desires with only a lyric gift of very slender substance. He is best in his shorter and less pretentious pieces. Love of nature and love of country are familiar notes in these lyrics. He shares with his greater brethren that national feeling which is rarely lacking in poets of force and originality. The England of which Shakespeare sang with such majesty of epithet and adjective—"this sceptered isle," "this teeming womb of royal kings," "this seat of Mars;" which evoked from Tennyson so many noble lines illustrative of civic progress and of the continuity of national growth and power, appeals also to Mr. Austin. But it is not the heroic England of Shakespeare nor the progressive England of Tennyson of which he sings; it is imperial England of world-wide trade and sea-wide supremacy:

I see the deep-plowed furrows of the main
  Bristling with harvest; funnel, and keel, and shroud,
  Heaving and hurrying hither through gale and cloud,
Winged by their burdens; argosies of grain,
Flocks of strange breed, and herds of Southern strain,
  Fantastic stuffs and fruits of tropic bloom,
Antarctic fleece and equatorial spice,
Cargoes of cotton, and flax, and silk, and rice,
  Food for the hearth, and staples for the loom;
Huge vats of sugar, casks of wine and oil,
  Summoned from every sea to one sole shore
  By Empire's scepter; the converging store
Of Trade's pacific universal spoil.
And, heaving and hurrying hitherward to bring
  Tribute from every zone, they lift their voices,
  And, as a strong man revels and rejoices,
They loudly and lustily chant, and this the song they
    sing.

Mr. Austin's work as a journalist has been varied and ardent. He reported the Franco-German War and the last great Vatican Council for the "Standard," and he has long contributed editorially to this Conservative organ. He has written three novels, which, in this country at least, have attracted no attention. It was as a critic of trenchant style that he first became known in England. The essays on "The Poetry of the Period" had an audacity and dash which stimulated curiosity. They were keen and epigrammatic, and they dealt frankly with great reputations. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and Morris were sharply called to account by a writer who sounded a clarion note in behalf of virility, passion, stir, and power. It is singular that when this voice crying in the wilderness of conventionality began to chaunt the burden of its own prophecy it was devoid of every tone which it had demanded from other voices; of all the voices of the time which have tried to sing, it has been most tame, unimpassioned, and mechanical. In two books of prose, "The Garden That I Love" and "In Monica's Garden," Mr. Austin makes his nearest approach to literature; for in these books he writes of things he knows and loves; of flowers, hedges, secluded walks, leafy retreats, the stillness of afternoons in old gardens, the beauty of summer on ancient sward. His tastes are the tastes of a cultivated English gentleman, born to intelligence, integrity, and the opulence of an old and ripe civilization. He loves the beautiful English scenery, and he glories in the splendid force and achievements of the English race. He has had long practice with the pen, and he is an excellent craftsman. All this must be said of the new Laureate. He is well furnished with all the external qualities which ought to go with his office. He lacks, however, the one quality which would have given official recognition confirmation by the inexorable Muses—the gift of genius.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Poet Laureate 1843-1850



ALFRED TENNYSON
Poet Laureate 1850-1892

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[1] Mr. Austin's books are published in this country by Macmillan & Co., of New York. For the photograph from which our portrait of Mr. Austin is made we are indebted to the "Literary Digest."

From Atlanta to the Sea

I.—Atlanta and Macon[1]

By Willis John Abbot

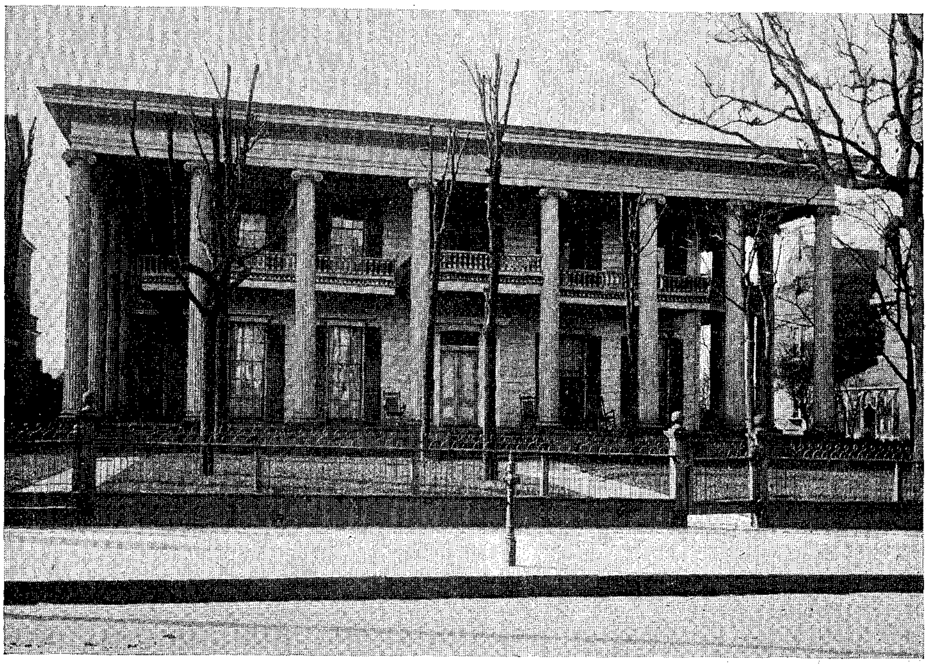
THE traveler who approaches Atlanta from the north and finds himself suddenly whirled into the center of a great and populous city, with electric cars clanging in every direction, a great hotel such as might stand on Fifth Avenue, New York, towering beside the smoky, squalid railway station, with a din of traffic over the granite pavement of the streets that fairly drowns the rumble of the trains and the clangor of the engines—a traveler in such case is almost certain to ask, as I have heard during the past six months a score or more inquire, how it came about that a great city and a modern city had been set down at such a point. If he came from any northern point to the westward of Atlanta, he passed through Chattanooga, and from that town to Atlanta saw much to remind him of the fratricidal strife which is not forgotten though the bitterness of its memory has died away. The droning voice of the conductor calling the stations seemed that of one reading a page of history. Where the train plunged through the range of mountains dividing the Atlantic from the Mississippi watershed, the passenger, if observant, might see one mute reminder of the days of war, one evidence that a railroad company can, on occasion, be sentimental, for there in the narrow cut is a lonely grave, kept green by railroad hands, and marked with a simple tablet inscribed "To an unknown hero." One of Sherman's men lies buried there, and you will note as clear a tone of pathos in the voice of the Southerner who may point out the little mound as in that of any Northern man who speaks of it. Then from the car windows the passenger can see Rocky Face, Kenesaw, and Stone Mountains, and hears men speak of Resaca, Allatoona, and Marietta, but the suggestions of war-time are only in the names and in the mountains and rivers—nature's imperishable monuments. Scan the face of the country as he will, the most keen-sighted traveler on this railway, which traverses every inch of the pathway of Sherman toward Atlanta, will find no trace of the war. Nature has healed the scarred fields and forests. Frost and rain have leveled the earthworks, or kindly foliage and vines have covered them. And a new spirit bred of new conditions has repaired whatever damages the little hamlets and villages along the railway suffered. Nor has the kindly hand of time been less successful in removing from the minds of men the memorials of war-time hatreds. Last summer I traversed that railroad in a car full of Sherman's veterans, fresh from the G. A. R. encampment at Louisville, and eagerly pointing out to each other old landmarks. At every station was the usual throng of idlers. Nowhere was there a sign of disrespect for or aversion to the blue coats and brass buttons, and at more than one stopping-place the invaders were greeted with cheers. The nearest approach to a hostile voice was that of a coal-black "mammy" who alternately berated the "Yankees" and besought them to buy her fried chicken.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD SOUTH

But I digress. Though there is much in the country about Atlanta to interest the traveler, there is nothing to suggest the reason why a town left prostrate and in ruins little over thirty years ago should have since grown from barely 12,000 to more than 110,000, and, what is more, should have discarded every characteristic of an easy-going Southern village and taken on the appearance and manners of a bustling Northern city. For, even at the risk of offending local pride, it must be insisted that Atlanta is essentially Northern or perhaps Northwestern. It is more like Chicago or Minneapolis than it is like its neighbor Savannah. It is Northern in its rush and hurry, in its "strictly business" air, in the opportunities it offers to newcomers and the eagerness with which it invites newcomers, in its smokiness, in its architecture, in its unpicturesqueness, and in its push. Unlike a good many Northern, or rather Northwestern, cities, Atlanta has proved its capacity to enjoy that most dangerous of municipal dissipations, a "boom," and recover almost without sign of disaster.

I put to a lifelong resident of Atlanta the almost universal questions: "What has made your city? Why does it stand here in the midst of a country not overpopulous, gifted undoubtedly with natural resources of unusual richness, but not needing a market-place of 110,000 people? Why are you growing at double the pace of Georgia's seaport, Savannah?"

His response sounded queerly, coming from that source. "Sherman made Atlanta," said he; "Sherman taught all



LEYDEN HOUSE, THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN IN ATLANTA the world that Atlanta was the gate city of the South. He fought for months to get it so as to secure an entrance to the Confederacy. When he left, he burned it lest some one else should get the prize, and he tore up all its railways, so as to close the gate. When the war closed, railway promoters saw, as Sherman had, that Atlanta was the key to the South, and raced with each other to get their rails there first. The advertising Sherman gave us, supplemented by the public spirit of our people, built this city."

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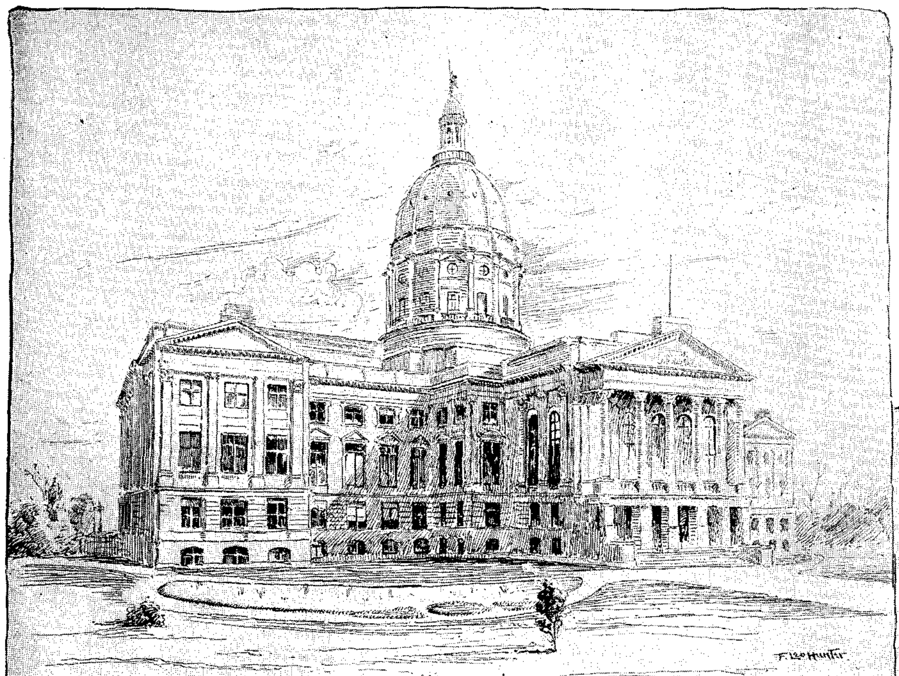
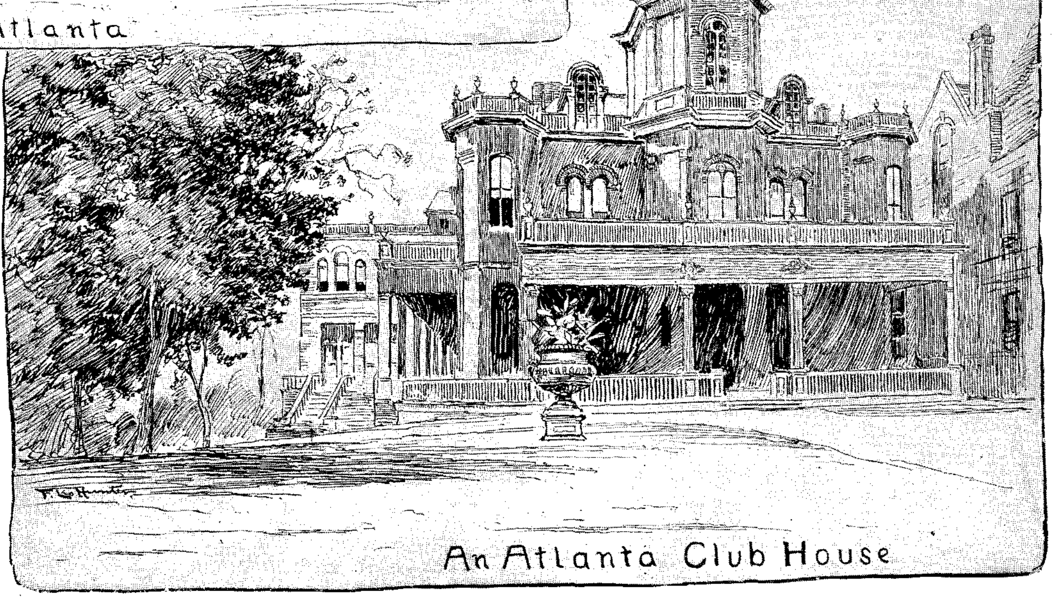
[1] In the series of three illustrated articles of which this is the first, Mr. Abbot will trace the present conditions in that part of the New South falling within the route of Sherman's famous march "from Atlanta to the Sea."

There may be something in this explanation of Atlanta's growth. I am sure there is much in that part of it which ascribes prosperity to the enterprise of the citizens. They have in them the temper and the pluck of city-builders. They are the sort of people who could build a $2,000,000 Exposition and, when it seemed that the people of the surrounding country were not likely to support it, go cheerfully down into their pockets for additional tens of thousands to pay running expenses and clear off the floating debt. They have adaptability, too. A case in point: When the first Cotton Exposition in Atlanta, in 1881, closed, there was left a great and durable building. What to do with it? Should it be sold for a song to wreckers, like the palaces of Chicago's White City? An Atlanta man looked it over and said he would buy it for a cotton-mill—then an institution not common in the South. So a cotton-mill it became, and has steadily increased its business until it has now 20,000 spindles and 680 looms. The Atlanta man who tells you this story is fond of adding that when this mill started, Mr. Edward Atkinson, the eminent Bostonian, had just demonstrated that cotton-manufacturing could not succeed in the South.



State Capitol Atlanta



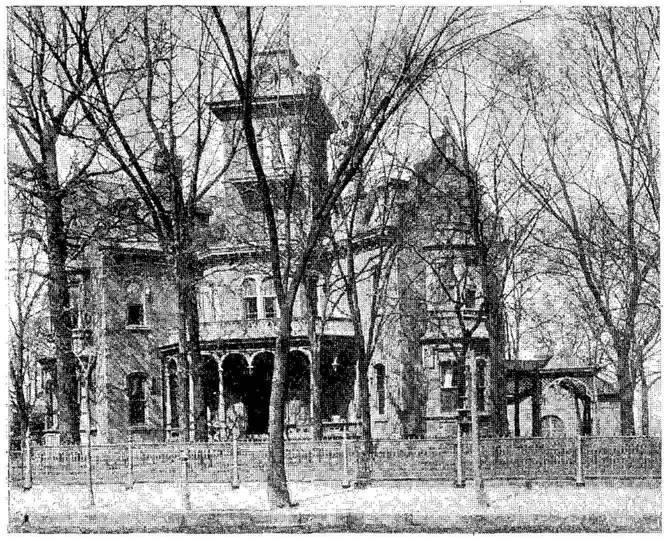
An Atlanta Club House

The Atlantan, like all denizens of new and rapidly growing towns, is glib of statistics; but it seems to me that municipal statistics convey little to the mind of the man who hasn't seen the city, and fail to impress him who has. That more than seventy-four miles of streets are traversed by street railways—all electric—is less suggestive than the note that Atlanta's focal point, Broad Street, where the cars from every section of the city cross and recross, is almost as busy and bewildering as the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street in New York, or that of State and Madison Streets in Chicago at dusk. Nor could the statement that there are in Atlanta 101 churches give half so vivid an idea of the general dissemination of religious throught and culture among the people as the recollection of a certain church, Episcopal and not the most prominent or most fashionable sanctuary in the city, into which Sunday after Sunday I saw carried camp-chairs to fill every aisle from the chancel to the lobby, and even then there were not seats enough for all who came to its doors.

This subject of the work of the churches leads naturally to thought of the condition of social order in Atlanta. The North is prone to think the South the home of gaming and drinking, oblivious to the fact that local option has given even to Texas a wider measure of prohibition than has Massachusetts. In Georgia the prohibition element is strong—so strong that one of its opponents remarked to me, rather ruefully, that as soon as the Exposition closed the whole State would be under a prohibition law. But for the present Atlanta enjoys one of the most stringent laws for the regulation of the liquor traffic, and the one most perfectly enforced of which I have ever heard. All dram-shops are closed at 10 P.M., and not one is opened on Sunday. It is not a merely nominal closing—a front-door and side-door shuffle—but an actual discontinuance of the trade of liquor-selling during the prohibited hours. So far as I could see, there was no difficulty about the enforcement of the ordinance, nor any persistent effort made to evade it. The saloon-keeper, on getting his license, puts up a heavy bond, which is forfeited if he is detected in violation of the law. This, and the widespread public sentiment favoring strict regulation of the business, have proved sufficient. Just about the time the Exposition opened, the Council, on the plea that Atlanta was about to become a "cosmopolitan city," extended the time for keeping saloons open at night to twelve o'clock. The Mayor promptly vetoed this ordinance, and the Atlantans applauded the act, which may have discouraged cosmopolitanism, but kept Atlanta a purely American city. The other evils incident to a great city are kept under rigid control, and I am credibly informed that there is not a gambling-house, open or covert, in the whole city.

Returning to the material side of Atlanta's life, it is to be noted that it is rather as a commercial than as a manufacturing city that it is great. By the southward movement of the cotton-manufacturing industry, which is one of the most noteworthy industrial phenomena of the day, Atlanta has profited, but not in proportion to her size. It is, perhaps, the lack of water-power which has diverted so much of this business from her doors to smaller Georgia cities, like Augusta, Macon, and Columbus. I should judge the course of Atlanta's development to be much like that of Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, or even Chicago. To-day it is great because it has the geographical position which makes it a distributing center. To-morrow there develop such manufactories as are necessary to the immediate needs of a great and growing city with populous surroundings. The ball, turning, grows with each revolution, and in time the city, which, like Chicago, had no natural advantages as a manufacturing center, is made one through artificial conditions which it itself creates.

In the architecture of Atlanta is little that is notable. The "sky-scraper" has invaded the business district, it is true, but neither in numbers nor proportions is it remarkable. One of the several good hotels, the Kimball, is an excellent example of commercial architecture, while the Grand Opera-House interior affords as creditable an example of theater designing and decoration as is to be found on the continent. Of the public buildings the State Capitol is a really dignified, if rather conventional, edifice, possessing the unusual distinction of having been built within the appropriation. Domestic architecture is heterogeneous, Peach-tree Street, Atlanta's pride, being lined with all sorts and conditions of houses. It is curious to note in the new residences now building a tendency to revert to the old-fashioned Southern type, with Grecian pillars encircling three sides of the main structure, as in the Leyden House, here illustrated, which once served as General Sherman's headquarters. For a time the Atlantans fell a prey to the Queen Anne mania, and then to servile imitation of anything Northern, but latterly are returning to the rather classic type of house so long distinctive of the South. But, indeed, there is little of ostentation in the domestic life of Atlanta. It is a city of homes, and though there be stately ones among them, they are but few. It is not certain that the economic situation which leads to the multiplication of what the reporters call the "palatial residences" is the best, after all.


THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION

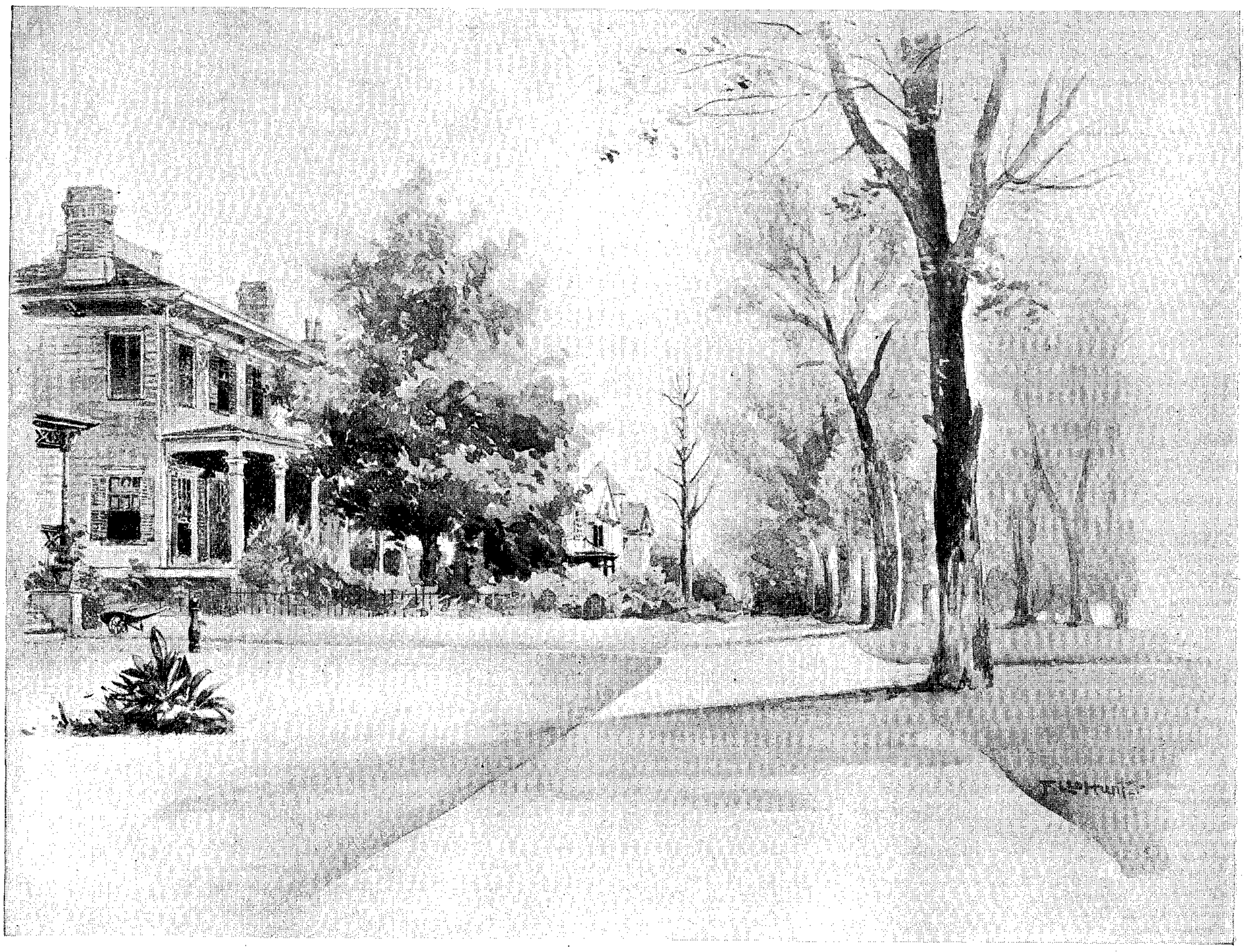
What effect on the commercial development and the social life of Atlanta the Exposition just ended will have is hard to estimate. The Exposition was nobly planned and executed. Its landscape effects were impressive, though the architecture was, in the main, commonplace. It suffered, perhaps, in coming so swiftly after the great Chicago Fair. But it cannot fail to exert a very considerable influence, not only on Atlanta, but on the surrounding country. The discovery in the financial centers of the North that Atlanta, with 110,000 people, of whom at least 50,000 are negroes, had in it the qualities necessary to the creation and maintenance of such an institution, must result in profit. And, indeed, the manifestation of those qualities day by day as the Exposition progressed was a source of constant admiration to beholders. Every exposition sees its dark days during the opening weeks. The Atlanta affair was no exception to this rule, and so there came to us, strangers in Atlanta, almost weekly news of a guarantee fund raised by citizens, of the directors contributing $10,000 each to avert some threatened disaster, or of one citizen subscribing $50,000 to put the finances of the Exposition in sound condition. And as for the social burdens entailed and bravely met, surely never were clubs more constantly and hospitably open, never did a handful of society people dine, dance, and receive with such unremitting attention the stranger within their gates; never did orators of any city—and the South is the home of oratory—more assiduously discourse in welcome to New York and Illinois, the Commercial Men's Association, the League of Press Clubs, or the thousand and one visiting organizations which haunt expositions of every kind.

I am not one of those who believe that the greatest benefit, or even a great benefit, to spring from the Atlanta Exposition will be the extinguishment of rancor between the sections lately at war. My judgment is that that hatred was dead long ago. So far as their reiteration of peace and good will goes, the speeches at Atlanta were a mere repetition of those I heard at the New Orleans Exposition in 1884. And if there were dramatic scenes of renewal of friendship at Atlanta, was it not at New Orleans that two Union veterans escorted Jefferson Davis from his house to view and pay his respects to Philadelphia's Liberty Bell? But, after all, there was something fine in the spectacle, one September afternoon, of Chicago's famous First Regiment, 900 strong, clad all in gray, marching down Peach-tree Street, headed by the Fifth Georgia, uniformed in the regulation garb of the United States Army. "'Pears like they had the colors mixed," remarked a contemplative spectator of this queer reunion of the blue and the gray.

The greatest good that can come to Atlanta and the South from the Cotton States and International Exposition came when the directors of that enterprise gave the colored race an equal right to participate in it, gave them a building, and invited one of their foremost men, Professor Booker T. Washington, to join in the exercises of the opening day. The address he then made, no less than the warm plaudits of his auditory, mostly Southern, and the generous comments of the Atlanta press, taught the whole country that the negro problem, as we call it, had taken on a new phase. Atlanta has six institutions for the education of the colored people. The new Constitution of the State of South Carolina provides for a State technological school for blacks, in every respect the equal of that for whites. In short, without enumerating the institutions, it may fairly be said that, except in very unusual cases, any Southern negro can secure a technological or academic education if he will make to such end such sacrifices as many a New England boy two generations ago made to go to Dartmouth or to Bowdoin.

Sherman left Atlanta ruined; it is now stately. He left it small; it is now great. He left it a mud-hole; its streets now are paved with granite quarried from historic Stone Mountain. The handful of shops he left behind him has grown to more than two hundred wholesale houses, doing a business of nearly $100,000,000. The two railways he tore up are succeeded by nine. The blacksmith-shop and the cotton-press, which made up most of the manufacturing industry of the village of 1863, have developed into more than six hundred factories in 1896. This is the record of a scant third of a century, much of it made against the worse than war-time discouragements of the Reconstruction period.

Georgia, save for its two considerable cities, Atlanta and



IN MACON—A CITY OF HOMES

Savannah, is practically a farming community. Its urban population is estimated at 225,000, the two cities named having not less than 170,000 out of this number. But a number of thriving small towns are found in the State, some of them having in their water-power and railroad facilities the nucleus of very considerable growth in this era of the southward tide of emigration and of manufacturing. Notable among these are Augusta, Macon, and Columbus—all towns that escaped the full shock of Sherman's onset, but were scorched by the hot breath of his rushing legions. Milledgeville, which he entered, has abandoned the race for commercial prestige. It is the home of several State institutions, which, in part, occupy the buildings erected when this venerable town was the capital of the State. The old State House, built in 1803, in which the Ordinance of Secession was passed, now houses the Middle Georgia Military and Agricultural College—an odd combination, by the way, but typical of Southern life, where the sword and the plowshare are still interchangeable. The old executive mansion, a dignified structure, is now used as the dormitory of the Georgia Normal and Industrial School for Girls, a college the classes of which are attended by more than four hundred pupils. The State asylum for the insane is also located at Milledgeville. But, like most towns given over to educational and State institutions, this one strives little for commercial advancement.

Macon is a fair type of the Georgia manufacturing city of the smaller kind. It strove long and valiantly to rival Atlanta, even making an effort to secure the State capital when it was moved to the larger city in 1867. Public-spirited citizens raised a considerable fund to press this issue, but at the last moment wisely concluded that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and spent their campaign fund at home in municipal waterworks. It is perhaps characteristic of the journalist to judge the enterprise of a community by the use it makes of printers' ink. So judged, Macon ranks high as an enterprising city. In a somewhat extended experience with "booming" towns I have never seen printed matter eulogistic of a city more artistic or more effective than that issued by the Macon Advertising and Information Bureau. Work of this nature, when joined in by all the citizens, is bound to tell; and in the case of Macon it has told, for between 1880 and 1890 its population increased from 12,794 to 22,746—an increase of 79 per cent., greater by far than that of any other Georgia city. To-day the commercial population of Macon—that is, the people within its limits and in its suburbs—is over 37,000. Nearly every city of moderate size has some great man's words of praise to cite to strangers, and in Macon they will tell you that Henry Ward Beecher said that in respect to natural advantages Macon is the most beautiful city in the South.

Natural advantages, however, do not build cities; the biggest grow where the obstacles to be overcome are greatest. (Query: Does the individual man thrive on opposition as does man collectively?) Macon owes her growth in the past decade to the push of her citizens. They promoted the two great cotton-mills which run 35,000 spindles and employ nearly 1,000 hands. They built up the iron and other manufacturing industries in which over 3,000 men are engaged. They built up the jobbing houses which do a business of $50,000,000 annually. They showed the enterprise and pluck which brought twelve railroads thither seeking their trade. And if once they brought themselves and their town to the verge of ruin by the too great enthusiasm with which they backed a railroad construction company, it must at least be said that their recovery was swift and complete.

The natural advantages of soil and climate which he enjoys, the Maconian has utilized to the highest degree. He has made his town a city of homes, with broad, well-shaded streets, verdant lawns, and flowery gardens. The park system of the city is on a scale befitting a town which expects and deserves to grow rapidly and uninterruptedly. To soil and climate, too, is due the fertility of the surrounding peach orchards and watermelon fields which make of Macon one of the great fruit markets of the country. It is perhaps not necessary to accept the figures of the optimistic President of the Macon Advertising and Information Bureau when he assures prospective settlers that it costs $40,000 to bring a 1,000-acre peach orchard to maturity, while a single full crop will net the farmer $300,000. But none can traverse the fruitful territory about this little city without being impressed with the fact that its advantages are not half utilized, that the bounty of nature is going to waste, and that there, as in other parts of the South, it needs but industry, intelligence, and thrift applied to farming to bring in a rich reward.

I can give but a passing word to the educational and religious establishments of this thriving Southern town. Of the former the most interesting feature is the Wesleyan Female College, established in 1836, and certainly the oldest college for women in the United States, if not in the world. Think of that, O Smith and Vassar! Georgia, and not New England or New York, the pioneer in the higher education of women! It will be interesting, by the way, to New Yorkers to know that the building which at present houses this venerable institution owes its existence largely to the munificence of the late George I. Seney. Of churches Macon has forty-six, of which twenty-four are for the whites and twenty-two for the negroes.

Since Macon lost heart in the endeavor to outstrip Atlanta in the race for population, one great ambition burns in the minds of its citizens. The stranger is taken to the water part of the city and shown the Ocmulgee River—a turbid and not impressive stream. Once great river steamers came up that channel, he is told, and Macon then sat at the head of navigation in central Georgia. Brunswick was the port of entry then, and cotton shipped by boat from Macon was transferred direct to the holds of ocean steamers. All this, it is expected, shall come again, for not only have private funds been expended for dredging the river, but Uncle Sam has lent a friendly ear.

How Shall a Boy be Introduced to Tools?

By Charles Alpheus Bennett

Professor of Manual Training in the New York Teachers' College

When a parent introduces his son to books, he is careful to select the best ones and then to see that they are properly used. He should take no less pains in introducing his son to tools. Both books and tools are a valuable means in education, but their value depends upon the kinds selected and the use that is made of them.

It has sometimes been said that the country boy has a great advantage over the city boy in this matter of learning the use of tools. There is much truth in this statement, yet the extent to which it is true and the reasons why it is true are often lost sight of. After several years of Robinson Crusoe life in the sand-pit behind the barn, the country boy drops his play tools and takes up the real tools of the garden, the field, and the wood-pile. He is shown how deep to cover turnip-seeds and potatoes. With his new hoe he tries to keep up with the men in the corn-field. In haying-time he spreads the swaths in the morning, and loads or rakes after the cart in the afternoon. When harvest is over and the hills are covered with snow, he shoulders his ax and goes to the woods with his father or the hired man to help cut the year's stock of firewood. In a few days more he is serving an apprenticeship at the sawhorse and the chopping-block, or is trying his hand at the beetle and wedge. In all this work he is guided by his father or some one who is interested in having the tools used properly and the work done well. Herein lies one of the secrets of the value of the country boy's training in the use of these tools. He is not left to his own destruction, but is systematically drilled to do his work quickly and well.

But the country boy's opportunity to use tools does not always stop with the spade and the beetle; he often has access to a limited number of edged tools. Every thrifty farmer has, at least, two or three chisels, as many augers, a gimlet, a hand-saw, a draw-knife, and a spoke-shave. In the use of these his son is not always so successful as in the use of the heavier ones, and the training resulting from their use is not always so valuable. The value of edged tools to the farmer's boy is in direct ratio to the farmer's ability to use the tools himself and to his wisdom in dealing with his son. The wise father (and in this case poverty lends wisdom) does not give his boy the free use of all these tools at once. He first gives his son the gimlet and the spoke-shave or one of the chisels, at such times as he can supervise their use. Later the boy is allowed to use these tools at any time he pleases, and others are given him on special occasions. The father is careful to see that the boy knows how to use each tool properly and how to keep it in repair; but never is the boy allowed to use a tool until he has given assurance that he will neither damage the tool nor injure himself in using it. Unfortunately, many farmers do not take pains to teach their sons the use of edged tools. They only take pains to chastise them when a tool is lost or broken, and to say, "You ought to have known better" when a finger is cut or badly bruised. When the son of such a farmer comes to the manual-training school, the teacher becomes skeptical regarding the superiority of the country boy's training. Not only is this boy's way of handling tools unworkmanlike, but his careless and slovenly habits seem to retard his mental and moral growth. It is with great difficulty that the teacher puts him through a course of unlearning to get him back to the starting-point and ready to begin over again. This unfortunate state of affairs in many cases is clearly due to a lack of supervision and instruction.

Three suggestions, then, may be given to the parent who wishes to make tools as well as books an effective means in the education of his child.

1. Do not give him a Christmas present of a large box filled with a great variety of tools, of the use of which he knows nothing. Instead, buy him a few tools; add to this stock as fast as additions are needed; be sure they are excellent in quality, and that each tool is the right size. At first do not give him too many tools that imply a high degree of accuracy in working. Accuracy is the result of growth.

2. See that he is taught how to use a tool before you allow him the unrestricted use of it. It is desirable also that he should be taught how to sharpen it and to keep it in repair.

3. Manifest interest in his work, and supervise it enough to satisfy yourself that he is forming good habits instead of bad ones—habits of neatness and orderliness, of perseverance and accuracy, instead of the reverse.

The answer to the question, "How shall a boy be introduced to tools?" is now easily given. At first he should be taught to use the ordinary hand tools of the farm and garden. If this is impossible, teach him to use such other tools as the hammer, the hatchet, the saw, and the auger; these do not imply too high a degree of accuracy in working. Later he should gradually be taught the use of such finer tools as the chisel, the gouge, the plane, and the knife.

The father who cannot find time to teach his son the use of tools at home will do well to send him to a good manual-training school. In such a school instruction in the use of tools is given as a means of general education, not to teach a trade. The manual-training teacher takes the standpoint of the parent, and looks upon the boy, not as a future mechanic, but as a future man. Instruction from such a teacher under the favorable conditions existing in a well-equipped manual-training school is likely to be far better than can be given at home by the father. But the fact that a boy is sent to a manual-training school does not relieve the parent of all responsibility regarding the boy's training in the use of tools. His school work should be supplemented by work in the home shop. In this work the parent should always manifest deep interest and take pains to see that the habits formed are of such a nature as to elevate and strengthen the character of the child.

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—A HOME OF MANY GENERATIONS

For Chapters I. and II. see the last Magazine Number of The Outlook (December 21)

It was the custom of the former time to construct roads on a straight line, with a preference for uphill and down, and engineers refused to make a circuit of twenty yards to secure level ground. There were two advantages in this uncompromising principle of construction, and it may be doubtful which commended itself most to the mind of our fathers. Roads were drained after the simplest fashion, because a standing pool in the hollow had more than a compensation in the dryness of the ascent and descent, while the necessity of sliddering down one side and scrambling up the other reduced driving to the safe average of four miles an hour—horse-doctors forming a class by themselves, and being preserved in their headlong career by the particular Providence which has a genial regard for persons who have too little sense or have taken too much liquor. Degenerate descendants, anxious to obtain the maximum of speed with the mimimum of exertion, have shown a quite wonderful ingenuity in circumventing hills, so the road between Drumtochty Manse and Tochty Lodge gate was duplicated, and the track that plunged into the hollow was now forsaken of wheeled traffic and overgrown with grass.

"This way, Kate; it's the old road, and the way I came to kirk with my mother. Yes, it's narrow, but we 'ill get through and down below—it is worth the seeing."

So they forced a passage where the overgrown hedges resisted the wheels, and the trees, wet with a morning shower, dashed Kate's jacket with a pleasant spray, and the rail of the dog-cart was festooned with tendrils of honeysuckle and wild geranium.

"There is the parish kirk of Drumtochty," as they came out and halted on the crest of the hill, "and though it be not much to look at after the Norman churches of the south, it's a brave old kirk in our fashion, and well set in the Glen."

For it stood on a knoll, whence the ground sloped down to the Tochty, and it lay with God's acre round it in the shining of the sun. Half a dozen old beeches made a shadow in the summer-time, and beat off the winter's storms. One standing at the west corner of the kirkyard had a fuller and sweeter view of the Glen than could be got anywhere save from the beeches at the Lodge; but then nothing like unto that can be seen far or near, and I have marveled why painting men have never had it on their canvas.

"Our vault is at the east end, where the altar was in the old days, and there our dead of many generations lie. A Carnegie always prayed to be buried with his people in Drumtochty, but, as it happened, two out of three of our house have fallen on the field, and so most of us have not had our wish.

"Black John, my grandfather, was out in '45, and escaped to France. He married a Highland lassie orphaned there, and entered the French service, as many a Scot did before him since the days of the Scots Guards. But when he felt himself a-dying, he asked leave of the English government to come home, and he would not die till he laid himself down in his room in the tower. Then he gave directions for his funeral, how none were to be asked of the county folk but Drummonds and Hays and Stewarts from Blair Athole and such like that had been out with the Prince. And he made his wife promise that she would have him dressed for his coffin as he fought on Culloden field, for he had kept the clothes.

"Then he asked that the window should be opened that he might hear the lilting of the burn below; and he called for my father, who was only a young lad, and commanded him to enter one of the Scottish regiments and be a loyal kingsman, since all was over with the Stewarts.

"He said a prayer and kissed his wife's hand, being a courtly gentleman, and died listening to the sound of the water running over the stones in the den below."

"It was as good as dying on the field," said Kate, her face flushing with pride; "that is an ancestor worth remembering. And did he get a worthy funeral?"

"More than he asked for; his old comrades gathered from far and near, and some of the chiefs that were out of hiding came down, and they brought him up this very road, with the pipers playing before the coffin. Fifty gentlemen buried John Carnegie, and every man of them had been out with the Prince.

"When they gathered in the stone hall you 'ill see soon, his friend-in-arms, Patrick Murray, gave three toasts. The first was 'the king,' and every man bared his head; the second was 'to him that is gone;' the third was 'to the friends that are far awa';' and then one of the chiefs proposed another, 'to the men of Culloden;' and after that every gentleman dashed his glass on the floor. Though he was only a little lad at the time, my father never forgot the sight.

"He also told me that my grandmother never shed a tear, but looked prouder than he ever saw her, and before they left the hall she bade each gentleman good-by, and to the chief she spoke in Gaelic, being of Cluny's blood and a gallant lady.

"Another thing she did also which the lad could not forget, for she brought down her husband's sword from the room in the turret, and Patrick Murray, of the House of Athole, fastened it above the big fireplace, where it hangs unto this day, crossed now with my father's, as you will see, Kate, unless we stand here all day going over old stories."

"They're glorious stories, dad; why didn't you tell them to me before? I want to get into the spirit of the past and feel the Carnegie blood swinging in my veins before we come to the Lodge. What did they do afterwards, or was that all?"

"They mounted their horses in the courtyard, and as each man passed out of the gate he took off his hat and bowed low to the widow, who stood in a window I will show you, and watched till the last disappeared into the avenue; but my father ran out and saw them ride down the road in order of threes, a goodly company of gentlemen. But this sight is better than horsemen and swords."

They were now in the hollow between the kirk and the Lodge, a cup of greenery surrounded by wood. Behind, they still saw the belfry through the beeches; before, away to the right, the gray stone of a turret showed among the trees. The burn that sang to Black John ran beneath them with a pleasant sound, and fifty yards of turf climbed up to the cottage where the old road joined the new, and the avenue of the Lodge began. Over this ascent the branches met, through which the sunshine glimmered and flickered, and down the center came a white and brown cow in charge of an old woman.

"It's Bell Robb, that lives in the cottage there among the bushes. I was at the parish school with her, Kate—she's just my age—for we were all John Thamson's bairns in those days, and got our learning and our licks together, laird's son and cottar's daughter.

"People would count it a queer mixture nowadays, but there were some advantages in the former parish school idea; there were lots of cleverer subalterns in the old regiment, but none knew his men so well as I did. I had played and fought with their kind. Would you mind saying a word to Bell . . . just her name or something?" for this was a new life to the pride of the regiment, as they called Kate, and Carnegie was not sure how she might take it. Kate was a lovable lass, but, like every complete woman, she had a temper and a stock of prejudices. She was *bon camerade* with all true men, although her heart was whole, and with a few women that did not mince their words or carry two faces; but Kate had claws inside the velvet, and once she so handled with her tongue a young fellow who offended her that he sent in his papers. What she said was not much, but it was memorable, and every word drew blood. Her father was never quite certain what she would do, although he was always sure of her love.

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"Do you suppose, dad, that I'm to take up with all your friends of the jackdaw days? You seem to have kept fine company." Kate was already out of the dog-cart, and now took Bell by the hand.

"I am the General's daughter, and he was telling me that you and he were playmates long ago. You 'ill let me come to see you, and you 'ill tell me all his exploits when he was John Carnegie?"

"To think he minded me, an' him sae lang awa' at the weary wars." Bell was between the laughing and the crying. "We're lifted to know oor laird's a General, and that he's gotten sic honor. There's nae bluid like the auld bluid, an' the Carnegies cud aye afford tae be hamely.

"Ye're like him," and Bell examined Kate carefully; "but a' can tell yir mither's dochter, a weel-faured mettlesome lady as wes ever seen; wae's me, wae's me for the wars," at the sight of Carnegie's face; "but ye 'ill come in to see Marjorie. A'll mak her ready," and Bell hurried into the cottage.

"Marjorie has been blind from her birth. She was the pet of the school, and now Bell takes care of her. Davidson was telling me that she wanted to support Marjorie off the wages she earns as a field-hand on the farms, and the parish had to force half a crown a week on them; but hear this."

"Never mind hoo ye look," Bell was speaking. "A' canna' keep them waitin' till ye be snoddit."

"Gie me ma kep, at ony rate, that the minister brocht frae Perth, and Drumsheugh's shawl; it wudna be respecfu' to oor Laird, an' it his first veesit;" and there was a note of refinement in the voice, as of one living apart.

"Yes, I'm here, Marjorie," and the General stooped over the low bed where the old woman was lying, "and this is my daughter, the only child left me; you would hear that all my boys were killed."

"We did that, and we were a' wae for ye; a' thocht o' ye and a' saw ye in yir sorrow, for them 'at canna see ootside see the better inside. But it 'ill be some comfort to be in the hame o' yir people aince mair, and to ken ye've dune yir wark weel. It's pleasant for us to think the licht 'ill be burnin' in the windows o' the Lodge again, and that ye're come back aifter the wars.

"Miss Kate, wull ye lat me pass ma hand ower yir face, an' then a'll ken what like ye are better nor some 'at hes the joy o' seein' ye wi' their een. . . . The Glen 'ill be the happier for the sicht o' ye; a' thank ye for yir kindness to a puir woman."

"If you begin to pay compliments, Marjorie, I'll tell you what I think of that cap; for the pink is just the very shade for your complexion, and it's a perfect shape."

"Ma young minister, Maister Carmichael, seleckit it in Muirtown, an' a' heard that he went ower sax shops to find one to his fancy; he never forgets me, an' he wrote me a letter on his holiday. A'body likes him for his bonnie face an' honest ways."

"Oh, I know him already, Marjorie, for he drove up with us, and I thought him very nice; but we must go, for you know I've not yet seen our home, and I'm just tingling with curiosity."

"You 'ill not leave without breakin' bread; it's little we hae, but we can offer ye oat-cake an' milk in token o' oor loyalty;" and then Bell brought the elements of Scottish food; and when Marjorie's lips moved in prayer as they ate, it seemed to Carnegie and his daughter like a sacrament. So the two went from the fellowship of the poor to their ancient house.

They drove along the avenue between the stately beeches that stood on either side and reached out their branches, almost but not quite unto meeting, so that the sun, now in the south, made a train of light down which the General and Kate came home. At the end of the beeches the road wheeled to the right, and Kate saw for the first time the dwelling-place of her people. Tochty Lodge was of the fourth period of Scottish castellated architecture, and till it fell into disrepair was a very perfect example of the sixteenth-century mansion-house, where strength of defense could not yet be dispensed with, for the Carnegies were too near the Highland border to do without thick walls or to risk habitation on the ground floor. The buildings had first been erected on the L plan, and then had been made into a quadrangle, so that on the left was the main part, with a tower at the southwest corner over the den, and a wing at the southeast coming out to meet the gate. On the northeast and north were a tower and rooms now in ruins, and along the west ran a wall some six feet high with a stone walk three feet from the top, whence you could look down on the burn. A big gateway, whose doors were of oak studded with nails, with a grated lattice for observation, gave entrance to the courtyard. In the center of the yard there was an ancient oak and a draw well whose water never failed. The eastern face was bare of ivy, except at the north corner, where stood the jackdaws' tower; but the rough gray stone was relieved by the tendrils and red blossoms of the hardy tropiolum, which despises the rich soil of the south and the softer air, and grows luxuriantly on our homely northern houses. As they came to the gateway, the General bade Kate pull up and read the scroll above, which ran in clear-cut stone letters—

TRY AND THEN
TRVST BETTER GVDE
ASSVRANCE
BOT TRVST NOT
OR YE TRY FOR FEAR
OF REPENTANCE

"We've been a slow dour race, Kit, who never gave our heart lightly, but having given it never played the traitor. Fortune has not favored us, for acre after acre has gone from our hands, but, thank God, we've never had dishonor."

"And never will, dad, for we are the last of the race."

Janet Macpherson was waiting in the deep doorway of the tower, and gave Kate welcome as one whose ancestors had for three generations served the Carnegies, since the day Black John had married a Macpherson.

"Calf of my heart," she cried, and took Kate in her arms. "It iss your foster mother that will be glad to see you in the home of your people, and will be praying that God will give you peace and good days."

Then they went up the winding stone stair, with deep, narrow windows, and came into the dining-hall where the fifty Jacobites toasted the king and many a gathering had taken place in the olden time. It was thirty-five feet long by fifteen broad, and twenty-two feet high. The floor was of flags over arches below, and the bare stone walls showed at the windows and above the black oak paneling which reached ten feet from the ground. The fireplace was six feet high, and so wide that two could sit on either side within. Upon the mantelpiece the Carnegie arms stood out in bold relief under the two crossed swords. One or two portraits of dead Carnegies and some curious weapons broke the monotony of the walls, and from the roof hung a finely wrought iron candelabra. The western portion of the hall was separated by a screen of open woodwork, and made a pleasant dining-room. A door in the corner led into the tower, which had a library, with Carnegie's bedroom above, and higher still Kate's room, each with a tiny dressing-closet. For the Carnegies always lived together in this tower, and their guests at the other end of the hall. The library had two windows. From one you could look down and see nothing but the foliage of the den, with a gleam of water where the burn made a pool, and from the other you looked over a meadow with big trees to the Tochty sweeping round a bend, and across to the high opposite banks covered with brushwood. First they visited Carnegie's room.

"Here have we been born, and died if we did not fall in battle, and it's not a bad billet, after all, for an old soldier. Yes, that is your mother when we were married, but I like this one better," and the General touched his breast, for he carried his love next his heart in a silver locket of curious design.

Three fine deerskins lay on the floor, and one side of the room was hung with tapestry; but the most striking piece of furnishing in the room was an oak cupboard, sunk a foot into the wall.

"I'll show you something in that cabinet after luncheon, Kate; but now let's see your room."

"How beautiful! and how cunning you have been," and then she took an inventory of the furniture, all new, but all in keeping with the age of the room. "You have spent far too much on a very self-willed and bad-tempered girl, and all I can do is to make you promise that you will come up here sometimes and let me give you tea in this window-seat, where we can see the woods and the Tochty."

"Well, Donald," said the General at table to his faithful servant, "how do you think Drumtochty will suit you?"

"Any place where you and Miss Kate will be living is a good place for me, and there are six, or maybe four, men I hef been meeting that hef the language, but not good Gaelic—just poor Perthshire talk," for Donald was a West Highlander, and prided himself on his better speech.

"And what about a kirk, Donald? Aren't you Free like Janet?"

"Oh, yes, I am Free; but it iss not to that kirk I will be going to here, and I am telling Janet that she will be caring more about a man that has a pleasant way with him that about the truth."

"What's wrong with things, Donald, since we lay in Edinburgh twenty years ago, and you used to give me bits of the Free Kirk sermons?"

"It iss all wrong that they hef been going these last years, for they stand to sing and they sit to pray, and they will be using human hymns. And it iss great pieces of the Bible they hef cut out, and I am told that they are not done yet, but are going from bad to worse," and Donald invited questioning.

"What more are they after, man?"

"It will be myself that has found it out, and it iss only what might be expected, but I am not saying that you will be believing me."

"Out with it, Donald; let's hear what kind of people we've come amongst."

"They've been just fairly left to themselves, and the godless bodies hef taken to watering the whisky."

CHAPTER IV.—A SECRET CHAMBER

"The cabinet now, dad, and at once," when they went up the stairs and were standing in the room. "Just give me three guesses about the mystery; but first let me examine."

It was pretty to see Kate opening the doors, curiously carved with hunting scenes, and searching the interior, tapping with her knuckles and listening for a hollow sound.

"Is it a treasure we are to find? Then that's one point. Not in the cabinet? I have it; there is a door into some other place; am n't I right?"

"Where could it be? We're in a tower cut off from the body of the Lodge, with a room above and a room below;" and the General sat down to allow full investigation.

After many journeys up and down the stair, and many questions that brought no light, Kate played a woman's trick up in her room.

"The General wishes to show me the concealed room in this tower, Janet, or whatever you call it. Would you kindly tell us how to get entrance? You needn't come down; just explain to me;" and Kate was very pleasant indeed.

"Yes, I am hearing there is a room in the tower, Miss Kate, that strangers will not be able to find; and it would be very curious if the Carnegies did not have a safe place for an honest gentleman when he was in a little trouble. All the good houses will have their secret places, and it will not be easy to find some of them. Oh, no; now I will remember one at Glamis Castle . . ."

"Never mind Glamis, nurse, for the General is waiting. Where is the spring? Is it in the oak cabinet?"

"It will be good for the General to be resting himself after his luncheon, and he will be thinking many things in his room. Oh, yes," continued Janet, settling herself down to narrative, and giving no heed to Kate's beguiling ways, "old Mary that died near a hundred would be often telling me stories of the old days when I wass a little girl, and the one I liked best wass about the hiding of the Duke of Perth."

"You will tell me that to-morrow, when I come down to see your house, Janet, and to day you 'ill tell me how to open the spring."

"But it would be a pity not to finish the story about the Duke of Perth, for it goes well, and it will be good for a Carnegie to hear it." And Kate flung herself into the window-seat, but was hugely interested all the same.

"Mary was sitting at her door in the evening, and that would be three days after Culloden, for the news had been sent by a sure hand from the Laird, when a man came riding along the road, and as soon as Mary saw him she knew he was somebody. But perhaps it will be too long a story," and Janet began to arrange dresses in a wardrobe.

"No, no; as you have begun it, I want to hear the end; but quick, for there's the room to see and the rest of the Lodge before it grows dark. What like was he?"

"He wass a man that looked as if he would be commanding, but his clothes were common gray, and stained with the road. He wass very tired, and could hardly hold himself up in the saddle, and his horse wass covered with foam.

"'Is this Tochty Lodge?' he asked, softening his voice as one trying to speak humbly. 'I am passing this way, and have a message for Mistress Carnegie; think you that I can have speech of her quietly?'

"So Mary will go up and tell the lady that one wass waiting to see her, and that he seemed a noble gentleman. When they came down to the courtyard he had drawn water for his horse from the well, and wass giving him to drink, thinking more of the beast that had borne him than of his own need, as became a man of birth.

"At the sight of the lady he took off his bonnet and bowed low, and asked if he might have a private audience, to which Mistress Carnegie replied, 'We are private here,' and asked, 'Have you been with my son?'

"'We fought together for the Prince three days since—my name is Perth. I am escaping for my life, and desire a brief rest, if it please you, and bring no danger to your house.'

"'Ye had been welcome, my Lord Duke,' and Mary used to show how her mistress straightened herself, 'though you were the poorest soldier that had drawn his sword for the good cause, and ye will stay here till it be safe for you to escape to France.'

"He was four weeks hidden in the room, and although the soldiers searched all the house, they could never find the place, and Mrs. Carnegie put scorn upon them, asking why they did her so much honor and whom they sought. Oh, yes, it wass a cunning place for the bad times, and you will be pleased to see it."

"And the secret, Janet," cried Kate, her hand upon the door; "you know it quite well."

"So does the General, Catherine of my heart," said Janet, "and he will be liking to show it himself."

So Kate departed in a rage, and gave orders that there be no more delay, for she would not spend an afternoon seeking for rat-holes.

"No rat-hole, Kit, but a very fair chamber for a hunted man; it is twenty years and more since this door opened last, for none knows the trick of it save Janet and myself. There it goes."

A panel in the back of the cabinet slid aside behind its neighbor, and left a passage through which one could squeeze himself with an effort.

"We go up a stair now, and must have light; a candle will do; the air is perfectly pure, for there's plenty of ventilation;" and then they crept up by steps in the thickness of the walls, till they stood in a chamber under six feet high, but otherwise as large as the bedroom below. The walls were lined with wood, and there were two tiny slits that gave air, but hardly any light. The only furniture in the room was an oaken chest, clasped with iron and curiously locked.

"Our plate-chest, Kit; but there's not much silver and gold in it, worse luck for you, lassie; in fact, we're a pack of fools to set store by it. There's nothing in the kist but some old clothes, and perhaps some buckles and such like. I dare say there is a lock of hair also. Some day we will have a look inside."

"To-day, instantly," and Kate shook her father. "You are a dreadful hypocrite, for I can see that you would rather Tochty were burned down than this box be lost. Are there any relics of Prince Charlie in it? Quick!"

"Be patient; it's a difficult key to turn; there now;" but there was not much to see—only pieces of woolen cloth tightly folded down.

"Call Janet, Kate, for she ought to see this opening; and we 'ill carry everything down to my room, for no one could tell what like things are in this gloom.

"Yes, Perth lived here for weeks, and used to go up to the gallery where Black John's mother sat with her maid; but the son was hiding in the North, and never reached his house till he came to die."

First of all they came upon a ball dress of the former time, of white silk, with a sash of Macpherson tartan, besides much fine lace.

"That is the dress your grandmother wore as a bride at the Court of Versailles in the seventies. She was only a lassie, and seemed like her husband's daughter. The Prince danced with her, and they counted the dress something to be kept, and that night Lochiel and Cluny also had a reel with Sheena Carnegie, while Black John looked like a young man, for he had been too sorely wounded to be able to dance with her himself." And then the General carried down with his own hands a Highland gentleman's evening dress, trews of the Royal tartan, and a velvet coat with silver buttons, and a light plaid of fine cloth.

"And this was her husband's dress that night; but why the Stewart tartan?"

"No, lassie, that is the suit the Prince wore at Holyrood, where he gave a great ball after Prestonpans, and danced with the Edinburgh ladies. It was smuggled across to France at last with other things of the Prince's, and he gave it to Carnegie.

"It will remind you of our great days," he said, "when the Stewarts saw their friends in Mary's Palace."

Last of all, the General lifted out a casket and laid it on his table. Within it was a brooch, such as might once have been worn either by a man or a woman; diamonds set in gold, and in the midst a lock of fair hair.

"Is it really, father? . . ." And Kate took the jewel in her hand.

"Yes, the Prince's hair—his wedding present to Sheena Macpherson."

Kate kissed it fervently, and passed it to Janet, who placed it carefully in the box, while the General made believe to laugh.

"Your mother wore the brooch on great occasions, and you will do the same, Kit, for auld lang syne. There are two or three families left in Perthshire that will like to see it on your breast."

"Yes, and there will maybe be more than two or three that will like to see the lady that wears it." This from Janet.

"Your compliments are a little late, and you may keep them to yourself, Janet; it would have been kinder to tell me . . ."

"Tell you what?" And the General looked very provoking.

"I hate to be beaten." Kate first looked angry, and then laughed. "What else is there to see?"

"There is the gallery, which is the one feature in our poor house, and we will try to reach it from the Duke's hiding-place, for it was a cleverly designed hole, and had its stair up as well as down." And then they all came out into one of the strangest rooms you could find in Scotland, and one that left a pleasant picture in their minds who had seen it lit of a winter night, and the wood burning on the hearth, and Kate dancing a reel with Lord Hay or some other brisk young man, while the General looked on from one of the deep window recesses.

The gallery extended over the hall and Kate's drawing-room, and measured fifty feet long from end to end. The upper part of the walls was divided into compartments by an arcading, made of painted pilasters and flat arches. Each compartment had a motto, and this was on one side of the fireplace:

A · nice · wyfe · and
A · back doore
Oft · maketh · a rich
Man . poore.

And on the other:

Give liberalye
To neidfvl · folke ·
Denye · nane · of ·
Them · al · for · litle
Thow · knawest · heir
In · this lyfe · of what
Chaunce · may · the
Befall.

The glory of the gallery, however, was its ceiling, which was of the seventeenth-century work, and so wonderful that many learned persons used to come and study it. After the great disaster when the Lodge was sold and allowed to fall to pieces, this fine work went first, and now no one examining its remains could have imagined how wonderful it was, and in its own way how beautiful. This ceiling was of wood, painted, and semi-elliptical in form, and one wet day, when we knew not what else to do, Kate and I counted more than three hundred panels. It was an arduous labor for the neck, and the General refused to help us; but I am sure that we did not make too many, for we worked time about, while the General took note of the figures, and our plan was that each finished his tale of work at some amazing beast, so that we could make no mistake. Some of the panels were circles, and they were filled in with coats-of-arms; some were squares, and they contained a bestiary of that day. It was hard indeed to decide whether the circles or the squares were more interesting. The former had the arms of every family in Scotland that had the remotest connection with the Carnegies, and besides swept in a wider field, comprising David King of Israel, who was placed near Hector of Troy, and Arthur of Brittany not far from Moses—all of whom had appropriate crests and mottoes. In the center were the arms of our Lord Christ as Emperor of Judea, and the chief part of them was the Cross. But it came upon one with a curious shock to see this coat among the shields of Scottish nobles. There were beasts that could be recognized at once, and these were sparingly named; but others were astounding, and above them were inscribed titles such as these: Shoe-lyon, Musket, Ostray; and one fearsome animal in the center was designated the Ram of Arabia. This display of heraldry and natural history was reinforced by the cardinal virtues in seventeenth-century dress: Charitas as an elderly female of extremely forbidding aspect, receiving two very imperfectly clad children; and Temperantia as a furious-looking person—male on the whole rather than female—pouring some liquor—surely water—from a jug into a cup, with averted face, and leaving little to be desired. The afternoon sun shining in through a western window and lingering among the black and white tracery, so that the marking of a shield came into relief or a beast suddenly glared down on one, had a weird, old-world effect.

"It's half an armory and half a menagerie," said Kate, "and I think we 'ill have tea in the library with the windows open to the Glen." And so they sat together in quietness, with books of heraldry and sport and ancient Scottish classics and such like round them, while Janet went out and in.

"So Donald has been obliged to leave his kirk;" for

Kate had not yet forgiven Janet. "He says it's very bad here; I hope you won't go to such a place."

"What would Donald Macdonald be saying against it?" inquired Janet, severely.

"Oh, I don't remember—lots of things. He thought you were making too much of the minister."

"The minister iss a good man, and hass some Highland blood in him, though he hass lost his Gaelic, and he will be very pleasant in the house.

"If I wass seeing a sheep, and it will be putting on this side and that, and quarreling with everybody, do you know what I will be thinking?"

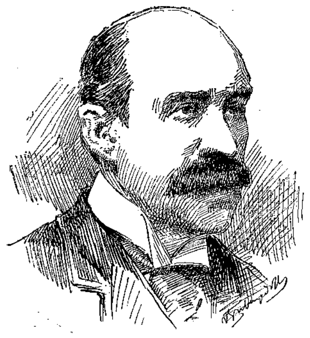
"That's Donald, I suppose; well?"

"I will say to myself, that sheep iss a goat." And Janet left the room with the laurels of victory.

[To be continued in the February Magazine Number of The Outlook]

Books and Authors

Walter Pater's Last Essays[1]



Walter Pater

This last volume, now posthumously published, of Mr. Pater's essays is made up almost entirely of the work of the last few years of his life. It contains also a curious study, printed as "the only specimen known to be preserved of those early essays . . . by which his literary gifts were first made known to the small circle of his Oxford friends," and the exquisite "Child in the House," which, though published seventeen years ago, has only of late come to general notice. But the other essays come within the last five years, and as a whole the book gives a good idea of the later developments of Mr. Pater's work and thought.

Like Matthew Arnold and Ruskin, Mr. Pater was always interested in art, not for itself alone, but in its relation to life. He wanted always to know, not merely what it was, in what forms it was manifest, but what kind of element it made in the great complex of circumstance that envelops each one of us. Indeed, in his real interest in actual life he went far beyond the two other great critics of our time, having in fact such a feeling for concrete humanity that he was himself not merely a critic, but a creative artist as well, and hence came "Marius the Epicurean" and the "Imaginary Portraits," of which, by the way, three are contained in this volume, as fine as any of the others. Matthew Arnold regarded literature as a sort of guide to conduct, but always in a largely intellectual way. Ruskin looked at all art as didactic, and at almost all works of art as symbolizing universal ideas. But Pater always sought for the actual people who had produced any artistic thing; he always strove to see the artist behind and in his work.

The particular direction which this effort took was toward an emphasizing of the representative character of style. Where Ruskin presents at length the allegoric significance of the quatrefoils in the façade of Amiens, Mr. Pater is interested in the cathedral as being one of "the grand and beautiful *people's* churches of the thirteenth century," so that he chooses as a companion study (both essays are here republished) the monastic church of Vézelay. The way in which the style represented the artist, the personal note in style, that was Mr. Pater's great interest, even as in the lecture on Mérimée here, where "Mérimée's superb self-effacement, his impersonality" is the personal trait. In his earlier work other principles seemed more important to Mr. Pater, but as he grew older this one seems to have become more dominant.

This idea, however, even when urgently insisted upon, is not in itself strikingly original; in Mr. Pater's mind it seems to have been connected with another: not the representative quality of style only, but the moral quality of it, the formative power of good style, the transmutation, in a way, not here of conduct into expression, but of expression back again into conduct. The formative power of style—he never stated exactly his conception of it. In his earlier days he pressed his conviction that the function of art was to give the highest quality to the passing moment; pressed it in a manner so focused and surcharged that it is not easily forgotten. But the later conception, that style may be a force in life, an influence on character, this idea never came to perfectly definite expression in Mr. Pater's work. It is by stray hints here and there that one becomes conscious of it—by stray hints and by its reflection on his own writing. In the last chapter of "Plato and Platonism" is there something approaching a clear statement, but in this volume only dim allusions. Still, this vaguer, less definite conception of the influence of art in life seems largely to have taken the place of the earlier theory which has offended so many who only half understood it.

If, however, this last volume gives us no new light upon the problem opened in the last lecture on Plato, it does show us clearly enough another development of the representative power of style, and that in the style of Mr. Pater himself. His earlier way of writing—the Conclusion to "The Renaissance" is the best example, although the passage on La Gioconda seems to be most quoted—his earlier style has here given place to a mode of expression very different. We have an example of the early work in the Oxford essay in this volume, which forms a quaint contrast with the writing of later years—a sort of journeyman's masterpiece, it seems. Interesting also is this lecture on Mérimée, which in the beginning is as diamond-like as if he had written it twenty years ago, perhaps consciously so with a view to its subject. But in a few pages we have the later style, the suggestion, the colloquial tone, which marks all his later writings. Instead of the clear, direct statements, we have all the armory of suggestion, the conjecture, the approximation, the remark to the reader, the exclamation. And, instead of the brilliancy and grace of literary tradition, we have countless indications of an effort to come nearer to real speech. So his style becomes less and less of a formal court costume, and more and more the every-day working-dress of an intense and cultivated intellect. To some degree also is it the mirror—and here let us recall that idea that style has a formative power, a molding quality—the mirror, not so much of Mr. Pater's actual temper, probably, as of the temper which we may think one of his ideals. Sensitive it is, subtle enough, and yet masculine and persistently truthful, putting persuasion in the place of crying and striving, attaining its end by reasonable influence instead of by authority, looking on all sides of the matter, dissatisfied with cut-and-dried conventionalities, scholarly but not pedantic, and therefore clear-sighted and keen, judging possibilities and probabilities rather than setting the thing down *ex cathedra*, and very human all the time, speaking to the reader as a friend to a friend. And all these characteristics, which might be of a man rather than of a way of writing, may have been to some extent qualities of the temper which Mr. Pater conceived of as best for one who would see clearly all the shows of this world, what they were, and through them all—whatever such a one might see.

* * *

The theory of evolution and the theology of the divine immanence fit together, as is obvious to any one. W. F. English, of the First Congregational Church of East Windsor, Conn., has ventured to put this famous thought of Hegel's into a popular form in the way of an essay on natural theology, entitled *Evolution and the Immanent God.* (The Arena Publishing Company, Boston.) The special value of Mr. English's essay lies, not in any originality of thought, but in his application of the principle to many details of theology, such as the question of providence, miracles, prayer, immortality, and the like. As a contribution to a higher and less materialistic idea of God this book may be welcomed.

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[1] *Miscellaneous Studies by Walter Pater.* Prepared for the Press by Charles L. Shadwell. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.75.

Novels and Tales

The artist is often revealed as strongly in small things as in great. Mr. S. J. Weyman's *The Little Wizard* is short and slight, but, within its chosen limits, is a thoroughly artistic bit of fiction. Its hero is a little Royalist lad of the times of Charles I., who falls among rustic fanatics and, by an odd train of events, becomes suspected of being endowed with witch powers and of bringing a storm to hinder the march of Cromwell's army. The brief glimpse of Cromwell himself is admirably given. The close is dramatically managed and effective. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

Mr. J. A. Mitchell, the editor of "Life," has tried his hand at a tale of the marvelous. The hero of his story (the heir of an East Indian kingdom, but transported as a boy to a Connecticut farm) has the gift of seeing exact pictures of future events, and the peculiar difficulty of his position when he thus sees the manner of his own death just before his marriage is ingeniously dwelt upon. There is plenty of invention in the story and some humor, though not as much as might be hoped for in the editor of our best humorous paper. But it cannot be said that it has the merit of being a reflection of nature or life. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. John Fox, Jr., is a worthy follower of Miss Murfree in treating the Southern mountain life with imaginative force. Like Miss Murfree, he faithfully reproduces dialect to an extent that sometimes becomes wearisome; but there are back of the dialect life, passion, and incident. In *A Cumberland Vendetta, and Other Stories* the tale which gives name to the book is much the best in the volume. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

One suspects the decadent when one reads the title of the new novel by Mr. Percy White, the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin." Yet *Corruption* is not a morbid book. It deals with a wretched failure of a man's life through an entanglement of passion. The fall of the clever politician and possible great statesman is as pitiable as it is complete, and the positive moral lesson is absolutely obvious. The realism of the book is distinct but not disagreeable. If it be allowable to treat the topic at all, it must be admitted that the method here is manly and free from objectionable purpose. From the literary standpoint the author's style is hard and unsympathetic, but he has force and clearness. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Galloping Dick, as portrayed by H. B. Marriott Watson, is a sturdy rogue and highwayman of the Claude Duval type. His impudence leads him into extraordinary adventures with a bishop, a rebel, an elegant lady of the court, and even with "Old Rowley," or King Charles II. in person. It cannot be said that there is profit to be found in these tales, but that the author has the power of creating a character and making his narrative and his diction fit the times of which he writes cannot be denied. There is even a trace of the Stevensonian delicacy of touch here and there, and notably in the adventure with the bishop. The coarseness of manners of the day is by no means disguised. The story cannot be commended for universal reading. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.)

Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson is one of the strongest poets and sketch-writers in the interesting group of the younger Irish authors. In *The Way of a Maid* she gives us a novel of Irish life which is charming in so far as it is a transcript of actual nature, but fails when it plunges into the depths of imaginative passion. The author's forte is with the simple, the natural, and the actual. Her characters are better than her plot. There is a great deal of promise in the novel, but we cannot think it equal to some of her slighter stories and sketches. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Julian Ralph, in *People We Pass*, comes very close to the line that separates strong, original fiction from the clever newspaper man's presentation of what he sees about him. In these stories the "people" are avowedly types of New York East Side dwellers. Mr. Ralph has done much more than catch the slang, dialect, and swagger of the East Side streets. He has found the point of view that explains motive and character. The incidents as well as the people are typical. The book is admirably illustrated. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

We had thought that we never wanted to see another novel of the French Revolution, but *The Veil of Liberty: A Tale of the Girondins*, by Peronne, has caused us to recant. It is a graceful story, gracefully narrated, and about a section of that great movement not commonly taken by the novel-writers as a subject. The plot is well managed and the characters are developed in a rational fashion. It is not a "blood and thunder" story, but a highly moral tale. The outcome is somewhat depressing, as would be expected from the title. The author professes to follow history closely in delineation of plot and of characters. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

John Darker, a novel by Aubrey Lee, is a story upon which a considerable amount of talent has been wasted. The idea of the story is novel, the plot is ingenious, the people and places are vividly described. The author has a power of description almost photographic. The characters are fairly well developed, and the result of the action of the story is poetically just. On the other hand, one lays down the book with the question, To what purpose is such a story written, and what does it signify? It is a long-drawn-out chronicle of commonplaces; nowhere does the story rise to a high moral or intellectual plane. From beginning to end we traverse a dull, low level of mediocrity. There are many words and many pages, and they signify nothing. It is form without substance. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

In our opinion, *Lilith: A Romance*, by George Macdonald, is a menace to the reason of the reader. It is an allegory wherein dream passes into reality and reality shades into dream by such indefinable degrees that it is not possible to tell where the dividing line lies. The motive-idea of the story is a magic mirror, through which one steps into a world of the higher dimensions, and in this world encounters Adam's first wife, Lilith, with other extraordinary allegorical personages, and thus passes through a romance of moral life which is figured under a series of exciting adventures. The story is not grotesque; it is uncanny, yet undoubtedly possesses literary power and moral excellence, if only we could guess the interpretation of the author's difficult parable. It resembles the shifting phantasmagoria of an opium dream. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, has put forth a new story, *Gathering Clouds: A Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom*, which is in some sort a companion to the story called "Darkness and Dawn." The period of history treated in "Gathering Clouds" is, as all students know, singularly picturesque. The social and political life of Constantinople were then in a state of ferment. Chrysostom was a man who united in himself, to an extent unusual, strength and sweetness of character. His faults were the errors of his time, his virtues belonged to his holy religion. The complications with which he was involved arose from many conflicting interests. All this Dean Farrar has treated with a certain fairness, though we cannot help feeling that at times he is unable to sympathize with the sincere conviction of the orthodox party. His story is a historical study, rather than a piece of fiction, a novel, or romance. He has allowed himself no liberties with facts, and his fancy plays only in the domain of the unknown. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The reasons may be physiological, or they may be industrial and economic, but, be they what they may, the dominant tendency of the intellectual world at the present day is towards a general pessimism and even cynicism. This tendency of human feeling has been made a study by Joseph Hocking in his novel *All Men are Liars*. The character that he has chosen to dissect is that of an intense, high-strung, noble-souled man, who is, by disappointment in his fellow-beings, driven to discouragement and to moral suicide. The book itself is saved from being unhealthy by the introduction of some true and worthy characters, who convince the hero, Stephen Edgcumbe, that there are some men, even if they be but few, who are true. While it may be true of thousands, as the bitter poet has said,

> They eat and drink and scheme and plod,
> They go to church on Sunday;
> And many are afraid of God,
> And more of Mrs. Grundy,

it is not true of all. There are undoubtedly left at least ten thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Balaam or kissed the calves. The literary form of this novel is good. It is the work of a practiced hand, and this, united with its excellent moral effect, renders it a story to be commended. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Teachers of German will welcome the publication of a new book containing three stories, with capital notes and a grammatical appendix of peculiar excellence. The stories are Goethe's "Die neue Melusine," Zschokke's "Der tote Gast," and Kleist's "Die Verlobung in St. Domingo." The editing is done by Professor A. B. Nichols, of Harvard. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

The author of *A Hard Woman: A Story in Scenes*, by Violet Hunt, believes that she (or he) has depicted a type of a large class. The class in reality is not large, though it does really exist. The hard woman, whose only idea is social success, is not as numerous as the novel-writers would have us believe; nevertheless, the character of Mrs. Munday, "the hard woman," is admirably shown in all its phases. The portrait is true to facts. The only thing about this story that is not typical is that the hard woman breaks down. In real life this is the exception, not the rule. As for the rest, the dialogue is sparkling, the narrative moves on rapidly, and the diction is sufficient for the purpose. In short, it is a novel not wholly unworthy of reading. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Religious Outlook in Japan[1]

By the Rev. D. C. Greene, D.D.

A WELL-KNOWN Japanese writer, now in America, has recently declared his conviction that the civilization of the West has reached its height, and that its power of self-development is exhausted. However, he is confident that a new life from Japan is to be infused into this apparently decadent civilization, and that under the leadership of his countrymen the world will advance to a future more glorious than its brightest dreams. In varying terms, the same optimistic prophecy of the part Japan is to play on the world's stage finds daily expression in the public press of its larger cities.

While we may hesitate to accept these views, there can be no question that the growing consciousness of strength on the part of the people of Japan must lead to an unusual intellectual activity, and to an honorable share in the varied work of the world. At this crisis in her history, when the minds of all classes are filled with such bright hopes, the religious condition and prospects of her people are worthy of special study.

As is well known, two religions, Shintoism and Buddhism, have struggled for the mastery on Japanese soil. There has been no complete victory for either, but gradually a *modus vivendi* has been secured. No distinct line of demarcation has separated the followers of the two systems, neither has there been an amalgamation of the two, yet nearly every man, unless a priest (and sometimes even then), has worshiped impartially at both Shinto and Buddhist shrines. Shintoism, whether indigenous or not, dates from the very dawn of history, and is associated with all the legends from prehistoric times, but especially with the early glories of the imperial house. Hence its worship is by many identified with patriotism and loyalty. Buddhism, on the other hand, was introduced from China and Corea in the sixth century. Its missionaries brought with them the arts and literature of the Chinese civilization. Though persecuted for a time, they soon made themselves essential to the life of the nation, and early gained so much influence with the governing classes that Buddhism seemed to be supreme. The wealth and magnificence of its temples and monasteries were in striking contrast with the simplicity, though sometimes the stately simplicity, of the Shinto *miya*, "the honorable houses."

When, however, the old feudal system gave way, and a centralized government was "restored," as the Japanese insist upon saying, Buddhism, which had owed much to the old shogunates, lost its wealth and prestige. Shintoism, on the other hand, began to reassert itself, to claim to be the only true expression of loyalty, and to teach a special system of ethics founded on this one doctrine of loyalty. The stirring events of the past few years have called out many apostles of this doctrine, which, however noble may have been the purpose of its advocates, has unquestionably tended to dull the sense of social obligation. With the Chinese literature came the Confucian system of ethics, which soon rose to a commanding position in Japanese society. Shintoism was especially weak on its ethical side, but even Buddhist priests were glad to avail themselves of the teachings of Confucius. In their purer form these teachings found little currency outside the military class, but gradually they were in a measure popularized, and as thus modified came to be the main reliance for the moral instruction of the people.

When Christianity was brought to Japan by Xavier and his associates, the religious condition of the country seemed to augur a peaceful propagation of the new doctrines, but the imputation of political motives led to the well-known attempt to crush out the last remnants of the Christian faith. The work of the missionaries was more extensive than is generally supposed, and congregations were gathered in many places, even as far as Sendai, nearly 1,000 miles northeast of Nagasaki. The attempt to destroy this work was not entirely successful, and many thousands of Christians, the fruit of the old seed, were found near Nagasaki when the era of modern missions began in 1859. There is reason to believe that this widespread and persistent faith made a permanent impression upon the religious life of Japan. One meets here and there, especially in some of the irregular sects of Shintoism, forms of religious truth which certainly suggest a Christian origin. Some of these the Japanese associate with modern Christianity; but it is more probable that they indicate the working of the old leaven of Xavier's hiding.

With the opening of the country in 1859, Christianity came with new prestige, and associated with a more brilliant civilization. The efforts to take the civilization without the religion were earnest but futile. The first-fruits were early won among the *Samurai*, the intellectual leaders of the people. Even to-day a large share of the Protestant churches are in the old castle towns, and the number of Christian Samurai in the country at large is probably five or six times the normal proportion. These Christian Samurai are active, forth-putting men, whose influence is felt far outside of Christian circles. They have already furnished a Cabinet Minister, several Vice-Ministers, a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, one Speaker and two Chairmen of the Committee of the Whole in the House of Commons of the National Diet, four or five professors in the Imperial University, besides many other high officials. In a recent number of the "Sun," the best known of Japan's periodicals, four of the leading articles were by Christian writers. The high degree of intellectual activity thus indicated must be borne in mind in any attempt to estimate the religious forces at work in Japan. The Christians themselves see in the influence they have gained a reminder of the great responsibility which rests upon them to maintain their intellectual independence, to mold the religious life of Japan, and to make it something more than a mere duplicate of that of Christian lands.

This desire for something new and distinctively their own, while natural and in a manner praiseworthy, tends to an undue emphasis upon the national element in the life of Western lands, and to an underestimate of the strong current which makes for unity. Many of these Christian scholars are well read in the literature of the West. Some of them have traveled widely and have observed carefully the institutions of many lands. But this ever-present stress upon the national element in history too often leads to a misinterpretation of the condition and tendency of Christian thought, and suggests the serious danger of a provincial form for Japanese Christianity.

Happily, however, the influence of Christianity is not seen alone in the writings of its leading men. There are in all over 100,000 enrolled Christians in Japan. Outside the churches there is also a wide penumbra composed of men who, while not always nor even generally attendants on Christian worship, are yet largely under the influence of the Christians, and are ready to accept their leadership in matters of social and political reform. Such men serve not only to increase the growing volume of Christian public sentiment, but also to secure to it a greater steadiness and breadth of purpose. Then, too, though it may be thought that Christian truth comes into Japan chiefly through the force of six hundred and more missionaries, there are many other avenues not less important. I do not wish to disparage the efficiency of this large body of Christian workers, nor that of the churches and other institutions which they have built up; I do not forget the more than 2,000,000 of portions of the Scriptures in the hands of the people, nor the 100,000 native Christians, nor the 7,000 scholars in Christian schools; but I do mean to emphasize the auxiliary forces, which, because they operate at more points, are yielding results not less important, and which embody a prophecy perhaps more sure.

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[1] This article is the first in a series in which will be presented a view of the current conditions of religious thought in many of the countries of the world. Other articles will be by the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, on "The Religious Outlook in England;" by M. Paul Sabatier, on "The Outlook in France;" by Dr. Adolph Harnack, on "The Religious Outlook in Germany;" by Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, on "The Religious Outlook in India;" and by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, on "The Religious Outlook in Russia."

The life of Western lands is making itself felt in Japan in numberless ways. If not already so, English literature will soon be better known in Japan than that of China. This literature is read partly in its English dress and partly in translations. There is also a rapidly growing native literature which embodies essentially Western thought. Under the influence of this literature, changes are taking place in the language which betoken a new attitude of mind. In the meantime the common-school system, culminating in the Imperial University, and the public press are propagating these new thoughts and this new attitude of mind in the most retired parts of the country. All these influences are intensified by the increasing intimacy of relation between Japan and the Great Powers, of which she even now claims to be one. The world has never before seen the attempt to transfer a nation from one civilization to another under conditions so favorable. Brought at first unwillingly into close relations with the greatest nations of the earth, Japan has become interested in the new life and ambitious for a conspicuous share in its activities. Her scholars have already gained recognition in some important departments as worthy contributors to the world's stock of knowledge. This sense of community of interest is heightened by the close contact created by more than weekly mails, by fast steamers, and daily telegrams from the centers of the world's life. Under such circumstances assimilation must be rapid, and it is no exaggeration to say that soon the line between the Occident and the Orient will pass through the Japan Sea.

THE AMERICAN BOARD DEPUTATION TO JAPAN

Rev. J. G. Johnston, D.D. Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D.
Hon. William P. Ellison Rev. J. L. Barton, D.D.

The work of the missionaries and the Japanese Christians is supported at every point by this process of assimilation. On the other hand, the old religions, while preserving the form of life, cannot maintain themselves against the current of modern thought. Various attempts have been made to ally the Buddhism of Japan with the pantheism of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, but such an alliance does not and cannot interest the great mass of Buddhist believers. Complaints are made on every hand of the ignorance and immorality of the priesthood. Efforts at reform accomplish something, it is true, but the great reforming influence is that which goes forth from the Christian community, which, small though it be, has the ear of the public. The hold of the priesthood is relaxing, in spite of a few new and gorgeous temples, which might seem to indicate vigor and strength, and of their best efforts to adjust themselves to the new life about them. An attempt has been made to avail themselves of the late nationalistic reaction to join forces with Shintoism against Christianity, but it is plainly artificial and cannot long be maintained. The two sets of men who are thus brought together have little in common but their dread of the advancing Christianity.

The Shinto scholars, however, have gained a more legitimate advantage from the increasing influence of the Imperial House; but they, certainly the most thoughtful of them, feel that a new interpretation must be given to the doctrines of their faith, and they are beginning to proclaim them in terms of monotheism. Perhaps in part as a reaction from this rationalizing movement, many irregular Shinto sects are springing up, with which are associated phenomena akin to those which lie at the root of the so-called Christian Science. In one of the most important of these, the *Tenrikyo*, that is, the Teaching of the Heavenly Principles, which claims nearly two million adherents, there seems to be a marked tendency toward monotheism. It is chiefly noticeable because it illustrates how, under the influence of the common schools and the public press, even the ebullitions of superstition are restrained and made amenable to the general drift of public sentiment. At first anti-rationalistic, these new sects are compelled to rationalize, and will ere long lose their distinctive character and make way for a new and better movement. They mean, it would seem, the disintegration of the old religions; and I think the Buddhist priests, who are seriously alarmed, so understand them.

Perhaps no better illustration of the present ethico-religious revolution can be given than two remarkable addresses by prominent public men. The first which I will mention is that of Professor Iyenaga, of the Keio Gijiku, Mr. Fukuzawa's famous university. He took as his text the attempted assassination of Li Hung Chang, and set forth in a masterly manner the need of a new basis for the ethical instruction of the young men of Japan. He maintained that such acts could not be considered as mere sporadic cases of crime, but that they were the natural result of the Confucian system, and proved its incompatibility with the facts of modern life. It is essentially a feudalistic system, and does not contemplate the needs of the more complicated conditions of modern society. The other address was by the Minister of Education, Marquis Saionji. In almost identical terms the Marquis expressed his conviction, and indicated that the policy of his department would be in favor of a broader and more cosmopolitan view of social obligations. These two men do not speak for themselves alone; their speeches mark an epoch in the ethical history of Japan. They assert, in effect, that Japan's ethical needs are the same as those of the nations of the West. They illustrate how the future of Japan is bound up with that of Christian nations. She feels, and quickly feels, every movement which stirs Western society. Even the late so-called reaction is nothing less than a manifestation in Japan of the same world-movement which has produced anti-Semitism in Germany and the A. P. A. in the United States. The liberal movement in the churches which causes us anxiety is one and the same with that which is felt in America. To hold the German missionaries or the American Unitarians responsible for it is to miss its true meaning.

Upon this close and growing intimacy between the life of Japan and that of the West I base my forecast of the future. I believe in a Divine Providence who is to bring out of the present unrest all over the world a stronger and a more intelligent faith. This very series of articles testifies to a spirit of expectancy. As the very youthfulness of the Church of Japan has made her feel more keenly the doubts which have disturbed us all, so will that same freshness of youth render her more responsive to the new faith. The channels of influence are open. Would that there might course through them none but streams which shall make glad the City of God!

The Deputation to Japan and the Kumi-ai Churches

The letter of the Deputation of the American Board to the Kumi-ai churches in Japan has appeared in other papers, and by them has been made the basis of editorial comment. It has not before appeared in The Outlook, simply because it was definitely understood that all report was first to be made to the Prudential Committee, and after that given to the public. Misleading comments on this letter have appeared in certain quarters which are clearly made by those who do not understand the facts. The report of the Deputation will appear in substance in these columns next week. It is to be presented to the Board on Wednesday, January 23, after which it will become public property. Since the letter of the Deputation to the Japanese churches has appeared elsewhere, we give it here in full:

Dear Brethren: The Deputation appointed by the Prudential Committee of the American Board to visit and confer with its missionaries and with Japanese Christians in Japan has completed its work and is about to sail for home. During our presence in your beautiful country we have been the recipients of so many courtesies at the hands of the Kumi-ai Christians and churches that we should feel that we had been deprived of a great privilege if we were not permitted to express our hearty thanks to you for your kindness to us. With the growth of your churches, almost unexampled in the history of any country, we have had great satisfaction, and at the prospect of still larger growth, both in numbers and spirituality, in the not distant future, we gratefully rejoice. We feel that your history is our history, and your prosperity is a blessing which will carry gladness to all Christians the world around.

You are a body of independent churches, subject to no master but Jesus Christ. This we fully recognize, and this our missionaries have always recognized, and we have rejoiced to find in you much of the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, to whom the religious life of our country is so largely indebted. As we look over the world with its teeming millions, so many of whom have no clear idea of the Gospel of our Saviour, we feel that an immense and solemn responsibility rests upon the Church of Christ in all lands, and not the least in your own land, to which Providence seems to have committed the intellectual and spiritual leadership of the East.

In our study of the problems facing the missionaries we have had to consider whether the time had come for their withdrawal from Japan. In getting information on this point we have consulted with many of your ministers, laymen, and evangelists, and every one has advised us not immediately to withdraw from the field. Some have suggested that the number of missionaries should not be increased, but the voice in favor of retaining most of those now present has been unanimous. We have decided to advise the missionaries to remain in your country for the present, hoping that the time will not be far distant in which you will be able not only to do without them, but also to join with us in carrying the kingdom to other lands. Our missionaries will not attempt to establish independent churches, but will, so far as they are able, seek to co-operate with you in the work of the Kumi-ai body along the same general lines as in the past; and we ask for them in their difficult duties your generous co-operation.

They will, of course, have to do the work in the way in which they can work best, as you will work in the way best adapted to you; but there ought to be, and we are persuaded that there will be, no serious difficulty in such co-operation. We must ask you to remember that our missionaries have to render an account to the Board concerning their work and all moneys expended by them, and that often, when you may differ from them, they may be only carrying out the imperative and necessary instructions of the Board.

We have been advised, both by you and by our missionaries, to devote more attention in the future to sending out for occasional service eminent and able pastors and theologians, and also to provide for the translation and publication of works of religious thought of standard value. Both of these suggestions seem to us eminently wise, and we shall take great pleasure in advising our Board to do as you suggest. You have also suggested that so far as there may be changes in the location of missionaries, less attention should be given to cities where there are already well-established Kumi-ai churches. That suggestion also approves itself to us, and we have so advised our missionaries.

We regret that we have not been able to come to agreement with those with whom we have had misunderstanding concerning houses and lands, purchased and paid for by the treasury of the American Board. In Kioto and Kumamoto such misunderstandings exist. With reference to this we have addressed to the Trustees of the Doshisha a letter from which we quote as follows:

> We cannot believe that you will think of asking rent from the Board for the missionary houses in Kioto, when the land was purchased and the houses were paid for entirely out of the treasury of the Board. For you to do that, we believe that both you and all your countrymen would hold to be a stain upon the good name of the Doshisha.

Concerning our difficulty at Kumamoto we desire to say that we are profoundly grateful to our brethren of the Kumi-ai churches for what they have done to help us in that matter; and we trust that they will not cease to use their efforts until there has been an honorable settlement.

As we study the religious condition of the world we find much cause for rejoicing at the swift advancement of the kingdom of God; but we also see that that kingdom has many and insidious foes, and that the demand was never greater that all the Christian host should present a united and aggressive front against unbelief and sin. This is no time for emphasis upon what we do not believe. Positive, Scriptural, able, consecrated preaching, and pure, saintly, Christian lives are everywhere imperatively demanded. Will you not unite with us, and with all Christians, in exalting the personality and fatherhood of God, the saving work of Jesus Christ, the need of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and his constant ministry; the duty of all men of every land and condition to love and serve one another, and the power of the endless life? In short, may we not, together with all evangelical Christians, unite in so presenting the Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ that your land and our land and all lands shall, in due time, acknowledge him as Master and Lord?

We have read with much interest the platform adopted by you in you recent meeting at Nara, and see in it your recognition that the world can be made truly Christian only by men of lofty faith, holy lives, and pure hearts. We pray God's blessing on the movement there so auspiciously started.

Dear brethren, we greet you as our fellow-workers for the kingdom of God; we pray for you; will you not pray for us and for our country, that together Japan and America may advance toward the stature of truly Christian nations?

Once more and from our hearts we thank you for your courtesy to us. It will never be forgotten. God bless the Kumi-ai churches, and God bless the Japanese nation!

In the bonds of Christian fellowship we subscribe ourselves, dear brethren, very kindly,

James L. Barton.
William P. Ellison.
James Gibson Johnson.
Amory H. Bradford.

Yokohama, December 6, 1895.

In regard to the above letter one or two points need to be guarded. The letter distinctly says that there is a "misunderstanding" in regard to the property at Kioto, and it quotes from a letter addressed to the Trustees of the Doshisha; but the letter to the Trustees was not regarded by *them* as any imputation upon their motives, and by it the Deputation simply stated that it would have to leave the whole matter to the honor of the Japanese Christians. There has been a tendency to misinterpret this part of the letter. Those who are most conversant with the facts in the case are not at all surprised that there is a misunderstanding. They feel that the Japanese Christians are intending to do the honorable thing in the midst of difficult circumstances, and they are still hoping for an agreement that will be satisfactory to both parties. The Deputation has said nothing reflecting upon the Christian character of the Trustees of the Doshisha, who interpret certain facts in a different way from that of the Board. In the absence of written documents such misunderstandings are not surprising. The Trustees of the Doshisha assured the Deputation that the missionaries would receive from them generous and honorable treatment, and thus far there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of their statement. If that pledge is not kept, there will be occasion for strong speech—but not till then. In all the intercourse of the Deputation with the Trustees we are assured that their conduct was that of Christian gentlemen. If, as the result of further correspondence, the misunderstanding continues, we hope it may be settled by arbitration.

A Lecture Course

"The God-Idea in some of the Principal Religions of the World" will form the subject of a course of lectures to be given before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, in the Pouch Mansion, 345 Clinton Avenue, on Sunday evenings in February and March. "The Hindu Conception of God" will be presented by the Swami Vivekananda, of India; "The Idea of God as Expressed in the Art of the Ages" by Professor J. Leonard Corning, of Munich; "The Ancient Religion of China: Its Teachings Concerning God, Immortality, etc.," by the Rev. F. Huberty

James, of England. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Dr. L. G. Janes, Fulton Building, New York.

The Religious World

The Recall of Commander Booth

What has been known for a little time to a few persons has at last reached the public, namely, that Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth have been recalled to England by the head of the Salvation Army. Just where they are to be placed in the future we have no intimation at the time of this writing, and it is not essential that we should have in order to say that, at least from the American point of view, a very great mistake has been made. In a peculiar way Commander and Mrs. Booth have identified themselves with the American people. The Army was in a weak condition when they assumed its direction here. They have done more than revive its spirit; they have given Americans confidence in its management, and many have contributed liberally to its support who would not have thought of doing so had they imagined that Commander and Mrs. Booth were likely soon to be displaced. It is not probable that the change indicates lack of confidence on the part of the home office. It may be supposed that it is intended to promote the American leaders; but the Army cannot promote them. It has no field to offer them in which they can do a larger work, and it has no one in its whole service who here will be regarded with the same confidence. The ablest and most efficient officers in the whole Army may be sent to the United States, but they will come untried and comparatively unknown. They will have to make their own place and secure for themselves by years of difficult service the confidence which is now reposed in the Commander and Mrs. Booth. It is possible that the welfare of the Army at large may require a serious sacrifice on the part of the Army in the United States, but nothing else could possibly justify this change. We hope it is not too late for the mistake to be seen, and for Commander and Mrs. Booth to be left in charge of the Army in this country, which they can lead better than any one else, and which affords them quite as great a field for their pre-eminent abilities as any other country in the world could offer them.

The Brick Church in New York

As our readers are aware, a year or two ago the Church of the Covenant and the Brick Church in New York, both Presbyterian, united, the congregation of the former going to the Brick Church, and the Rev. Drs. H. J. van Dyke and J. H. McIlvaine jointly retaining the pastorate. Experience has proved that both men are not needed in the position, and, in order that the church might be free to choose a pastor who should represent the united body, both pastors resigned. It was understood that Dr. McIlvaine desired to withdraw, and that he earnestly and generously urged the people to unite in retaining Dr. van Dyke. At a meeting held on January 15 the following resolution concerning Dr. van Dyke was offered by Mr. J. Cleveland Cady, who represented the old Church of the Covenant:

> *Resolved*, That the congregation of the Brick Presbyterian Church urgently request Dr. van Dyke to withdraw his resignation and to continue in charge of the church as its pastor. We do this out of sincere affection for him and appreciation for his ministrations. We recall his faithful and successful services during thirteen years, and recognize that the present prosperity of the church is due chiefly to his labors and eminent standing in the community. He has labored for our souls' welfare and brought us the consolation of Jesus Christ. We have found blessing and edification in his pulpit services, and have precious memories of his kindness and sympathy. We will not consent to bring to an end such a history of affectionate service on his part, and we sincerely trust he will continue to be our pastor.
>
> *Resolved*, That we pledge him not only our united regard and affection, but also such aid in his work as he may find necessary. We recognize the greatness of the burden we ask him to resume, and promise to come to his aid in such way and measure as he may desire.

After the above was adopted the following resolution was proposed by Mr. John E. Parsons, representing the Brick Church, concerning Dr. McIlvaine:

> *Resolved*, That we cannot allow Dr. McIlvaine to leave us without putting upon record our high appreciation of his ability as a preacher and his endearing qualities as a man. To friends who came with him to this united church he has added the larger number of those to whom he has ministered in his new field. We appreciate the unselfish and self-sacrificing motive which has led him to insist that he shall be allowed to resign and that Dr. Van Dyke shall be asked to stay. We wish him Godspeed, and shall pray that he may be safely kept in his journeyings, and prospered in any new field of labor he may select.

We do not know what Dr. McIlvaine's future will be, but a man of such eminent ability and consecration cannot long be allowed to remain idle. It is intimated that one cause of his resignation was the desire for a year's rest and travel. His ministry, both in Presbyterian and Congregational pulpits, has proved him an able thinker and an eloquent preacher.

Myron Adams

We have already briefly noted the death of the Rev. Myron Adams, but desire here to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one of the most chivalric spirits in the pulpit of the State of New York. The Rev. Myron Adams, who was pastor of Plymouth Church in Rochester, died at his home on Sunday, December 29. He was a graduate of Auburn Theological Seminary, and a son-in-law of Professor Samuel M. Hopkins, one of the most independent and vigorous thinkers of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Adams saw service in the war, and afterward entered the ministry. He was an independent and earnest thinker, a man who hated shams and loved righteousness with peculiar intensity. He was the author of several books, the best known of which is "The Continuous Creation." Those who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Adams always found him a genial friend and an earnest and manly man. He was honest—if such an expression may be used—even to a fault; sometimes perhaps even misrepresenting himself in his effort to be absolutely sincere. He had become a great power in the city of Rochester, where his noble personality was greatly honored and loved. The service in his remembrance which was held in the church of which he had been pastor was conducted by an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Unitarian, and a Jewish Rabbi, while other ministers very generally, in their own pulpits, bore testimony to the fidelity and earnestness of the man who had so strongly impressed himself upon the religious and municipal life of the city. It was the privilege of the writer of this paragraph to know Mr. Adams intimately before he entered the ministry, and from that day to his death he was always found to be a gracious, brave, honest, and manly advocate of everything which he believed to be true and good.

A New Missionary Paper Proposed

It has been long thought that an inexpensive missionary newspaper which should give important facts about the work of all the Congregational societies would have a wide usefulness. The officers of the six Congregational societies—namely, the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Congregational Home Missionary Society, American Missionary Association, Congregational Church Building Society, Congregational Education Society, and the American Board—have now prepared a circular-letter to the churches asking pledges for the support of such a paper. It would be a sixteen-page monthly, sold at the nominal annual subscription price of ten cents, and the plan would be for the churches to agree to take each a certain number of copies for its own families. The hope is to reach all families in the denomination. The officers of the societies rightly say that "such a paper as is suggested would awaken interest, stimulate inquiry after further information, unify our operations and bind us together as a denomination, facilitate the work of pastors among their people, and lead to increased prayer and giving and effort in our own denominational work." The proposed paper would in no way take the place of present missionary publications, but would supplement their work and occupy a field of its own.

A Memorial Meeting

The universal love which went out to Arthur Brooks, the breadth of his interests, and the large place he filled in this community, were evidenced both by the spirit which characterized the occasion and by the large congregation which assembled at the memorial service in the Church of the Incarnation, in this city, on Sunday evening last. Among the speakers were the Rev. Drs. Greer and Rainsford, Dr. Seth Low, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. Archdeacon Tiffany, who presided, also made some interesting comments on Dr. Brooks. The addresses breathed a profound spirit of reverence for the courage, the honesty, the ability, the helpfulness, and the varied talents of a man whose life had many sides, but whose energies were all consecrated to one end.

Union Seminary Lectures

A course of lectures in Union Theological Seminary on the now popular subject of the Unity of the Christian Church has already been announced in these columns, but all the special subjects have not been given. The subjects of the lectures still to be given are as follows:

January 27, President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, "The Sin Schism."

February 10, Bishop H. C. Potter, "The Lambeth Articles."

March 2, Bishop J. F. Hurst, "Irenic Movements Since the Reformation."

March 9, the Rev. A. H. Bradford. D.D., "The Unity of the Spirit World-wide Necessity."

Leonard Bradley and the Wolves

A Story for Young Folks

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

I have learned more about dead generations from the attic than from the many-branched Family Tree hanging in the wide hall, under the original grant of land signed by Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. The last time I undertook the attic I was armed with a bunch of keys (wardens to the more valuable heirlooms) and accompanied by Grandmamma. For Grandmamma delights in talking “old times” to one who loves to listen. Therefore, when Grandmamma was seated upon a little, low chair with a very high back, belonging, no doubt, to a spinning-wheel and a chimney-corner, I proceeded to look at the contents of a brown hair trunk.

“What an extraordinary garment!” I said, holding up to view a coat with the tails torn or chewed directly off. “It looks as if it went with a powdered queue and knee-breeches and buckles, and all that sort of thing. But why are there no coat-tails?”

“That coat belonged to your great-great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, on your mother’s side. The Bradley things are in the trunks, and the Herberts’ in the chests—”

“But the coat-tails?” I said, closing the trunk and spreading the garment upon it. I settled myself beside it, and Grandmamma smiled at me.

“It’ll not take long to tell, for it didn’t take long to happen. I am very proud of those lost coat-tails. It happened this way—and I’ve heard my father tell about it so often that I can close my eyes and see it. Your great-great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, was a famous huntsman in his day, and used to make excursions into the heart of the mountains near which he lived, and bring back game, and plenty of pelts besides. That part of the country was so wild and lonely then, and the little settlement so near the foot of the mountain, that for years the sheep-pens were not safe at night from a prowling bear or wolf. I heard many a story, as a child, of the creatures which inhabited those mountains and never showed themselves by light of day.

“One evening, Leonard Bradley, who was quite a young man, returned, at dusk, with two of his friends from a hunting expedition in the mountains. A ‘town meeting’ had been called for that evening, and was to be held in the school-house. The school-house stood some distance from the group of houses which formed the settlement, it having been built near the foot of the mountain, because the village seemed to be growing in that direction. It was a bitterly cold evening, and the ground was covered with snow. The huntsmen, who had not brought back much game, determined to stop at the school-house and await the several townsmen, who, with themselves, would form the meeting of the principal men of the village. One of Leonard Bradley’s friends had shot a bear’s cub shortly before dusk, and, returning, had grown tired, and dragged it after him over the snow to the door of the school-house. The third man of the party was the schoolmaster, who, having a duplicate key of the door, let them in, and they proceeded to build a fire preparatory to the meeting to be held later.

“They sat around it, getting warm and chatting, and by and by one said:

“‘The wind is rising. Hear it coming down the mountain!’

“‘Yes,’ said another, ‘’tis like a human voice. It will be bitterly cold to go home in.’

“‘Harken!’ said Leonard Bradley, suddenly. Then they sat silent for a moment, and in that moment the wind’s voice took a strange and terrible note. Nearer and more loud it came. Nearer and more terrible.

“The men sprang to their feet with blanched faces. Then a prolonged and fearful sound swept down the mountain through the night, and wrapped them round with a terrible nearness.

“‘Wolves!’ said Leonard Bradley. ‘They are starved out and have followed our track. There must have been blood dropped from the game!’

“An instant of listening showed that he was right. The wind-like sound that, at a distance, seemed to come from one throat, broke suddenly from a multitude, and in a moment later a frenzied pack of wolves hurled itself, dashing and leaping, upon the door of the little school-house.

“‘The mark of the cub’s blood,’ said Leonard Bradley, briefly. ‘How many charges have you?’

“‘Two,’ said one man, examining his gun. ‘One,’ said the other, looking at his. ‘None,’ said Leonard Bradley, snapping his flintlock, ‘and the door is not over strong.’

“Between the chinks of a shutter they could see the howling forms, black against the snow, making vain dashes upon the door-sill, over which the body of the cub had been drawn. The door shook ominously as they hurled themselves against it.

“‘We cannot shoot from here,’ said one of the men. Then Leonard Bradley leaped up a low flight of steps to a little landing, where hung the bell-rope, the long end of which lay coiled upon the floor. On this landing was also a window, and to this window the three men pressed.

“Far off they could see a gleam of light here and there from the houses in the settlement. The moon had risen, and all around them was a world of snow, with the darkness of the mountain in the background, and beneath was a panting, ravenous pack of wolves—how many they did not dare conjecture. The tracks of blood in the snow had fairly frenzied the beasts. They were howling like mad, and leaping upon the door of the school-house.

“One of the men fired from the window, and a huge wolf sprang upward and dropped back dead. A second shot entered the pack and infuriated the animals all the more. The third missed fire.

“‘That is all, and the door will not hold much longer,’ said Leonard Bradley, at a sound from below. He seized the bell-rope and commenced to ring with all his might.

“‘This may stir them in the village, and show that something is wrong!’

“‘’Twill soon be too late,’ said one of the men, leaning from the window; ‘they must smell the blood yet!’

“‘Throw out the game and keep them off the door!’ cried Leonard Bradley. So, while he pulled the bell-rope, his friends carried upward the game, which they had piled within the door, and cast it out the window, piece by piece, into the pack below. There were but four pieces in all, and these were fallen upon and ravenously devoured. But the portion of the hungry wolves which had gotten none tore upon the school-house door in a fury, evidently scenting the blood which had crossed its threshold.

“Then there came a sudden sound of cracking timbers. The two men fell upon their knees, and Leonard Bradley dropped the bell-rope.

“‘The door is giving way!’ he said. ‘If there was but a little more time, help might come.’

“‘If there were but more game to throw out!’ cried one of the men.

“And again there was the sound of cracking timber. Then, suddenly, Leonard Bradley seized the coil of bell-rope and sprang upon the window-ledge. In a twinkling, before his friends dreamed of his intention, he was outside, hanging over the heads of the howling wolves. ‘The door is giving!’ he called back. ‘You both have families. Maybe I can keep them off—’

“Then there was a howl. Two black forms leaped into the air, and there was a sharp cry from Leonard Bradley and a pistol-shot. The foremost wolf fell back dead, and a volley of shot poured into the pack, scattering them right and left. They dashed backward in a panic towards the mountain, followed by a rain of bullets and shot.

“The bell had rung the alarmed neighbors thither, and the first shot had caught the wolf which leaped upward after Leonard Bradley.

“They picked Leonard Bradley up, unconscious but really unhurt. It was found, however, that his coat-tails had been seized and torn off by the fangs of the wolf.

“And this is the coat,” said Grandmamma, stroking the garment, which lay on the trunk. “Leonard Bradley’s mother kept it, and afterwards his wife, for it means that, after all, soldiers do not always fight with a sword, and all the heroes are not written down in history.”

Answers to Puzzles

In The Outlook for January 18

Names of Capes.—East, Farewell, Good Hope, Horn, Clear, May, Verd, Prince of Wales, North, Charles, Town, Hatteras, Cod, Henry, Blanco, Ann.

Birds with Rhymes.—1. Crow, so. 2. Jay, gay. 3. Parrot, carrot. 4. Wren, again. 5. Lark, hark. 6. Owl, scowl. 7. Eagle, legal. 8. Hen, men. 9. Goose, loose. 10. Gull, dull. 11. Dove, love. 12. Linnet, minute. 13. Duck, luck. 14. Swallow, wallow. 15. Hawk, talk. 16. Sparrow, arrow. 17. Raven, craven. 18. Thrush, hush. 19. Crane, cane. 20. Rook, nook.

Riddle.—The name John.

Flowers with Rhymes.—1. Rose, grows. 2. Lily, chilly. 3. Pink, think. 4. Myrtle, turtle. 5. Crocus, focus. 6. Phlox, box. 7. Marjoram, decorum. 8. Pansy, tansy. 9. Lotus, wrote us. 10. Aster, master. 11. Stock, rock. 12. Primrose, prim rows. 13. Clover, over. 14. Daisy, hazy.

Additions.—1. Mit, mitten. 2. Of, often. 3. Bit, bitten. 4. Has, hasten. 5. Fry, frighten. 6. Oh, oaten. 7. Lie, lighten. 8. Bat, batten. 9. Kit, kitten. 10. Pat, patten.

For the Little People

Barmecide Ball

By Isaac Ogden Rankin

My laddie and I together,
  Before he had grown so tall,
Played one odd game with an odder name—
  He called it "Barmecide ball."

"Grandmamma! I have discovered
  A nice new game," he said;
And his eyes with fun were gleaming,
  And his cheeks were cherry red.

"I can't play ball in the nursery,
  I mustn't play in the hall,
Outdoors it is raining, raining—
  Let's play at Barmecide ball!"

You remember the Barmecide's dinner
  Which the Barber tells about—
The table spread, and talk of bread,
  But food and drink left out?

Such was my laddie's fancy;
  The game was soon begun;
We had no ball to use at all,
  But simply "lots of fun."

For his heart was in the frolic,
  He laughed and tossed—and all
In pure imagination:
  And this is Barmecide ball.

It isn't the globe of leather
  That makes the game, you see,
But a laughing heart which does its part
  Whatever the fun may be.

"Compliments of Brer Rabbit"

By James Buckham

It was a nice, new box trap that stood under the oak-tree on the knoll; one of those traps that boys use when they wish to catch small animals, like squirrels and rabbits, alive.

It had a lid, caught up with a string. The string was attached to a bit of stick, on which the bait was fixed; and when the animal entered the trap and nibbled the bait, the lid would fall and shut him in.

Standing as it did upon a knoll, the trap could be seen quite a distance away. It belonged to Harry Drake; and Harry had set it under the oak-tree to catch a rabbit which he had seen nibbling there.

It happened that two young men, who were taking an afternoon walk, passed near the knoll in the pasture, and saw the trap under the oak-tree. "Ah!" said one of them, "there's a box trap—just the kind I used to set for squirrels and rabbits when I was a boy. Let's go up and have a look at it." So the two young men climbed the knoll where the oak-tree stood, and knelt down to examine the trap. It had been newly set, and there was a nice fresh piece of apple, for bait, on the wooden trigger. The young men were in a merry mood, and the one who had first suggested visiting the trap exclaimed, "Suppose we give the boy who set this trap a surprise!" He took a blank card out of his pocket, laughingly penciled a line upon it, showed it to his companion, and then put it in the trap and sprung the trigger, so that the lid fell down, as it would if a rabbit had nibbled at the bait. The two young men walked away laughing, and soon disappeared.

When school was out for the afternoon, Harry Drake made all haste to visit his trap. Imagine his delight and excitement when, as he climbed the pasture fence, he saw that the lid of his trap was down. "Oh! oh!" he cried, "I've caught my rabbit, sure!" He ran up the knoll as fast as his short and plump little legs would carry him. Then, with flushed face and trembling hands, he bent over the trap and lifted the lid ever so little, that he might get a peep within. But no little furry nose was pushed up into the crack, nor was there any sound of rustling or scratching within. Surprised and anxious, Harry lifted the lid a trifle higher. A beam of light fell across the dark interior of the trap, and Harry saw a glimmer of something white. He watched it closely for a minute, but it did not move. Finally he lifted the lid of the trap until he could thrust in his chubby hand. A bit of cardboard met his fingers. He drew it out, and, with eyes wide with wonder, read these astonishing words, written across the card in a bold hand:

Compliments of Brer Rabbit

It was the card which one of the young men had placed in the trap to surprise Harry.

It was some time before the bewildered young trapper realized that it was a joke which had been played upon him, and not the real autograph card of "Brer Rabbit" himself. But when the significance of the droll message did appear to him, he had a jolly laugh, that did him as much good as if he had actually caught poor little Bunny.

Peter's Mistake and Apology

She was such a dear little girl that you loved her at once. She had a most interesting family of dolls. They were all sizes and all kinds—Chinese, Japanese, French dolls, English dolls, and American dolls. When they were together they almost made a congress of nations. The favorite doll was the American doll, not because the little mother was so patriotic, but because this doll was her first doll.

I would not be surprised if you would shudder at the description of this favorite doll. One leg was gone, and one arm had been pulled off—perhaps it would be truer to say it had been worn off by the constant carrying of this small mother, who at times forgot and dragged her doll as if she were a wagon. From dragging over the floor and lawn one heel had been worn through, and all the sawdust ran out and the limp leg hung down, or blew out in the wind with her petticoat. One eye was gone, and the other had become fixed with an upward stare that made you uncomfortable. But the little mother loved this doll for her misfortunes; she slept with her; she sat behind her when she was at the table, and in her lap when she listened to stories. The other dolls looked in speechless wonder at this devotion. They were spick and span and whole, but when they went driving it was the maimed and one-eyed doll that sat in the little mother's lap, and they were on the cushion under the robe.

This doll's name was often changed, but it was sure to keep one part of its name always—"My dear." Whatever change took place, it never lost that. At last, one day, the end came. "My dear" Etta was left for a moment on the piazza alone. She was on her back looking steadily at the roof of the piazza. Peter, the dog, an old friend, one would suppose, for they had been in the same family for three years, came bounding around the corner of the house. He stopped so short when he saw Etta that he threw himself backward. Then he bounded back some distance, and round the corner of the house again as if playing at hide-and-seek. "My dear" Etta made no advances and Peter wagged his tail fiercely, and barked uproariously, and capered around the helpless doll. Was it the wind, or did she shiver? Peter, with a jolly, joyous bark, as if saying, "Come now, let us have some fun," took dear Etta's best dress in his mouth, and scampered over the lawn. Such a frolic and game you never saw!

Such a howl and tumult as there was when the little mother saw what had happened! Peter went up the hill with his tail hanging between his legs and his head down. Why, he meant it in fun! it was a game! and now there was only a bundle of rags. You know how you felt when harm has come where you meant fun. That afternoon Peter barked up on the hill. His bark seemed to say, "I wish you would come. Somebody needs you." At last the little mamma and her big sister went up there, and what do you think? Somebody had dropped three pretty gray kittens near the fence, and they were huddled together crying piteously. The little mother gave a scream of joy, and gathered them into her apron, and trotted down the hill, with Peter jumping and barking at her side as if to say, "There! see, I do love you! I did not mean to hurt you, or dear Etta. Will you forgive me now that I have found these dear kittens for you?"

The kittens were the happiest things, and kept the little mother so busy that she forgot Etta. The other dolls took turns in riding in her lap, and shared the privilege of hearing the stories. And the little mother was very much happier with so many dependent upon her for their pleasure; and no one doll was being made selfish.

Tobe

A True Story

By E. L. Thurston

Tobe is the most deceitful animal that ever drew a street-car—at least so the drivers and stablemen of his line are accustomed to remark.

The driver groans when Tobe is led up and harnessed to the car. His groans are louder and deeper, frequently, before the trip is ended, and then, when summoned before the superintendent to give his reason for being so long on the way, he simply answers:

"I had Tobe, sir!" and the excuse is accepted. Yet Tobe would be missed were he to leave the line, and it is doubtful, after all, if the men would wish him turned off.

He is the fattest horse on the line—and the laziest. His sleek brown coat glistens in the light, and he looks the image of health and strength—and yet!

He was half-way between the two terminals the other evening, when the car was suddenly stopped to take on a passenger, and when the bell rang to go ahead, Tobe evidently decided otherwise, and calmly slid down flat on the track with every appearance of a very sick or a very dead horse.

The driver and conductor hurriedly dismounted and ran forward. The former being, with reason, somewhat suspicious, struck the horse with the whip, to make him rise. Tobe gave a groan, lay out flatter than ever, and closed his eyes. The men tried to raise him, but he hung limp on their hands, and they had to desist from their efforts.

Other cars came up and were blocked, while their drivers joined in the attempt to get the poor sick horse on his feet.

People in the crowd talked about the cruelty of the company in using worn-out horses on the line, and gazed compassionately at the form spread out before them. They did not see, as one or two others did, the poor sick horse stick out his tongue and lick in a dry leaf that fluttered against his nose.

More cars came up and stopped, and the crowd grew larger.

"Draw him off to one side, so the cars can go on," suggested a conductor, and willing hands quickly undid the harness and pulled the horse off to one side, one bystander remarking:

"*He'll* never pull a car again."

As the men turned back to their cars, however, there was a slight noise behind them They looked around, and there was Tobe calmly rising to his feet. He got up easily and steadily, shook himself once or twice, snatched a mouthful of dry leaves from the gutter, and then calmly walked back to his place in front of his car, and waited to be harnessed up.

Twice has Tobe been so afflicted, and many other times has he gone lame so suddenly and severely that the other horse has had to practically draw the car home, while Tobe appeared barely able to drag one foot after the other; and yet, the minute the stable-yard was reached, his lameness has suddenly disappeared.

Aid for Armenia

Whatever may be the outcome of the assertion by the Turkish Legation at Washington of the refusal of the Porte to admit the Red Cross Society into Turkey, it is quite certain that it is possible for Americans to aid the starving Armenians. The letter below, from the National Armenian Relief Committee, makes that perfectly clear. In point of fact, the assertion has not been confirmed from Constantinople, and Miss Clara Barton and her assistants will probably have sailed for Turkey before this is read. We renew our urgent appeal of last week to our readers to help in this pitiful and pressing cause. The report from Van, published herewith, gives a vivid idea of what is actually being done. The Outlook subscribes $250 to the relief fund. It asks its readers to send it contributions, made payable to the order of The Outlook Company.

Miss Juliet Corson,
Founder of the New York Cooking School,

Mrs. D. A. Lincoln,
Author of "Boston Cook Book,"

Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer,
Principal Philadelphia Cooking School,

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing,
Principal Chautauqua School of Cookery,

Miss Fannie M. Farmer,
Principal Boston Cooking School,

Miss C. C. Bedford,
Superintendent New York Cooking School,

Miss Kate E. Whitaker,
Normal Cookery School, San Francisco,

Marion Harland,
Author "Common Sense in the Household,"

All Authorities
On cookery, writers and teachers,

Use Cleveland's Baking Powder

It does
the best work.

Relief Still Possible

The following official statement has been issued from the headquarters of the National Armenian Relief Committee:

The reported intention of the Turkish Government to refuse the American Red Cross permission to enter Turkey will not cause the National Armenian Relief Committee and its branches throughout the country to relax their efforts for an instant in raising funds to save the 350,000 Armenians who are perishing from starvation and exposure.

The National Committee is the authorized agency throughout the country for raising funds and supplies to be distributed by the Red Cross, providing it enters the field. But in case the Red Cross is excluded, the National Committee has authority to utilize existing agencies on the ground or organize new ones, so that all contributors may be assured that their gifts will, as speedily as possible, reach the sufferers for whom they are intended.

Many are not aware of the fact that relief work to the extent of not less than $100,000 has already been successfully carried out in Turkey during the past few months, under the direction of a strong and representative committee of foreign residents and diplomats in Constantinople, through European Consuls, and the Americans who are to be found in all the principal cities of the interior.

A letter just received from Constantinople, dated December 27, states that sixty bales of clothing had been forwarded that week to Cesarea, and that it is now possible to forward large amounts of money safely to those engaged in this relief work in the devastated regions.

45 William Street, New York, January 14, 1896.

What is Being Done

The following extracts from the Report of the Armenian Industrial Relief Bureau at Van show what is being done, and how:

The fact that this relief work was demanded and begun in midsummer, a time when, if ever, a people whose fortunes are bound up in the soil should be able to keep the wolf from the door, is an eloquent proof of the sad state of affairs among the Christian inhabitants of Armenia. In midsummer of a year of exceptional agricultural prosperity, so great was the number of those destitute of daily bread that we were forced to begin relief work. The plan of this work is to aid without pauperizing, and to utilize a part of the great number of workers who are idle and starving because there is no work to be had, and whose discouragements and demoralization are almost more regrettable than their physical misery.

Under the primitive conditions which Moslem rule has preserved, a large portion of the people of both cities and villages are conversant with the various processes of the manufacture of coarse cotton and woolen fabrics. Armenia is a great wool-producing country, while abundant cotton is brought from Persia. This suggests a simple solution of the work problem. Bags of wool were bought, weighed out into pound portions, and whenever a woman came begging for help or work, her case was investigated, her name registered, and she was given wool to card and spin; on the return of the thread, it was weighed and examined as to quality, the woman was paid at a rate estimated to supply her with bread, and she was given another lot of wool. The giving of two or three lots in this way was enough to bring down on us a crowd, and speedily we found a large business flooding in upon us, one demanding good organization and a corps of distributers. Cotton was added to our supplies, and all the process and tricks of the two trades were investigated, and every attempt was made to put the enterprise on a sound business basis. Infinite watchings were necessary in guarding against impostors, and in preventing petty thieving and unfaithfulness on the part of those who took work. The medical work had given us acquaintance with the people, and from our ex-patients we were able to select at once those for whom our hearts had ached to help gain a living. A good corps of helpers was soon organized: men to keep the door—and it often took three men to do this—against the clamoring crowd; men to receive and weigh the wool, cotton, and thread; men for the various demands of the Central Bureau. For the first two months the work was accommodated in our house (this is written by a medical missionary), in the rooms used as a dispensary, and we were in a state of siege from morning to night. The long lower hall was devoted to cotton-carders, the twang of whose primitive cards and the dust of whose work filled the house from early morning till dark, while a crowd of wretched men and women was never absent. The thread was given by weight to weavers who were out of work and in dire poverty; the woven goods were received by weight, and the weavers were paid with due regard to the needs of their families. To the children, and to some who were too weak and sick to do the heavier work, yarn was given to be knitted into socks.

Shortly we found ourselves in possession of a good stock of cotton clothing and woolen goods for the loose trousers worn here, and huge piles of coarse socks. The question what to do with them came to the front. The suggestion was made that this work might help and be helped by the Sassoun Relief Work, by our supplying materials for distribution there. This arrangement has been the means whereby our Bureau doubles its efficiency, thus having an assured market for all its produce.

Our goods are done up in bales here, loaded on donkeys or ox-carts, and carried down to the Lake harbor. There they are received by the miserable little sailboats that ply on the Lake, and are taken, with prayers for insurance, to the opposite sides of Lake Van, a distance of some sixty miles. Thence they are transported by horses or carts, a journey of ten days to two or three weeks, according to the weather and other exigencies of travel in this land. The entire distance is only about 120 miles.

In this way we have already sent some 2,000 pairs of socks and 1,400 webs of cloth, to the value of $950. A good market can be had here in Van for all our product, and indeed we have sold enough to bring our total sales up to $1,136.

During the past week we paid over an average of 100 persons daily. The average of wages per capita for the week was seven piastres, or about thirty cents. This is far too small a sum to meet in most cases even the cost of bread. But, considering our small balance, and the fact that we need for wages alone some $176 a week, we dare not increase wages, or give anything gratuitously. The intense poverty of the people is shown by the fact that these wages, small as they are, exceed from one-third to one-half the regular rates for the same work.

On the other hand, the demands grow more and more urgent—desperate, I might well say; so importunate are the crowds that I often have to call a man to pass me out of the office after my work is done. The people weep, and catch my clothes, and will not let me go. It is maddening to see such misery and yet be obliged to turn a deaf ear to so much of it. We help, through our 476 workers, some 2,000 souls, and this is not, in itself, a small thing. But when it is compared with the vast number of helpless poor about us it accentuates our appeal to our more fortunate fellow-Christians for larger help. . . . The cry goes up for more help. Winter cold and rains are upon us. Thousands have but the thinnest and most ragged clothing, no shoes or stockings, many no beds and most no fuel or other winter provision. Thousands never taste anything but coarse, dry bread for weeks and months at a time—and little enough of that—while, especially in the villages, hundreds have not even that and are on the verge of starvation. I doubt not that many will have actually starved before these words are read in England and America.

A private letter just received, dated Van, December 18, says that the Industrial Department is caring for over 900 families and is feeding 2,400 poor persons a day.

—President Kruger, of the South African Republic, bears upon his body many scars of bullets and spear-heads, and his left hand is minus a thumb which he lost years ago. His gun burst and terribly mangled the thumb. "Oom Paul" was so afraid that lockjaw would set in that he entreated his comrades to amputate the member. One of them tried to do so, but his heart failed him and he gave it up. Thereupon President Kruger seized a knife with his other hand and himself cut off the mangled thumb. A very small scar now remaining shows what a good job he made.

Exposure

To a contagious disease does not mean contracting that disease, if you have strength and vigor to repel it. Strength and vigor are given and safety to the health is insured by

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Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, effective
All druggists. 25 cents.

Notes and Queries

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

(Gorhoffedd Gwry Harlech)

Hennffych well i wlad fy nghalon,
Llwyddiant i ti Gymru dirion.

March, ye men of Harlech bold,
Unfurl your banners in the field!
Be brave as were your sires of old
  And like them never yield.
What tho' every hill and dale
Echo now with war's alarms;
Celtic hearts can never quail
    When Cambria calls to arms!
By each lofty mountain,
By each crystal fountain,
By your homes, where those you love
    Await your glad returning,
Let each thought and action prove
True glory can the Cymry move;
And as each blade gleams in the light,
    Pray, "God defend the right!"
Clans from Mona wending,
Now with Arvon blending,
Haste with rapid strides along
    The path that leads to glory.
From Snowdon's hills with harp and song,
And Nantlle's vales, proceeds a throng
Whose ranks with yours shall proudly vie,
    And nobly win or die.

In response to the request of "E. C." I give above a copy of the first verse only of the English words now generally used in Wales to the air of the "March of the Men of Harlech." I give also the first two lines in Welsh, of the same song, believing that sufficient for one dose. There have been many versions of this song; all of them, however, are modern. The melody alone comes to us from the shadowy past, its author unknown, its history vague. It is known that the present ruins at Harlech are those of a castle built by Edward I.; though but a shell, they are wonderfully impressive. In 1404 Owain Glyndwr (the Owen Glendower of Shakespeare's Henry IV.) obtained possession of the fortress and held a Parliament within its walls. In the time of Edward IV. the Earl of Pembroke laid siege to the castle, which surrendered after a long, brave, and bloody resistance. It was during this siege that the "March of the Men of Harlech" was composed, presumably not as a song, but arranged for the harp, then the favorite Welsh musical instrument; as a march, rendered by a full military band, it can scarcely be equaled.

Wonderfully fine as this composition is, it cannot fairly be called the "national melody of Wales." If popularity is the test of a national air, then the song of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," Anglicized into "Land of my Fathers," is the melody of Wales. No musical gathering of Cymry, in this country or at home, separates without singing this noble and inspiring hymn. On the other hand, I have attended scores of such gatherings without hearing "Harlech." If "E.C." desires one of the finest specimens of modern Welsh music, let him obtain a copy of "Aberystwyth," by Dr. Joseph Parry, of Cardiff, South Wales. This tune, like most Welsh hymn tunes, is written in the minor key, but it has a triumphant ring worthy of the martyrs. It requires volume; a quartette choir could no more develop it than they could "Ein Feste Burg." A choir of ninety male voices recently sang this by command before Queen Victoria, who was greatly moved and commanded its repetition. These ninety men were mostly miners, who rarely saw the sun except on the Sabbath, but as singers they are as perfect artists as the "Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir," who so lately charmed American audiences. The composer, Dr. Parry, twenty-five years ago was a poor boy working in a rolling-mill at Danville, Pa. His spare moments and chalk were employed in composing tunes on every scrap of board, iron, or paper that lay next his hand. One or two of these compositions were sent to Wales, and excited so much interest that the composer was sought, a fund raised to send him abroad; he graduated from the Royal College of Music, London, received his honorary title from his Alma Mater, and to-day ranks among the greatest of British composers. I heard his "Aberystwyth" sung by twelve thousand or more trained voices in Llanelly, Wales, last summer, and never again expect to hear such singing on earth; Sir Joseph Barnby, speaking of it, said that he never before had heard *congregational singing*. In Wales male voices are rarely heard singing the soprano parts; the four parts are always carried firmly, in exact time, and precisely as written. German chorals are generally sung by all the voices carrying the melody, while the organs or orchestra fill in the harmony. American congregational singing is—well, I can't do it justice. If "E. C." wants to hear Welsh music thoroughly well sung, let him attend one of the Eisteddfods held annually in Wilkesbarre or Scranton, Pa., and it will be a revelation to him.

OLIVER WILLIAMS.

Catasanqua, Pa.

Please inform me of the best book or books on the great *creeds* and the great *councils* of Christian history.
F. W. B.

As to creeds, Dr. Schaff's work, "The Creeds of Christendom," is the very best. As to councils, there is Hefele's "History of Councils," translated from the German, and published at Edinburgh. But the most satisfactory recourse is to the special articles on each council in the Encyclopædia Britannica. See also the references to the several councils in Dr. Schaff's "History of the Christian Church" and Dean Stanley's "History of the Eastern Church."

Grocer, in his book on "Illustrative Teaching," speaks of Todd's "Lectures to Children," "Truth Made Simple," Abbott's "Young Christian," "Corner-Stone," etc., as embodying examples of apt illustration. Will you kindly name a few more modern books of the same sort, and some more recent book than Grocer's on teaching by illustration?
B. A. A.

"The Right Road," by the Rev. J. W. Kramer (T. Whittaker, New York), is an excellent book of the same kind. Others, for perhaps older pupils than you have in mind, are Samuel Smiles's books on "Character" and "Self-Help" (Harpers, New York); also O. S. Marsden's "Pushing to the Front" and "Architects of Fate" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), E. W. Bok's "Successward" (Revell Company, New York), W. J. Dawson's "Making of Man" (Crowell, New York), and W. M. Thayer's "Aim High" (Whittaker, New York).

Can any one tell me where the term the "unspeakable Turk" comes from; who first used it?
I. M. M.

Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Lindsay, Thomas B. The Lives of Cornelius Nepos. $1.10.
Stories from Aulus Gellius. Edited by Charles Knapp. 30 cts.

AMERICAN NEW-CHURCH TRACT & PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA

Giles, Rev. Chauncey. Progress in Spiritual Knowledge. $1.50.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Hamilton, M. A Self-Denying Ordinance. $1.
Young, C. A. The Sun. $2.
Marey, E. J. Movement. Translated by Eric Pritchard. $1.75.
Walford, L. B. Successors to the Title. $1.
Stuart, Eleanor. Stonepastures. 75 cts.
Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia. (New Edition.) Vol. VIII.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Webb-Peploe, Rev. H. W. The Victorious Life. Edited by D. L. Pierson. $1.25.

THE BOSTON BOOK CO., BOSTON

Foster, Roger. Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States. Vol. I.

THE CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, NEW YORK

Hewit, Augustine F., D.D. The Teaching of St. John the Apostle to the Churches of Asia and the World. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Burroughs, John. Little Nature Studies for Little People. Edited by Mary E. Burt. Vol. I.

S. C. GRIGGS & CO., CHICAGO

Fisher, Mary. Twenty-five Letters on English Authors. $1.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Zschokke, Heinrich. Das Abenteuer der Neujahrsnacht und Der zerbrochene Krug. Edited by A. B. Faust. 25 cts.
Wichert, Ernst. An der Majorsecke. Edited by Charles Harris. 20 cts.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Williams, John Milton, D.D. Rational Theology.
Meakin, Frederick. Nature and Deity.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Benedetti, Count. Studies in Diplomacy. $3.
Sayce, Rev. A. H. The Egypt of the Hebrews and Herodotos. $2.
Kompert, Leopold. Christian and Leah, and Other Ghetto Stories. Translated by Alfred S. Arnold. 75 cts.
Garnett, R. The Age of Dryden. $1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Chambers, Robert W. The Red Republic. $1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Meyer, F. B. David, Shepherd, Psalmist, King. $1.
Comegys, B. B. Last Words for My Young Hearers and Readers. $1.
Moody, D. L. Notes from My Bible. $1.
Wells, Amos R. When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door. 60 cts.
Hill, Thomas G. F., and Grace L. Hill. The Christian Endeavor Hour. 15 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Hogg, James. De Quincey and His Friends. (Imported.) $3.
Cox, Marian R. An Introduction to Folk-Lore. (Imported.) $1.50.
Vladimir. The China-Japan War. (Imported.) $4.50.
Daniell, A. E. London City Churches. $2.25.
Donne, John. Poems. Edited by E. K. Chambers. Introduction by George Saintsbury. 2 Vols. (Imported.) $3.50.
Haddon, Alfred C. Evolution in Art: As Illustrated by the Life Histories of Designs. (Imported.) $1.25.
Salmond, Stewart D. F., D.D. The Christian Doctrine of Immortality. (Imported.) $5.

STONE & KIMBALL, CHICAGO

Sharp, William. The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales.
Cram, Ralph Adams. Black Spirits and White.
Abbott, Angus E. The Gods Give My Donkey Wings.
Watson, William. The Father of the Forest and Other Poems.
Poe, Edgar Allan. Complete Works. Vols. VI., VII., and VIII. (Criticism). Vol. IX. (Eureka, etc.). Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George E. Woodberry. $1.50 each.

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The Home Club

The Care of the Hands

By Katherine Armstrong

When our Maker planned and created the "human form divine," he did not overlook the minor parts, the accessories, if we may so call them. He made the hands and the feet shapely and beautiful, and all variations from the original model are caused, more or less, by use, abuse, and carelessness. Every one's duty to himself, in good plain English, is to look as well as possible. When one can truthfully say, "I don't care how my hands look," the condition of mind is certainly one to be pitied. There may be deviations from the "lines of beauty," but a well-cared-for hand soon blinds one to ordinary defects of form. It indicates refinement, too, for coarser natures care little for the details of the personnel.

A homely hand, that shows its owner's care and attention in all the delicate minutiæ, is far more attractive than one beautiful in form and complexion that betrays neglect.

We so often see misshapen hands. What causes them? Baby hands are usually perfect, and children's hands seldom out of shape, for they are almost constantly in motion. With suitable care, good honest labor need not get the lines of the hands "out of plumb." Lack of exercise will do it oftener. The joints grow stiff and bent and crooked as people grow older, because they are kept so motionless. A good vigorous rubbing, massage if you will, night and morning, for ten minutes, will keep the joints of the hands and fingers lithe and supple till long past the allotted threescore years and ten.

If, from age or any other cause, one feels a touch of rheumatism in the finger-joints, such as will enlarge them later on, a simple emollient will soon relieve. An old gentleman who became an invalid at mid-life had then perfect hands. He sat and bemoaned his fate that he could labor, even with his pen, no more. Gradually his finger-joints became turned and distorted, with no evidence of any disease to cause it—only *lack of use*. Had he but stirred up the circulation, and exercised his hands and his fingers, *some*how, *any*how, every day, he might have retained his beautiful and pliant hands as long as he lived.

The skin of the hands should be kept soft and smooth. This cannot be done with cheap soaps, for only poor, coarse material enters into their composition. Money is well spent for *good* toilet articles, and the most economical soap for the hands is the finest. A dainty odor is desirable as well.

Those who must count their money, and cannot afford the costlier appurtenances of the toilet, can find good substitutes in less expensive every-day articles. Ten cents' worth of borax will last a long time; it will whiten the hands and remove most discolorations, but it is astringent and drying in its nature, and if used too freely gives the skin a dry and parched appearance. Lemon-juice will remove from the hands such stains as borax will not.

The homely old remedy for chapped, rough, red hands—yellow corn-meal and vinegar—is very effectual; used, of course, in connection with a fine soap.

A little tincture of benzoin in the water for washing the hands is very softening; good for the face as well. Glycerine is healing, but does not take kindly to all skins.

Thick sweet cream is very healing for chapped hands; and a weak mustard-water will remove disagreeable odors. Profuse perspiration of the hands is a stubborn and annoying ailment and the ruin of gloves. Rice-powder, French chalk, or alum-water baths are the best remedies.

The belles of olden time used the following cleansing and agreeable preparation for the hands: one pound Castile soap dissolved over a fire with a little water till a smooth paste; then stir in a cup or more of oat, corn, or almond meal, and, when partly cold, pour into jars for use.

The manicure's art is one easily learned; the really necessary implements are not many. A high polish on the nails is not considered *en règle* to-day, and the fashion of trimming them to a point has also gone by. A pair of gloves of liberal size, if my lady wishes to do some dusting herself, will protect the hands. The "ounce of prevention" comes in most forcibly in this matter.

Nothing New

A short time ago there was in this column a suggestion for the use of the scissors for the entertaining and education of little children. It was suggested that the children should cut in white paper any of the stories with which they were familiar, such as "The House that Jack Built;" the house, the bag of malt, the rat, etc., all present outlines that are simple and those familiar to a child. After the parts had been cut, the next step is the pasting on sheets of paper, or into a scrap-book, of the figures in the story form. There have just been exhibited at the Teachers' College, Morningside Park, New York, some specimens of free-hand drawing from the Chicago public schools. In this exhibit the idea of giving the young children the opportunity for expression is used. The story of "Jack and Jill" is told by cutting out the figures, the pail, the well, and the house at the foot of the hill, from a thin blue paper laid over a cream. The colors make a picture, and the result is the first step in art work. The scissors work is for the children who are too young to use a sharp knife, but the knife work, too, offers opportunity for the expression of that which is a picture in the child's mind; it reveals to the observant mother and teacher what conception the child has of the words it uses, of the stories it hears or reads.

Preservation of Clippings

I have been interested in the suggestions concerning the preservation of clippings. Several of the methods I have used. The trouble often is that two good articles are found on the two sides of the same leaf. A great majority of the articles I preserve come to me in The Outlook. I had ten years' files of the paper. The accumulation was so great that its use was impracticable. I went through the whole of it, separating the leaves containing articles for preservation (except those containing small items for clipping, which I put by themselves), discarding the advertisements, etc. The selected leaves I divided —with no attempt at classification—into ten lots, marking them A, B, C, etc., and numbering the leaves of each consecutively. Around each lot is buckled a cloth strap. I bought white paper by weight and had it cut the size of calling-cards, and had made a slip index to all marked articles. These slips I arrange as I like, keeping some of them in a subdivided envelope. Thus I avoid the bulkiness of scrap-books, the muss of paste, the waste of time in pasting, embarrassment from articles that cannot be separated, and I have 2,500 indexed leaves of uniform size convenient for use. I shall treat my accumulating Outlooks in the same way. The system is invaluable to me in Bible-class teaching and for other purposes. W. P. W.

There is no better method of filing than that of using the manufactured files such as are in use in business offices. These files are sometimes fitted in small cabinets that will hold three files—one for letters, one for catalogues, and one for clippings—or all three may be used for clippings, classifying them in the files and filing alphabetically in each file. This is simple, inexpensive, and most convenient.

The Artist View

The artist's opinion on woman's dress is always valuable. Mr. Beckwith is quoted as saying:

> The real beauty of a dress lies in its perfect adaptation to the wearer. The Greek gown is best suited to certain types—women of full form and regular features; the Venetian or Renaissance to the warmth and richness of Italian beauty. The modern style, properly adjusted, is equally well adapted to the beautiful nineteenth-century women who grace it.

A New Business

The papers of Buffalo describe a new calling or employment for women—that of house-hunter. The business grew out of personal experience. The woman who has developed it spent a long time in finding the house she wanted. The number of useless journeys she made at the suggestion of real-estate men convinced her that a woman could make a good living who would make a study of houses, locations, and rents. She visited real-estate agents, and some agreed to pay her a percentage for the tenants she received for their houses. She charged the renters a small fee when they were suited. She has been very successful, and has added flats and rooms as well as whole houses to her list.

A Citizen's Letter

A school superintendent in Maine has received the following note from a citizen in a small town:

> Dear Sir I wish to say to you that Our School is no good and I wont you to stup the scool and it must be done for the town is paying away our monay for northing if you cannot take that teacher Out of the School and put in a new teachr you must stup the school I have seen a lawyer and he says it can be stup I shall Notify the town so that she can not get her pay I suppose that is all you want her to have thair is not a Scholar goin to scool now she come and stay her Ours now it must be stup I shal take proper meens to do so you can come and see me if you wish to

A Standard

> Ruskin once wrote to Dante Gabriel Rossetti: "If you wanted to oblige me, you would keep your room in order and go to bed at night. All your fine speeches go for nothing with me till you do that."

That was all. Ruskin stood for health as well as beauty; and order was to him—is it not in fact?—one of the first elements of beauty.

How much faster the world would grow if we only would practice as much as we preach

A Breakfast Fruit

Grape-fruit is recommended by doctors as a tonic. One physician said recently that people whose livers were always in remembrance would find them driven from their minds if they used grape-fruit freely in the morning.

A Dangerous Practice

The householders in cities should not use hot water to wash the sidewalks when the temperature is at the freezing-point. This practice is most dangerous. In some cities a fine is imposed for using water on the walk in freezing weather.

A Practical School

Near Philadelphia a Practical Housekeeping School has been opened. The school year is from October to May; pupils may enter for one month. All departments of housekeeping will be taught.

A Good Almanac is one of the best books to have in the house for reference.

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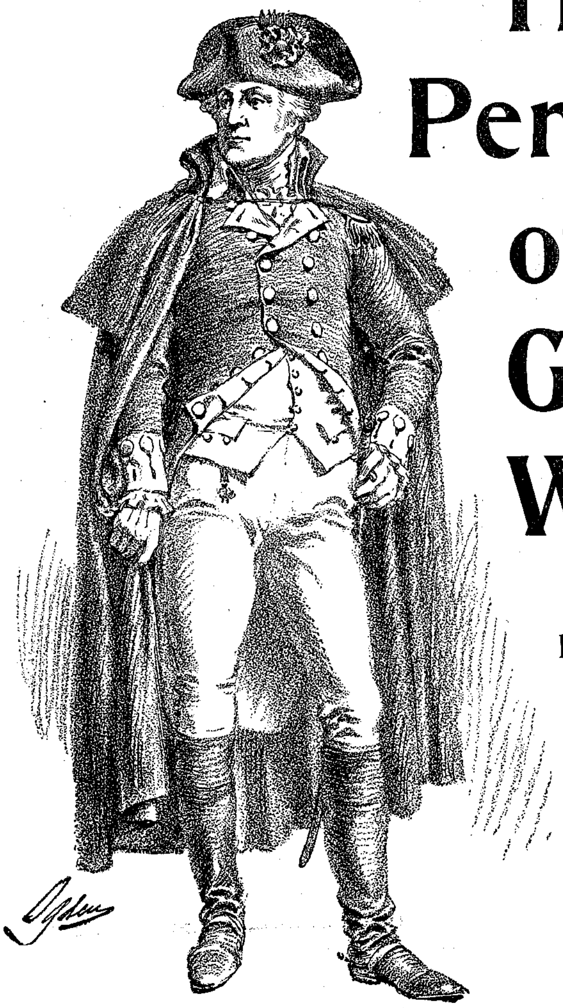

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Hygiene of the Heart. BY THE EDITOR.

Cold Feet: Their Cause and Cure.

Large Eaters. BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

Psyche Healing: Schlatter a Case. BY HESTER M. POOLE.

Notes Concerning Health. BY THE EDITOR.

Hygiene for Women. BY JENNIE CHANDLER.

Topics of the Month. BY THE EDITOR.

The New Year; A Wise Gift; Mr. Frothingham and His Sunday-School; Studying Brains; Studies Concerning Alcohol and its Effects.

DECEMBER NO., PARTIAL CONTENTS:

Grief a Spiritual Malady: Consolations. BY FELIX ADLER.

Health and Working Habits of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. BY HERSELF.

Physiological Effects of Anger. BY HELEN L. MANNING.

Notes Concerning Health. BY THE EDITOR.

The Perfect Man, No. 48, by Dr. T. D. Crother: Anorexia; Longevity and Labor; Dreams of the Blind; Diseases Not Transmitted by Heredity; Light and its Effects on the Mind.

Hygiene for Women, No. 32. BY JENNIE CHANDLER.

A Dangerous Experiment for Parents.

THE NOVEMBER NO. CONTAINS:

The Hygiene of Our Consciousness. BY HENRY WOOD.

Hygiene of Our Eyes, etc.

THE OCTOBER NO.:

Vivisection in Schools. BY DR. LEFFINGWELL.

A Bad Breath—Its Cure. DIO LEWIS.

THE SEPTEMBER NO. CONTAINS DR. BUCKE'S ESSAY:

Was Walt Whitman Mad? etc.

THE AUGUST NO.:

Voice Training and Health.

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Literary Notes

—Dr. Conan Doyle has now completed his last novel. It is a tale of the Regency, and will be entitled "Rodney Stone."

—The title of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel is announced to be "A Lady of Quality." It is a story of the days of Queen Anne.

—Mr. Lecky, the historian, who has just been elected to Parliament for Dublin University, has two volumes on "Democracy and Liberty" in the press.

—With his new novel, "Über allen Gipfeln," Herr Paul Heyse has changed his course somewhat and for the better. In it the Nietszche school of philosophy is shown to be futile.

—The Clarendon Press is now publishing Mr. Gladstone's edition of Bishop Butler's works. The venerable statesman closes his account of the causes inducing him to undertake the work with a—for him—wonderfully short sentence: "Better thus than not at all."

—"Romance," in its present dress and matter, is an attractive journal for five cents. In the January number we note readable articles on Turkey, Amateur Photography, Hindus and their Tricks, Actors and their Make-up, and Gold-Mining in South Africa. There are also appreciative notices of the lives and works of M. Jules Viaud ("Pierre Loti"), Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Messrs. Hopkinson Smith and Wells Champney.

—The late Jean Baptiste Montegut was the first European to expound the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In 1857 M. Montegut became editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," a position he held five years, when he took charge of the literary criticism of the "Moniteur Universel." Besides his numerous essays on philosophy and literature, he translated the works of Shakespeare, Macaulay, and Emerson into French.

—The fashionable novelist in Italy just now is Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio. Strangely enough, the supreme test for Italy seems to be French criticism. It was rumored that Signor d'Annunzio's new series of novels, "I Gigli," would be published exclusively in French, because the romancer avers that only French readers have ever really understood him. However, this rumor does not tally with the fact that the first of the series is announced to appear in "Il Convito" and is called "La Vergine alle Roccie."

—A dispatch from London to the New York "Sun" says that "it is impossible to overlook, even in this hour of crisis, the crowning disgrace inflicted on this long-suffering country to-day by its official versifier. The Poet Laureate's effort in the 'Times,' entitled 'Jameson's Ride,' has broken the spirit of all Englishmen who have seen it, and if Parliament were in session might easily have caused a vote of no confidence in the Government which appointed this successor of Tennyson. Here is a stanza:

"Wrong! Is it wrong? Well, may be;
But I'm going, boys, all the same.
Do they think me a burgher's baby
To be scared by a scolding name?
They may argue, and prate, and order;
Go tell them to save their breath.
Then over the Transvaal border,
And gallop for life or death."

—It may not be known that as a young man Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, proposed to follow architecture as a profession, and was for a while in the office of the well-known architect Sir Arthur Blomfield. He used his spare moments, however, in writing a novel called "Desperate Remedies." Though this met with failure, he was not discouraged, and produced "Under the Greenwood Tree." At that time Mr. Frederick Greenwood was editing the "Cornhill Magazine." One day, at a cheap book-stall, he chanced to light upon "Under the Greenwood Tree," and for the sake of its name he picked it up and saw that there was genius in the neglected work. He then hunted up Mr. Hardy and commissioned him to write a novel for the "Cornhill." Thus was born "Far From the Madding Crowd."

[For list of Books Received see page 169]

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SOME WOMEN OF THE BIBLE—VI.

Sunday, January 26. Esther ix. Mordecai's day of joy comes through Esther, ver. 4. The expression, "day of feasting and gladness," in vers. 17, 18, 19. A Christmas custom, ver. 19, l. c. The month that was "turned," ver. 22, might well be celebrated forever, ver. 28. Is gratitude a national virtue in our country ?

Monday, January 27. Esther x. Of the three statements concerning Mordecai's goodness in ver. 3, the last by far the most important. Ps. cxxii., 7, 8.; Col. iii., 15; Rev. i., 4; Phil. iv., 7.

Tuesday, January 28. Luke i., 28-56. Four prominent women named *Mary*: (1) the mother of Jesus; (2) Mary of Magdala; (3) Mary the mother of James and Joses, and (4) the sister of Lazarus. Also Rom. xvi., 6. Christ's mother mentioned only four times after his infancy. Her character best studied in Luke first. She is "highly favored," but not an object of worship; blessed for her faith, ver. 45; her humility, ver. 48; her reverent spirit, vers. 49, 50; her patriotism, ver. 54. Present at the ascension, but apparently not at the resurrection. Object of her son's last care, John xix., 26, 27. In Acts i., 14; ix., 11, see the blessing following the bitter hour; in John xix., 25, f. c. See Rom. viii., 18; 2 Cor. v., 1-9.

Wednesday, January 29. Mary, the mother of James and Joses, was probably the sister of Christ's mother, and her faithful friend, as well as the friend of Christ. Called also, John xix., 25. By the cross and at the sepulcher, Mark xv., 47, and xvi., 1; carrying good but incredible news to the sorrowing, Luke xxiv., 10; Prov. xvii., 17; John xi., 11; Prov. xxvii., 9.

Thursday, January 30. Luke viii., 1-3. A woman of unblemished character and in good circumstances, ver. 3, l. c. Healed by Christ of a terrible disease, she gratefully followed and ministered to him, ver. 2, 3. At the crucifixion, John xix., 25. She followed to the burial, Mark xv., 47; brought spices, Mark xvi., 1, and John xx., 1. To her Christ first appeared as she wept at his grave in the early dawn, John xx., 15, 16. No doubt she was in the glorious company, Acts i., 9. A true, loving, self-sacrificing, grateful follower of Christ. Are you such?

Friday, January 31. Luke x., 39-42. Three pictures of this lovely Mary. The first, in Luke x., reveals her character. The place that she coveted, "at Jesus' feet," hearing his word, Ps. xxvii., 4, 5; Luke viii., 35. Her position indicates humility and deep affection. "That good part" held its true place in her heart. "In having all things and not Thee, what have I?" Phil. i., 21; 1 Tim. vi., 6.

Saturday, February 1. John xi., 1-45. The sisters in deep distress, ver. 3. John vi., 68; Isa. xxvi., 16; Ps. xlvi., 1. A beautiful record, ver. 5. Mary in ver. 20, l. c., may have been overcome with grief or not aware of Christ's approach, but she came quickly, vers. 29-31. An affectionate sister, ver. 31, l. c. Had many friends, vers. 19, 31, 33. But her crowning virtue was her faith, ver. 32, l. c. Matt. xv., 28; 1 Pet. i., 7; Rom. v., 1; Heb. xi., 6.

A Popular Author

Mr. Owen Wister, the author of many interesting studies of the West, is a Harvard man, and toward the end of his course at college his tastes seemed to become musical rather than literary. After graduation, so the "Bookman" informs us, he resolved to adopt a musical career, and with this purpose in view went abroad, and, upon the recommendation of Liszt, began the study of composition in Paris. Unexpected circumstances, however, occasioned a sudden change of plan, and Mr. Wister returned to America. Shortly afterwards failing health sent him elk-hunting in Wyoming, and seeking health he found not only new strength but a new world. He then settled down to the practice of law in Philadelphia, but the spell of the West was upon him and could not be broken. The literary instinct which it had stirred could not be stilled.

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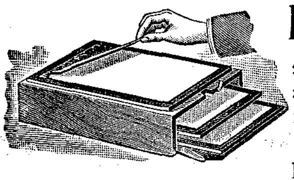

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The Business World

China to Float Another Loan Last Saturday it was telegraphed from Pekin that the Deutsche Ostasiatische Bank and the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation have secured the contract to issue a 5 per cent. Chinese Government loan of 100,000,000 taels, to cost 89½. The loan is to be issued at 95.

Iron Production Declining Last November pig-iron production reached its maximum—over 217,000 tons a week. January figures, however, show a product of only 207,500 tons. The "Iron Age" says that *"while this is progress in the right direction, it is doubtful whether consumption is even now capable of coping with the output."* Last week, however, iron and steel advanced in price.

Canal Trolley vs. Canal Mules A contemporary reports Mr. Campbell Adams, the State Engineer and Surveyor of New York State, as saying that within three years the canal mules will have to say good-by to the tow-path. By the time the Erie Canal is deepened from seven to nine feet, and those locks strengthened which now will admit but one boat, he thinks the canal trolley will be ready for use. The only obstacle is found in the transmission of power over long distances, but Mr. Adams adds that it is not necessary that power should be generated at one point only, even at Niagara Falls.

Railway Stocks The principal changes last week in quotations for railway stocks were advances of one point and over each in New York Central, Susquehanna pfd., Omaha and Iowa Central pfd.; of over two points in Lake Shore; of three points in Lake Erie and Western pfd. and in Lackawanna; of four points in Metropolitan Traction, and of five points in Illinois Central. There were declines of one point and over in Canada Southern and in Rock Island, and of two points in Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy. The bond list shows a larger proportion of gains than is seen in the above. This circumstance is indeed a gratifying one. The volume of business is somewhat restricted from the fear of tight money, resulting from bond-issue payments.

The New York City Clearing-House On Wednesday of last week the beautiful new Clearing-House in New York City was dedicated with appropriate exercises. It may not be generally realized how small is the sum of actual currency necessary to discharge Clearing-House balances after the exchanges of checks and securities have been arranged. In his oration, Mr. J. Edward Simmons, the President of the Fourth National Bank, said that the total transactions of the Clearing-House from October, 1853, to October, 1895, amounted to the sum of $1,092,815,818,055. The balances found necessary in connection with this almost fabulous total were but a little more than 4.5 per cent. of the clearings, and even these balances were discharged, not in currency, but principally by certificates on a common depositary. Mr. Simmons instanced the balances for 1883. One-half of 1]per cent. of these balances and less than one-fiftieth of 1 per cent. of the entire earnings were paid in legal tenders and coin.

The Government Bond Issue The two most notable events of last week in the financial world were, first, the dissolution of the syndicate formed by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to bid for the new Government bond issue; and, second, the circular put forth by Secretary Carlisle extending the time for paying subscriptions to the issue. On both of these incidents we comment elsewhere. In regard to payments for the bonds, gold is being imported from Europe (nearly $5,500,000 came in last week) by some intending subscribers; others are arranging to buy gold in this market at a premium of ½ to 1 per cent. Let it not be forgotten, however, that (though last week's gold exports were only half as much as the imports) gold is being continually withdrawn from the Treasury for export without premium, while with premium gold is imported. The Treasury thus continues to suffer. Its gold reserve is now less than $54,000,000. Preparation for the new issue was plainly seen in last Saturday's statement of the New York City associated banks. Their specie holdings have now increased to over $73,000,000, of which almost all is gold. None of the metal most recently added has come from the Treasury; bnt largely from checks taken by smelters for gold bars deposited in the United States Assay Office. These checks are deposited by the smelters in the various banks, which in turn exchange them at the Sub-Treasury for gold-coin certificates.

The Transvaal Mines In spite of the excitement caused by Dr. Jameson's filibustering raid and the colossal setback during the latter half of 1895, the South African gold-mining securities have held their own during the past fortnight with remarkable and encouraging steadiness. At the statutory meeting of the Barnato "Bank" on Tuesday of last week, Mr. Barnato said that the three companies belonging to the bank could pay 90 per cent. of their capital, and that the others could repay that capital ten times over. He said that in spite of the fact that they had gone through an unprecedented financial crisis, and that the depreciation of South African shares had been from £120,000,000 to £130,000,000 during the last six months, the bank could declare a dividend of 20 per cent., which would have been doubled, he asserted, under favorable circumstances. This may be "bluff," and the London "Statist" gives the following impressive table of fluctuations as a warning:

	Price Jan. 2, 1895.	Highest price, 1895.	Lowest, January, 1896.
East Rand	2 9-16	12¾	3½
Glencairn	3¾	4⅞	2½
Randfontein	20s. 6d.	4⅜	1⅝
Goldfields Deep	3⅝	14	4¾
Rand Mines	21½	45½	17½
Barnato Consols	....	5 11-16	1½
Cons. Goldfields	....	19⅝	8⅛
S. A. Gold Trust	4	12¾	6¾
Barnato Bank	....	4¾	1
Johannesb'g Investm't.	2¾	6⅞	2¼
Chartered	42s.	8 13-16	3⅛
De Beers	19⅜	32½	21

The "Statist" proceeds to say:

> We are of opinion that eventually, through force or through redress being granted and grievances removed, the outcome must be improvement in the economic conditions: and while there undoubtedly will remain the discomfort of soreness and friction between the Uitlander and Boer parties, this soreness will gradually disappear, particularly if there is resumption of business activity. . . . Not a few persons have been alarmed by silly talk about the Boers taking steps to destroy mining property in case of resort to arms. If mines were house property, and contending armies by bombardment were destroying such property, the loss would be a certain one; but, even with many conflicts in the mining area, the gold in the ground would remain, the shafts and levels of mining companies would still exist, and damage would be in respect of the surface equipment. Is it conceivable that the Boers would lay themselves out to wantonly destroy mining plants? Of course it is out of the question that the Uitlanders would do so. Apart from the common sense of the subject, there is the expediency of the Boers offending their Continental friends, for in the destruction of mining property they would be interfering with the prospects of a great number of French, and to a less extent Germans, investors in South African mines. This point leads up to the subject of whether or not, in deference to at least that portion of the capitalists who have supported the Transvaal, concessions will not be made to ameliorate the mining and general commercial situation, and reforms of police, etc., inaugurated. While the prospect of the franchise question may be further deferred, the probability is that modifications of monopolies and duties will be effected, to the benefit of the mines.

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A Few Extracts from Letters concerning the Illustrated Magazine Numbers of The Outlook

Hon. JOHN SHERMAN, United States Senator from Ohio: Your first illustrated number of The Outlook is certainly very handsome and interesting.

President JAMES H. CANFIELD, Ohio State University: I looked forward with much interest to your copy of the first Illustrated Magazine Number of The Outlook. When it reached my hands it entirely fulfilled my anticipations. This effort is not only unique, but it is certainly most excellent and satisfying in its results.

Hon. GEO. F. HOAR, United States Senator from Massachusetts: I have examined with great pleasure the copy of The Outlook for December 21, 1895. If it is kept up to that standard it will be one of the best family papers in the world.

Mr. S. S. McCLURE, Publisher "McClure's Magazine," New York City: I think it by far the best idea introduced into weekly journalism in our generation. It enables The Outlook to enter one of the most profitable and popular fields in the whole publication business. It enables you to make a ten-cent magazine which, while it strengthens your weekly, will likewise in itself become a great force and a great property. If I am any judge of the value of an idea, I should say that it would easily double your circulation in twelve months. It makes The Outlook far more valuable than any ordinary weekly, and enables you to make it more valuable than any monthly. It gives you at one stroke the command of two of the greatest fields in journalism, and I don't see but that your table of contents would make glad the heart of any magazine editor.

Mr. JACOB A. RIIS, of New York City: In the enormous pressure of things that ought to be studied and cannot be for want of time, I have long since learned to take my point of view, in matters upon which I am not personally informed, from The Outlook, because it both knows and can be trusted. Holding this view of it, I am not astonished at its latest development of the "Magazine Number" feature. It is simply to me another evidence that The Outlook is always ahead in everything that goes to make a distinctly first-class journal of civilization. Success to it and to you in this and all coming years, as long as the world is forging ahead toward a better and purer life. If it ever goes off on the other tack, I expect to see The Outlook suspend.

President CHARLES W. ELIOT, Harvard University: I should think that an occasional illustrated number would be welcome to your subscribers; but I hardly think that illustrations are necessary to make The Outlook acceptable. It is the intellectual and spiritual quality of the paper which commends it to a large public.

Hon. J. STERLING MORTON, Secretary United States Department of Agriculture: If sufficient patronage can be obtained to warrant the publishing of such a magazine as part of the issue of a regular weekly paper, it will result in affording the very best character of literature at such moderate prices that the homes of the plain people throughout the country may enjoy it.

Professor BRANDER MATTHEWS, Columbia College, New York: I congratulate you on the success of your new departure. You seem to be in a fair way of solving the difficult problem of uniting literature to journalism.

Rev. Dr. FRANCIS E. CLARK, President United Society of Christian Endeavor: The first illustrated number of The Outlook is a most captivating one. Your unique idea of combining a weekly paper with a monthly magazine I should think would meet with immediate and deserved success.

President J. H. SCHURMAN, Cornell University: This new venture can hardly fail, it seems to me, to double the desirability of The Outlook in the eyes of all, by giving it a more permanent form without lessening its value as a weekly budget of news.

Rev. Dr. HENRY A. STIMSON, Pastor Broadway Tabernacle, New York: The Magazine Number of The Outlook is really dazzling in its beauty and surprising in its completeness. It ought to mark a new epoch in our religious papers.

R. H. CRUNDEN, LL.D., Director and American Manager Henry Gaze & Sons, New York: I am happy to send you sincere congratulations on this new departure, which, without any increase of price, must inevitably tend to immensely increase your popularity and circulation.

Rev. ALEX. V. G. ALLEN, D.D., Professor of Church History, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge: The Outlook did not require this addition to add to its interest or value, but this combination of the monthly magazine with the weekly journal will form a strong attraction, I trust, as it is sure to be a source of pure pleasure in every home where it goes.

President H. B. FRISSELLE, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.: I feel a sense of personal gratitude to The Outlook for its helpfulness in many lines, and I consider the new venture most enterprising. In this day, when some of our leading magazines allow stories of questionable character, it is a great comfort to have a periodical that is attractive to young and old alike, which one does not feel the necessity of looking over before placing in the hands of the family. The new feature will add greatly to its attractiveness.

Rev. Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE, Pastor Brick Church, New York: To have an idea which is both new and good is a fine thing. To be able to realize it is something even better. The editors of The Outlook have been blessed with this double good fortune. The new venture, not attempting rivalry with the existing magazines, bids fair to meet a want that was not felt until it was supplied.

Rev. C. F. THWING, President of Adelbert College, Cleveland, O.: This method of a weekly newspaper having one number of each month essentially a magazine seems to me wise; for such a number takes on more the character of genuine literature.

Rev. DAVID H. GREER, D.D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York: I have seen and read with much pleasure and satisfaction the first number of the Magazine issue of The Outlook; and, as one of your subscribers, I beg to thank you for the new interest which you are thus imparting to your already most interesting and admirable paper.

Mr. WILLIAM S. HAWK, Proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, New York: Until the receipt of a copy of the Illustrated Number of The Outlook, I had always considered it about as nearly perfect as a paper could be, and the illustrations are so much of an addition to the publication that in its present shape I do not see how it could be surpassed. I know of no publication we read with more pleasure than The Outlook, and I believe that if I could afford to subscribe for only *one* paper for my family, The Outlook would be *the* one chosen by all of us.

Mrs. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH, The Salvation Army, New York: You know how much absorbed we are in our own work, and can imagine how little time we have for reading any publications. So you will the better understand how much interested we must be in your paper when I say that we look forward to its arrival and keep on file its copies in our own home.

Rev. Dr. T. T. MUNGER, New Haven, Conn.: Your new departure in making one number of The Outlook each month of the nature of an illustrated magazine is every way to be commended. I wish you all success.

Rev. Dr. GEORGE C. LORIMER, Pastor Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.: I had great pleasure in examining the first Illustrated Magazine Number of The Outlook. I am sure that your subscribers will appreciate your enlightened policy.

Mr. T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager Atlantic Coast Line: I think this is a move in the right direction, and will make an already interesting magazine more interesting and popular. In our opinion it increases its value as an advertising medium.

Hon. JAMES H. KYLE, United States Senator from Dakota: There is great need to-day for wholesome, pure literature in the family, and I think The Outlook Company is doing a great work in supplying this want.

Mr. HARVEY E. FISK, of New York City: The Outlook is absolutely indispensable in our family, being read by all, from the four-year-old up to the oldest member. We think the Illustrated Magazine Number a bright idea and a valuable addition to a paper which was already the best of its kind which came into our home.

President WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON, Tulane University, of Louisiana: Your idea of publishing a monthly number of The Outlook seems to me a very good one.

Hon. W. J. BRYAN, United States Senator from Nebraska: I write to compliment you upon your enterprise in adding the monthly magazine feature to The Outlook.

Mr. N. J. POWER, General Passenger Agent Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Can.: The interest I always take in The Outlook will be very greatly increased by your new departure in issuing an illustrated magazine every month, the first of which is very attractive and cannot fail to please all your readers as it has myself.

Rev. Dr. ALEX. MacKENZIE, Pastor First Congregational Church, Cambridge, Mass.: I think the proposed modification of The Outlook, by an occasional magazine number, will increase its value as a family paper.

Rev. MERRILL E. GATES, D.D., President Amherst College: It seems to me that your Illustrated Magazine Number, gathering up in somewhat more permanent form some of the most picturesque and some of the most permanently valuable articles, is a novel idea which must find great favor with your subscribers and with others.

Rev. GEORGE A. GORDON, D.D., Pastor Old South Church, Boston, Mass.: I think your Magazine Number of The Outlook is rich and full of interest, and cannot fail to win new charm for the ample worlds of thought and literature, from the light of religious feeling and purpose that it sheds upon them.

Mrs. CANDACE WHEELER, New York City: It seems to be a very happy thought to add the more deliberate utterances of a magazine to those of an authoritative weekly newspaper, and in this way bring a satisfactory acquaintance with the general and literary activities of the world to the many who are not in them.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, of Toronto: I have read The Outlook with great interest and pleasure, and I feel sure that it must be a wholesome and elevating element in the literature of the United States. It has my best wishes for its prosperity.

Rev. Dr. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.: I can only testify to my hearty admiration of the breadth, symmetry, and charm of your Illustrated Number. The Outlook is at all times intellectually opulent, but on the new basis it becomes sumptuous.

Miss GRACE H. DODGE, New York City: It is the first time I have ever seen a weekly religious paper take such a strong, dignified stand, and I feel that The Outlook, as always, has been wise in this new venture.

President D. O. GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins University: The new Magazine Number of The Outlook is most attractive, and I have no doubt that the proposed plan will give pleasure to your readers—among whom I am glad to be numbered.

Professor NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, of Columbia College: It seems to me that the idea of publishing one number of The Outlook each month in the form of an illustrated magazine, without depriving it of its character as a weekly newspaper for cultivated and thoughtful people, is a most excellent one, and I trust that it will be markedly successful.

Mr. HERBERT WELSH, of Philadelphia: I think your idea is a capital one, and I wish you every success in carrying it out.

Rev. JULIUS H. WARD, Brookline, Mass.: The high character of your special articles, all of which are on subjects of immediate and wide interest, is a clear advance on anything you have yet done, and it lifts The Outlook into a new and larger sphere of usefulness.

Rev. FRANKLIN CARTER, D.D., President of Williams College: It is a fine number, and the illustrations are beautiful.

Mr. JAMES B. REYNOLDS, Head Worker University Settlement Society, New York: The illustrated form of The Outlook is most refreshing. I like pictures, if they are good ones, and every face that I know among your character-sketches of December 21 is a good likeness.

Hon. NELSON DINGLEY, Jr., Chairman Ways and Means Committee, House of Representatives, Washington: It is a most creditable publication, and I trust it may prove a profitable monthly addition to your excellent weekly.

Mr. THOMAS NELSON PAGE: It seems to me that your plan is an excellent one.

Rev. W. S. RAINSFORD, D.D., Rector St. George's, New York: For several years I have always felt it a privilege to do what little I could to promote the circulation of your paper. I believe it to be by far the best weekly paper in the United States, and I think I do not know any one who takes it steadily who does not coincide in that belief.

Mr. SAMUEL CARPENTER, Eastern Passenger Agent Pennsylvania Railroad: The Outlook itself is in the front rank of periodicals of its class. I wish you every success in the new undertaking.

Mr. F. I. WHITNEY, General Passenger and Traffic Agent Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.: It cannot now be said that "there is nothing new under the sun," since the idea of publishing a monthly as a part of the regular issue of your weekly has become a matter of fact. I may say that there is no need of the element of novelty to recommend The Outlook to its readers in the weekly or magazine form.

Ex-Mayor ABRAM S. HEWITT, New York City: I congratulate you and the public on the production of so interesting and valuable a serial, combining as it does the best features of the weekly paper and the more solid attractions of the monthly magazine. I am sure that it will prove to be a great success, as it is a marked advance upon existing publications, and in the right direction.

Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., First Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio: I wish that you might circulate five hundred thousand copies of The Outlook.

Rev. F. W. GUNSAULUS, D.D., President Armour Institute, Chicago, Ill.: I congratulate you most heartily on the excellence of the first illustrated number of The Outlook.

Mr. GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, New York City: I congratulate you upon the enterprise displayed in such an original scheme of publication, which must necessarily be much appreciated by your subscribers, and at the same time add largely to the advantages of advertising in your publication. I shall look for the next Magazine Number with a great deal of interest.

Rev. R. HEBER NEWTON, New York City: It strikes me as an admirable new departure, happy in conception and happy in execution.

Rev. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT, D.D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I do not take kindly to illustrated newspapers. They prick my vanity by suggesting that I can't understand "c-a-t" without the picture to help me. But this first copy of the Illustrated Outlook has restored my faith and given me profound satisfaction. I shall believe without questioning whatever your future illustrations tell me, and have resolved to do what I never did before with any paper or periodical—preserve and bind all coming numbers for a Christmas present to—myself.

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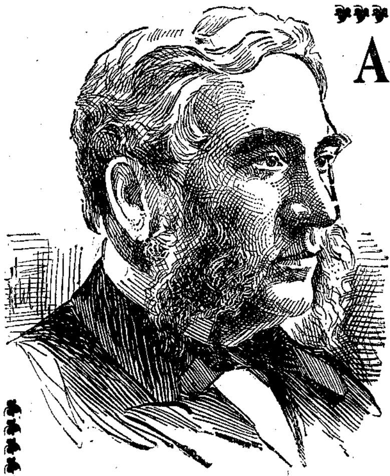

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HOUSEKEEPER.—Wanted, by young widower, refined Christian woman of mature years, competent to take entire charge of an infant and do work of small apartment. Comfortable home, Brooklyn; reasonable compensation. Address No. **153**, Outlook Office.

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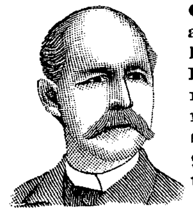

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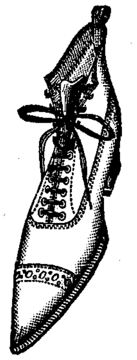

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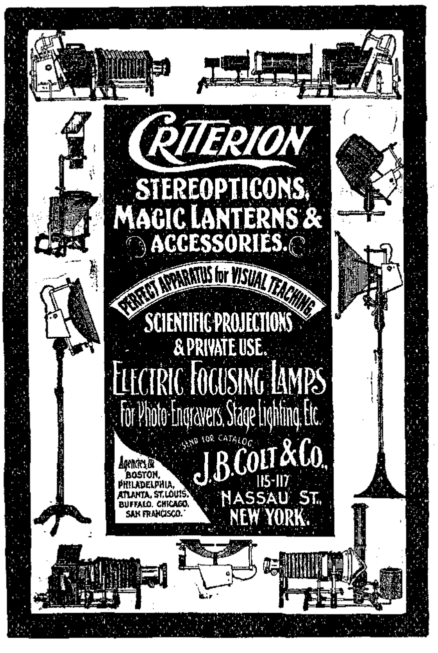

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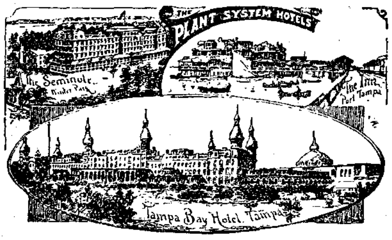

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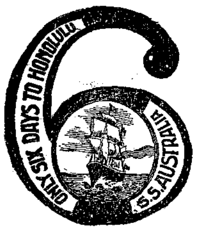
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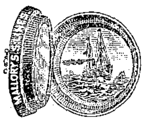

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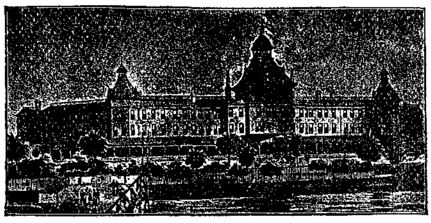

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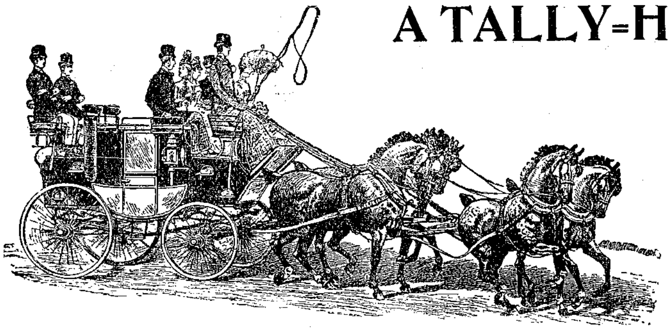

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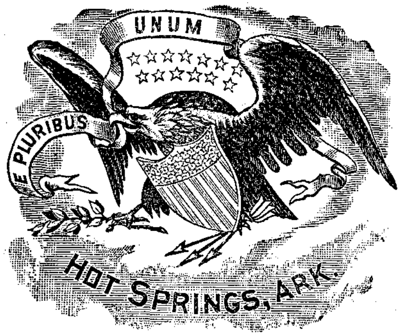

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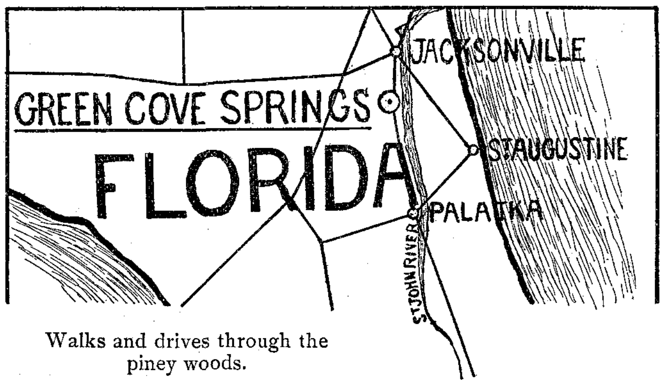

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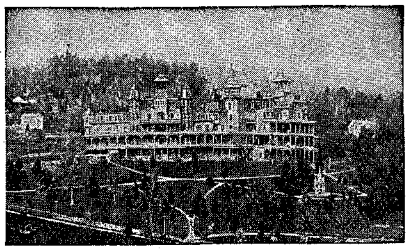

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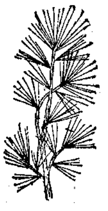

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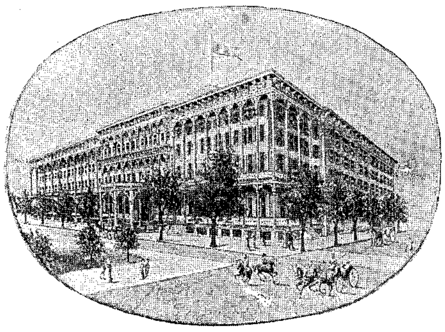

TO those who are familiar with the beauties and attractions of Florida, the splendid location, complete equipment, and many advantages of the St. James, Jacksonville, are well known. Those who visit Jacksonville for the first time during the present season will find in the St. James a great hotel, centrally but beautifully located on the highest ground in the city, facing the St. James Park, and accommodating 500 guests. They will find in Mr. J. R. Campbell, the proprietor of the house, an able and experienced hotel man. The St. James is supplied with all the appointments of a modern first-class house. A fine orchestra is one of the attractive features of the house.

For further particulars address, by mail or telegraph,

J. R. CAMPBELL, Prop.

Atlantic Coast Line

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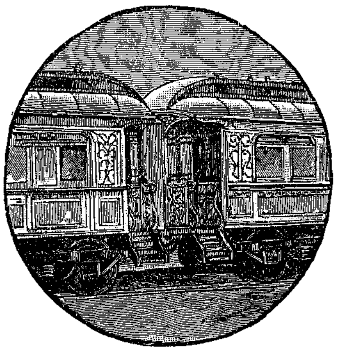
VIA RICHMOND, VA.

Quickest to **Florida** and **Cuba, Jamaica and Nassau, Aiken, S. C., Augusta,** and **Middle Georgia**



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Season 1895–96.

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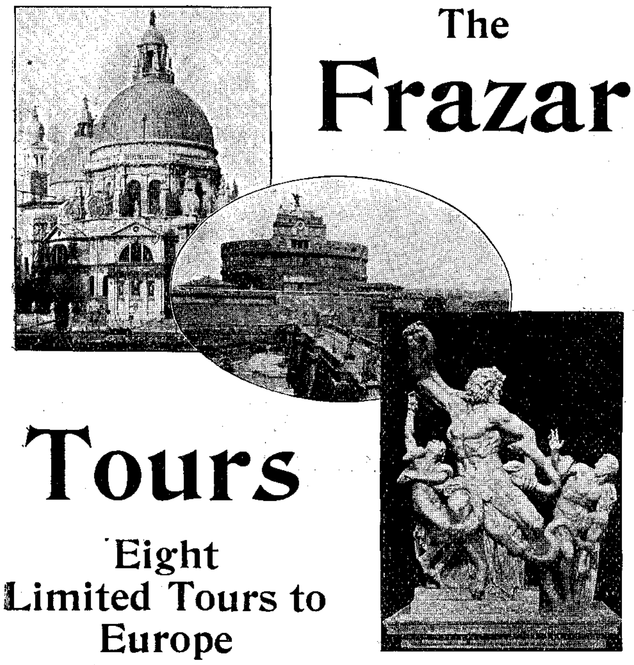

The Frazar Tours

Eight Limited Tours to Europe

FOR THE SUMMER OF 1896

Under Personal Escort

INCLUDING	DATES OF SAILING
The British Isles, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, and France.	**May 9th, June 6th, June 20th** (two parties), **June 24th, June 27th** (two parties), **July 4th.**

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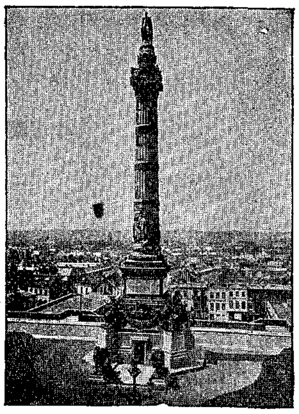

A party will leave **New York, Saturday, March 21,** for a

TOUR THROUGH SPAIN, PORTUGAL

FRANCE, BELGIUM, and ENGLAND, with visits to Gibraltar, Ronda, **Seville** (during the Holy Week Ceremonials), Malaga, **Granada,** Cordova, **Madrid,** The Escorial, Toledo, **Lisbon,** Oporto, Braga, Salamanca, Biarritz, **Paris, Brussels,** Antwerp, **London,** and other places of interest.

A party will leave New York on the same date (and same steamer) for a

TOUR THROUGH SOUTHERN EUROPE

inclusive of an extended round of **Southern France** (the Riviera), **Italy, Greece, The Levant, Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Austria=Hungary, Germany, France, and England;** with visits to Venice, Rome, Naples, Corfu, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Budapest, Vienna, Munich, Paris, London, and scores of other cities.

Other Tours through Europe—May 16, May 23, June 20, and July 4.

California Tours—Jan. 24, Feb. 6, Feb. 11, Feb. 14, March 3, and March 6.

Florida Tours—Jan. 24, Feb. 6, 14, and 28.

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Independent Railroad and Steamship Tickets to all Points

Send for descriptive book, mentioning the particular trip desired.

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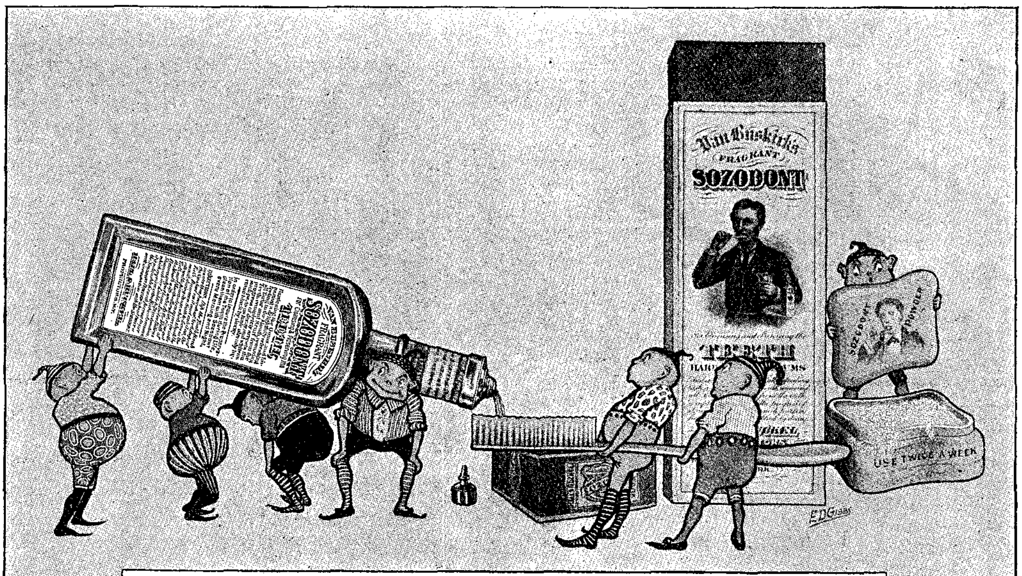

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SOZODONT —Pure and Fragrant. Economy to Use It.

This popular dentifrice is always delightful and effective. Used every day, the powder twice a week, it insures better teeth, firmer gums and sweeter breath. SOZODONT is known the world over, having stood the test of half a century as the standard dentifrice of America. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Sample Free by mail if you mention this magazine. Address HALL & RUCKEL, Props., New York.

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Queen and Crescent Route

The winter schedules for 1896 present to the traveler and tourist the most complete train service known.

THE NEW ORLEANS LIMITED

and

THE FLORIDA LIMITED

are complete palaces of travel, carrying one to Southern winter resorts quickly and with comfort. **Solid vestibuled trains from Cincinnati without change.** Three through sleepers daily to Jacksonville, Fla. Low tourist rates are now in effect.

Send to W. C. Rinearson, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio, for illustrated and descriptive literature, time-tables, etc.

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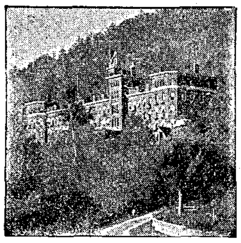

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For thirty-seven years the leading Health Institution in America, is under the personal care of regularly educated and experienced physicians, and is distinctive in its methods and character.

Location in hillside park, overlooking charming Genesee Valley region. Clear, dry air. Thorough drainage and sewerage.

All forms of Baths, Massage, Swedish Movements, Electricity, Inunction, etc. Instruction in Hygiene and Physical Culture.

A HEALTH SCHOOL

where the invalid, while getting well, learns how to keep well, also a delightful home for health and rest seekers in which every provision is made for comfort and good cheer, as well as for skilled medical care and treatment.

Superior **cuisine**, under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua Cooking School. Electric bells; electric lights; safety elevator; open fires; telegraph, long-distance telephone; library; chapel; daily papers; roof and piazza promenades; and every appliance for healthful and enjoyable indoor and outdoor life.

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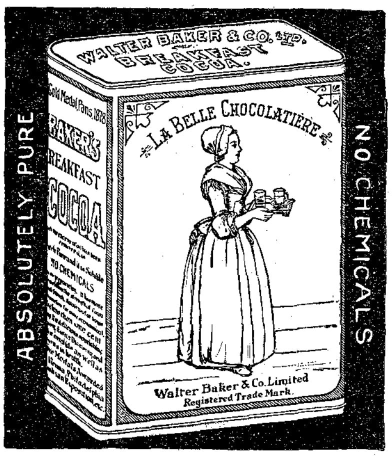
ABSOLUTELY PURE
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WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
BREAKFAST COCOA
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Registered Trade Mark

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Made by
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Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780

Costs less than one cent a cup. No chemicals.
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It bears their Trade-Mark, "La Belle Chocolatière," on every can.

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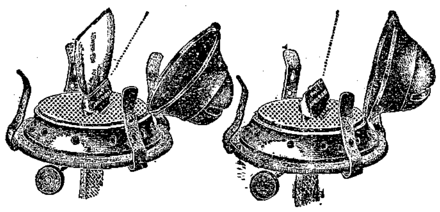
Don't Blow!

This shows the extinguisher open and the light burning. | This shows the extinguisher closed and the light extinguished.



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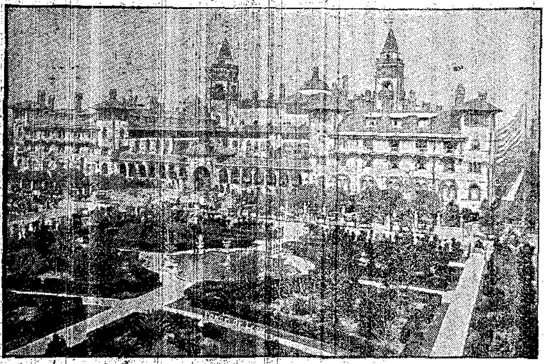

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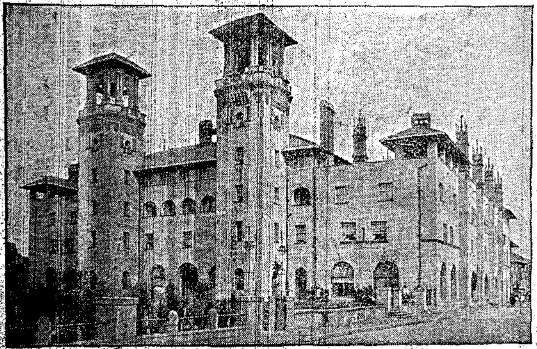
Open January 20th. $5.00 and upward per day.
GILLIS & MURRAY, Managers.



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Open November to May. $3.00 and upward per day.
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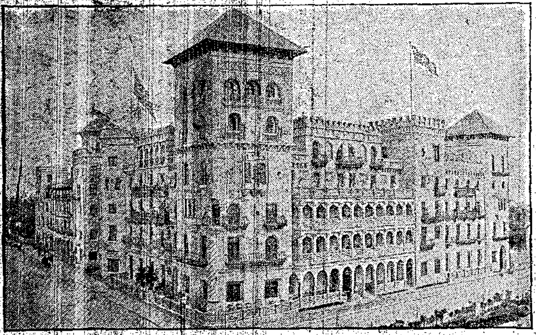
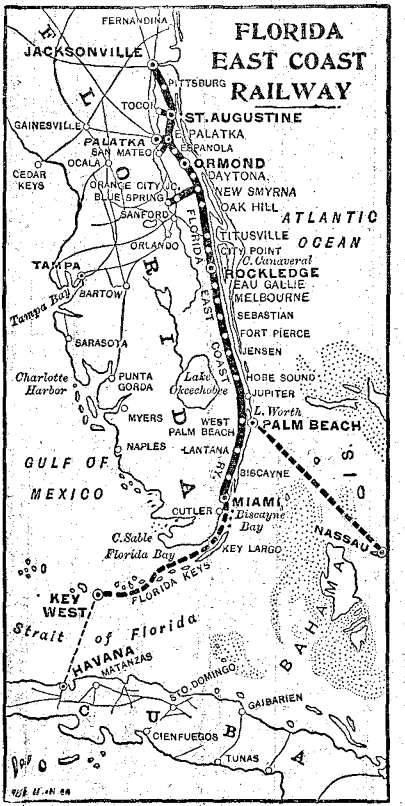


HOTEL CORDOVA, ST. AUGUSTINE

Open during February and March. Rooms only.

Railway, Hotels, and Steamship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FLORIDA
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The Lake Worth Bridge

was opened for traffic Dec. 23d, and the trains of the

Florida East Coast R'y

will enter the inclosures of the
HOTEL ROYAL POINCIANA,
at Palm Beach, and the
PALM BEACH INN.

BUFFET PARLOR CARS ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

Stop-Overs Allowed on all Tickets within their Limits

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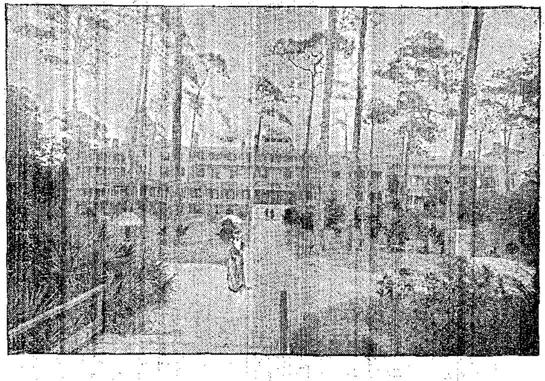

HOTEL ORMOND, ORMOND

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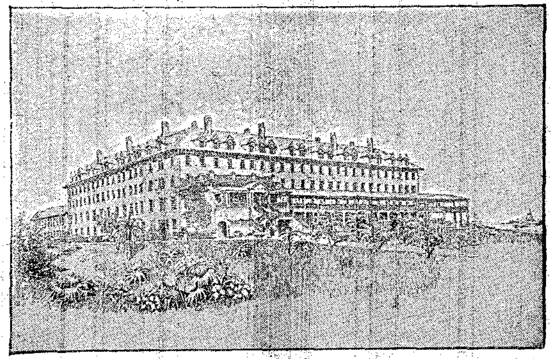
ANDERSON AND PRICE, Managers.



PALM BEACH INN, PALM BEACH

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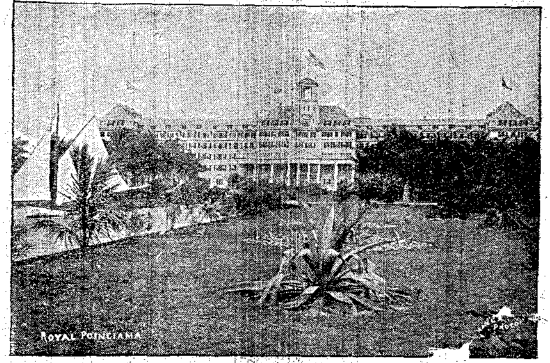
ROYAL POINCIANA

HOTEL ROYAL POINCIANA, PALM BEACH

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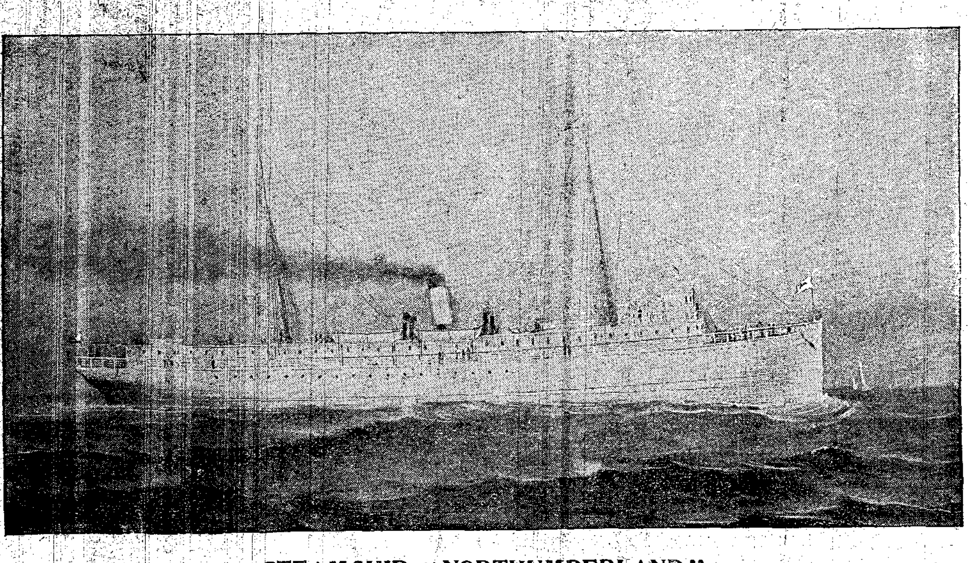

STEAMSHIP "NORTHUMBERLAND"

Florida East Coast Steamship Line

Palm Beach-Nassau Service

Will be inaugurated January 15, 1896. The steamship Northumberland will make trips as follows (Schedule subject to revision)

LEAVE PALM BEACH		LEAVE NASSAU	
Thursday	January 16	Monday	January 20
Tuesday	January 21	Monday	January 27
Tuesday	January 28	Tuesday	February 4
Wednesday	February 5	Friday	February 7
Saturday	February 8	Monday	February 10
Tuesday	February 11	Wednesday	February 12
Thursday	February 13	Friday	February 14
Saturday	February 15	Monday	February 17

And every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday thereafter until April 1, 1896.

And every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday thereafter until April 1, 1896.

RATES between PALM BEACH and NASSAU

Transportation Only	Including Meals and Berth	Meals and Berth Only
One Way....$13.50	One Way....$17.50	One Way.....$4.00
Round Trip.. 22.00	Round Trip . 30.00	Round Trip .. 8.00

(SEAMAN.)